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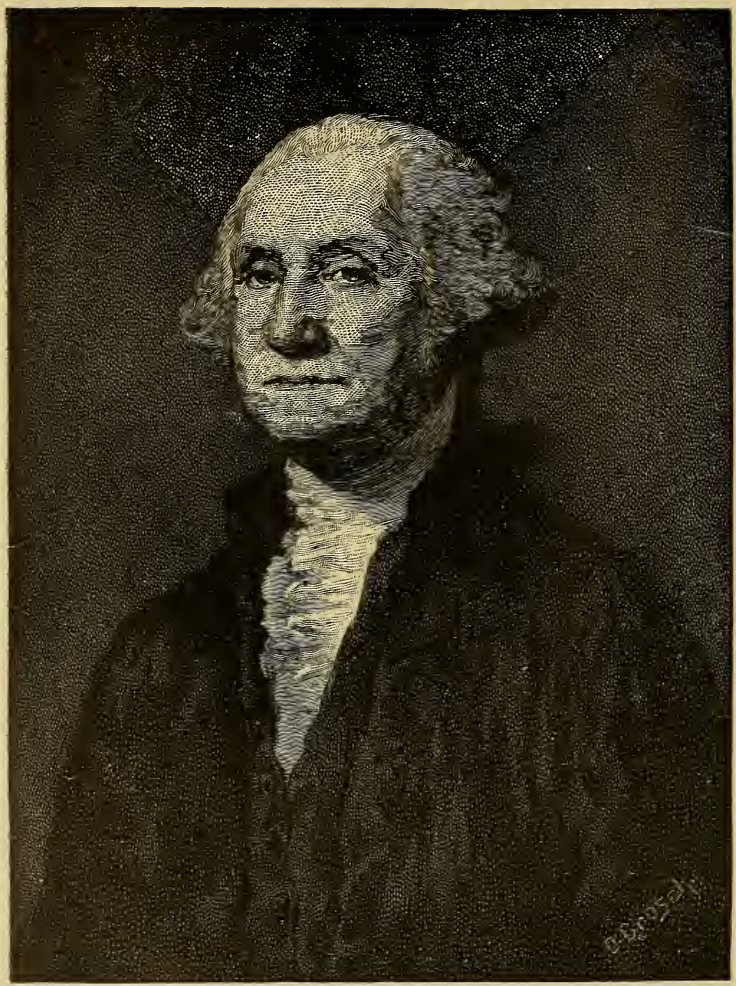

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON

AND HIS GENERALS

By J. T. HEADLEY

Author of "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," etc., etc.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

WITH 8 ILLUSTRATIONS

A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

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TO

Henry Dwight, Jr.

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, AS A SLIGHT TOKEN

OF

ESTEEM AND AFFECTION BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

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The design of the following work is to group around Washington the chief characters and scenes of our Revolution. In all histories of that event, movements and results are given, rather than scenes; and hence, while the plan and progress are clearly developed, the heroic character and thrilling interest of the struggle are in a great measure lost, it thus *necessarily* becomes a matter of business, and the enthusiasm and fervor which characterized it, and indeed were the most remarkable *facts* of all, do not have their due prominence. In histories designed to give all the details and minutiæ, both in the civil and military departments, this is almost inevitable. Alison and Napier, however, furnish exceptions to this rule.

It is a little strange that a war, embracing more of the romantic and heroic of any that ever transpired, should appear on record so tame and business-like. But, in the effort to render to every regiment and company its due honor, and to give an exact description of the *manner* in which every battle is fought, the *spirit* is necessarily lost sight of; yet the complete historian feels under obligation to do this. My plan does not confine me to such details; and hence, while I have endeavored to present a correct and accurate description of every battle-field, I have often sunk minor movements and individual actions, in order to prevent confusion. In writing the account of a campaign or battle for a military man, one needs to look on it from a different point of view than he would in writing for the general reader.

Again, in sketching the *men* who led our armies, I have left out those minutiæ which would be considered indispensable in writing their separate lives, and preserved

only their more important characteristic acts. Hence it will be seen, that it is my object to give the eventful part of our Revolution, rather than its detailed history.

Washington, standing amid his band of patriot generals, is to me the sublimest spectacle the history of the world furnishes. In watching them as they move together through the long midnight that enveloped our prospects, one finds something more to record than the chivalrous deeds of brave, ambitious men, or the triumphs of disciplined armies: there is the enthusiastic love of liberty, unconquerable resolution, the firm reliance on Heaven, together with all that is good and heroic in action. Risking their fortunes to gain, it might be, a halter—enduring privations, sufferings, and years of toil for the sake of principle—they present a group on which the eye rests with ever-increasing admiration.

In making out the list of those whom I should introduce, I was forced, in order to preserve any unity, to confine myself to the Major-Generals. These under our system corresponded mainly to the Marshals of France—being placed over wings and divisions of an army, and intrusted often with separate commands. Hence, in giving an account of their movements and their battles, the actions of Brigadier-Generals necessarily came in, rendering it impossible afterwards to furnish separate sketches of the latter without producing inextricable confusion.

Some would think that such men as Morgan, and Henry Lee, and Sumpter, and Pickens, and Clinton, and others deserve a prominent place, and so they do; but acting in a subordinate capacity, it is impossible to place them in any other relative position. Lee and Morgan, especially, merit all the praise bestowed on any chief commander. I have therefore endeavored to render them and others justice, in describing the battles they helped to gain; and in an Appendix supplied their biographies. Colonel Hamilton, too, was one of the most important men of the Revolution; but as aid to Washington, his services partook more of the cabinet than of the field. Probably there was no officer in the service more capable of managing an army, or that would have shed greater luster on our arms than he. But Washington could not spare

him from his side. Chivalrous, brave, of profound forethought and transcendent genius, he would have run a military career surpassed by none. Still he rendered greater service where he was—for the daring and resolute youth was one of the firmest props of Washington. But as my design is to sketch the military part of the Revolution, and also to confine myself to the chief commanders, I have not incorporated him in the work.

In collecting materials, I have been surprised at the dearth of details necessary to give one a complete and clear conception of the battles fought. There is not an action in which Bonaparte was engaged so barren of personal incident as every one of those in which Washington took a part. This is doubtless partly owing to the want of newspapers at that time. Our chief cities were in possession of the enemy, and hence every republican press silenced. Besides, it was a period of great dignity both in manner and language, and important characters were not spoken of with that familiarity they now are. This is one great reason why Washington's correspondence and writings appear so formal and restrained.

The incidents which have been preserved have come down to us by tradition. These our Historical Societies have gathered up with great care, though they are scattered over a wide space. Every one, writing of a character or an event, jots down any interesting incident he may possess, whether belonging in that connection or not, solely to preserve it; and thus material lies separate and disjointed through our libraries. If I have in the present work rendered the history of our country any service, it is in gathering and grouping together those hitherto divided and diffused materials. It would be in vain for me to attempt to give all the authorities and papers I have consulted, and to which I am indebted. The Historical Society Library of New York City has been of incalculable service to me; Sparks's collection of American Biographies has saved me a world of trouble, by furnishing me the early history of the separate commanders, together with dates and outlines. I have, however, passed from one authority to another, consulting old newspapers, and a large collection of clip-

pings of papers in possession of the Historical Society, so that faithful reference to all my sources of information would be tedious and useless. But in writing the sketches of Arnold and Marion, I have followed almost exclusively the life of the former by Sparks, and of the latter by Simms. Mr. Simms, especially, will find that I have used his interesting biography of Marion without stint. I have sought to be accurate in all the facts stated and hence have left out many things of interest, which I believe to be true, because the evidence rests entirely on some traditionary story. That I should frequently disagree with authorities esteemed reliable is inevitable, for they disagree among themselves. When it is remembered that Putnam's share in the battle of Bunker Hill has been treated with contempt, and even his bravery questioned by some, while others render him the chief glory of the action; and that the fact of Arnold's being in the first battle of Bemis's Heights, which was fought entirely by his division, has been stoutly denied by an officer of rank in the engagement; it cannot surprise any one to find my statements at war with those of *some* writers. Where accounts clash, as they frequently do, in an early history, one must be governed by his own views of the probabilities in the case.

But my great labor has been spent in collecting facts illustrating the battles of the Revolution. I have avoided repetition, as much as possible, but yet have chosen in some places to let this fault remain, in order to secure an object I could not reach without it. In going over the same scenes, and frequently over the same battles, it is not only inevitable, but necessary to a clear narrative. Besides, the intense words of our language are easily exhausted; and one is often compelled, in describing thrilling scenes, to choose between a weak sentence, and the repetition of strong words and perhaps similar comparisons. Repetition has been a standing charge against my "Napoleon and his Marshals"; yet if I were to re-write it a thousand times, I could not avoid it, without making half the scenes tame and commonplace. It seems to me, that a series of sketches ought not to be judged by the same rules as a connected history. They are not designed

to have any relation to each other, any more than a separate collection of paintings; and to make one tame, in order to relieve the other, appears a very questionable mode of treating men and their actions. Each should be judged by itself, and if it be complete, and true to nature and fact, that is all that can be expected. Everything in this world, but moral excellence, is a choice between two evils; and one thing has always to be sacrificed to gain another.

CONTENTS—VOL. I.

	PAGE
George Washington	1
Major-General Putnam	58
Major-General Montgomery	87
Major-General Arnold	97
Major-General Stark	137
Major-General Schuyler	158
Major-General Gates	181
Major-General Steuben	206
Major-General Wayne	221
Major-Generals Conway and Mifflin	241
Major-Generals Ward and Heath	246

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Circumstances under which he Appeared—His Early Life—Analysis of his Character—His Love of Adventure—His Impetuosity—His Self-control—Control over Others—His Patriotism—His Farewell to his Army and Officers, and Congress—His Death.

Though seemingly a contradiction, it is nevertheless true, that time only renders the character of Washington more clear, while the circumstances which developed it become more and more indistinct. One would think it indispensable to the correct estimation of a character, that we should have a definite knowledge of the events with which it stood connected, and of the influences that helped to form it. It is so, but we have to lose one thing to gain another—to sacrifice the right understanding which personal knowledge and direct contact give to secure the removed point of an impartial observer.

In a struggle like that of our Revolution, characterized as it was by personal animosity, divided sympathies, and, worse than all, by many disasters, the leader of it must always be more or less the victim of prejudice. It matters not whether he be a good or bad man, whether eulogized or condemned;—feeling *will* have more to do with the verdict rendered than judgment. Bonaparte did not wish his life written till twenty-five years after his death, as he considered it impossible for the historians of that generation to view his career with an impartial eye. One might as well attempt to give a clear and correct description of the movements of the several columns of an army in a great battle, while he himself is in the smoke and confusion of the fight, as to be an unprejudiced historian

of the times in which he lived, especially if they have been marked by the breaking up of old forms and relations, and the institution of new ideas and new experiments.

Hence all great reformers are covered with obloquy in one age and canonized in another. As we recede from the scene of conflict and turmoil, we are apt to become more impartial. The point of observation is the safest point, and this cannot be secured except we stand at a distance. Thus Washington is more highly appreciated the farther removed the scenes become in which he lived. The Englishman forgets his national animosity, so bitter during the Revolution and immediately after it, and the monarchist lays aside his hatred of republican principles, to unite in an eulogy over the incorruptible patriot and hero. The whole world renders homage to the man, and will continue to do so to the end of time; yet no one can now fully appreciate the circumstances in which he was placed.

The American Revolution was an anomaly in the history of the world. For a feeble colony just struggling into existence,—without ships, without a regular army, and without munitions of war, to enter into open combat with the most powerful nation on the globe for the sake of a mere principle, was opening a new page to the eye of monarchs, which it is no wonder they trembled to read. Bounded on one side by a limitless forest filled with hostile savages, and on the other by the ocean, whose bosom was covered with the fleets of her foes, she nevertheless stood up in the simple majesty of justice, and offered battle to the strongest empire in the world. National weakness, internal feuds and foes, the presence and power of colonial magistrates and governors, were disregarded, or seen only to excite higher resolution; and Massachusetts stood up in the midst of the gathering storm and called aloud to Virginia, and Virginia answered her, sending her cheering voice through the gloom.

To bring harmony out of the discord that prevailed, produce strength from weakness, and create resources where they did not exist, was the work assigned to George Washington. How he succeeded amid the difficulties that beset his path, and for a period of seven years, filled as they were with disasters and sufferings, maintained his

position, baffled his foes, and finally saved his country, will always remain a marvel to the historian of those times. Though we may now eulogize his character, we cannot estimate the fiery trial to which he was exposed. The immense burden that lay on his shoulders during those seven years of gloom and darkness, the obstacles that thickened as he advanced, the obloquy that would attend failure, and the misery that a single misstep might inflict on his country, and, more than all, the hopes of liberty intrusted to his care, combined to make him a prey to the most ceaseless anxiety, and render his life one of toil, mental activity, and fearful forebodings, sufficient to wreck the loftiest character. All the details—those petty annoyances, hopes deferred, promises broken, aid refused or plans baffled by professed friends—are left out of the account when we reckon up his qualities and estimate his virtues. Yet these are often the severest tests of a man, and those who have stood firm as a rock and pure as gold under great trials, have fallen or failed in these lesser ones.

That was a gloomy hour for our country, when the British empire roused itself for our overthrow, and it required more than a prophet's vision to see light through the cloud that hung over our prospects. The Indian war had just closed, and the feeble colonies were beginning to emerge from the difficulties and hardships to which they had been exposed, when they were compelled to contemplate a new evil, to which all they had hitherto suffered and borne were but trifles. They had faced the dreary wilderness and lurking savage without fear, and cheerfully encountered every trial, and now, just as the night seemed past and the morning of prosperity dawning, a day so dark and appalling rose before them, that the firmest heart sunk for a moment in despondency. The little wealth they had hoarded, the new comforts they had at length succeeded in gathering around them, must be given up, and a war, the end of which no man could see, entered upon, or the liberty for which they had endured and suffered so long surrendered forever. Without arms or ammunition, without any of the means necessary to carry on hostilities, with nothing to rely upon but the justice of their cause and the protection of Heaven, they nevertheless boldly entered on the doubtful contest.

The trumpet of war sounded through all our peaceful settlements, calling the artisan from his bench, the farmer from his plow, and the man of wealth from his repose, and the shock came. Our cities were ravaged, our towns laid waste, all our strongholds taken, and our citizens butchered, yet still the nation stood firm in her integrity and her purpose. At length defeat came, and with it despondency, and privations, and sufferings unparalleled, till at last the army became almost wholly disorganized, gradually melting away, and everything trembled on the verge of ruin; yet, serene amid the storm, stood Washington, sending his clear, calm voice over the tumult, inspiring hope and courage when both seemed madness. Never before did such destinies hang on a single man, for it was not the fate of a continent which rested on the issue of the struggle, but of human liberty the world over.

Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22d, 1732, George Washington was forty-three years of age when appointed commander-in-chief of the American army. Educated only in the common schools, he was offered a midshipman's berth in the British navy when but fourteen years of age. This situation, obtained for him by his friends on account of his strong military tendencies, was at length given up at the earnest solicitation of his mother. She could not consent to have him at so early an age depart from under her influence and drift away into the temptations and trials with which his life would be begirt, and so George was kept at home, and the destiny of the world changed.

Chosen by Lord Fairfax to survey his wild lands lying amid the Alleghanies, he, then only sixteen years old, departed on his arduous mission. The depths of an American forest, with its hardships and wild freedom, were a better school for the future commander-in-chief of the American army than the British navy would have been, and here he acquired that power of endurance which nothing seemed able to overcome. Now swimming his horse across swollen rivers, now struggling through swamps or over precipices, and now, weary and exhausted, lying down on his bed of boughs—the trees his only covering, the young surveyor took his first lessons in those priva-

tions which he afterwards taught his army so heroically to bear. First as surveyor of Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as public surveyor, he spent three years almost wholly in the open air, sometimes in the forest, sometimes amid the settlements.

Ardent, enthusiastic, and bold, the early dreamer stood amid the wilds of his native land, little thinking of the career before him, or of the glorious destiny that awaited his country. His name rudely carved on the bark of a tree, or chiseled in the rock, were the only mementoes he expected to leave of himself, while Fate was silently preparing to grave it on every foot of soil of this broad continent, and trace it above all earthly names on the scroll of fame.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he was chosen adjutant-general, with the rank of major, over a portion of the militia whose duty it was to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians. In the meantime, however, he was absent four months in the Barbadoes with a sick brother.

The next year, being then twenty-one years of age, he took the field with his militia to repel the French, who were establishing settlements on the Ohio. But first he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, accompanied by only seven persons, he made his way to the Ohio. Across rivers and morasses, over mountains, through fearful gorges and amid tribes of Indians, the fearless stripling pursued his way, and at length, after forty-one days of toil, reached, in the middle of December, the end of his journey.

Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead of winter to retrace his dreary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while himself and Mr. Gist pushed on alone on foot through the wilderness. With his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, young Washington made his way through the deep snow and over the frozen ground, without a path to guide his footsteps or a sound to waken the solitude, save the groaning of trees swinging to

and fro in the storm, or the cry of some wild animal in search of prey.

Traveling in this manner, they came upon an Indian, who, under the pretense of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Alleghany river, they found it only partly frozen over, and here the two friends laid down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them; and thus weary and hungry passed the dreary night. The next morning they set to work with a single hatchet to build a raft, on which they might cross the river. They worked all day long on the frail thing, and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and jamming against the crazy fabric of logs, bore it downward and onward, threatening every moment to carry it straight to the bottom. Young Washington thrust his long setting pole firmly into the ground in front of the raft, in order to stop it till the ice and driftwood could pass by, but instead of arresting them, he was jerked overboard into ten feet of water, where he had to swim for his life.

Unable to keep the raft, the two adventurers swam and waded to an island near which they were passing; here, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a dry garment to wrap themselves in, or a blanket to cover them, or a spark of fire to warm their benumbed limbs—with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long cold wintry night. Young Gist had his feet and hands frozen, while Washington, with his greater power of endurance, escaped. They were now without the means of reaching either shore, but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs and froze stiff the hands and feet of Gist, froze also the river, so that when the morning dawned it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore they wished to gain. Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold, they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

When in imagination I behold this youth of twenty-one

years of age in his Indian dress, his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, stealing through the snow-covered forest at midnight, or plunging about in the wintry stream in the struggle for life, or wrapped in his blanket sleeping beside the ice-filled river, lulled by its sullen roar, I seem to behold one whom angels guard through the desperate training which can alone fit him for the stern trials that are before him.

The next year young Washington was made lieutenant-colonel, and at the head of only three companies boldly entered the wilderness. Encountering a detachment of the French advancing, he attacked it and took the commander and all prisoners, and thus opened the bloody French and Indian war. Soon after, however, he was invested by a superior force in Fort Necessity, a rude structure he had hastily thrown up, and after fighting bravely from eleven in the morning till eight at night in a drenching rain storm, was compelled to surrender. But the enemy obtained a barren victory, for a few pieces of artillery were all that Washington gave up, while he marched off with drums beating and colors flying.

Here Washington's military career commences. The next year he witnessed Braddock's bloody defeat, and by his boiling courage, reckless exposure of life, and firm resolution, succeeded in saving the wreck of the army. Appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, he used every effort to make them efficient, and to beat back the Indians, who were constantly making inroads on the frontier settlements and butchering the inhabitants.

But during the two years of constant toil and hardships that followed, his strength gave way, and he was compelled to retire from the service. A violent fever laid him prostrate, and it was four months before he could again join the army. This year (1758) he commanded the advanced division of the army under General Forbes, in its march on Fort Duquesne, which he took. Returning home he retired to private life, and marrying Mrs. Martha Custis, a young, accomplished, and beautiful widow, he settled down a sober farmer, and the stirring career on which he had entered so early and pursued with such ardor, seemed ended.

Nine years of quiet passed away in the bosom of his

family, though he still took a deep interest in public affairs, and was looked upon as one of the chief men of the province. He was elected member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia during his last campaign, and his first introduction to that body has furnished us with an interesting piece of history respecting him. By a vote of the House, Mr. Robinson, the Speaker, was directed to express its thanks to Washington for his distinguished military services. This he did in a manner to suit himself, and poured forth such a strain of eulogy on the young commander, that he was wholly overcome, and when he rose to reply, could not stammer forth a single word. Out of this painful dilemma the eloquent Speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, in his most courteous manner, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Nothing could be more elegant or skilful than this double stroke, which not only relieved Washington, but paid him at the same time the highest compliment that could be bestowed.

But during the years that followed, his life, as before remarked, passed in comparative quiet. When not engaged in colonial affairs in the House of Burgesses, he was on his plantation at Mount Vernon. He was very fond of sporting. During the season of hunting, he would go on a fox chase almost every other day, and spend a good deal of his spare time in duck shooting, and was considered a capital shot.

But when the Stamp Act began to be enforced, he took strong and decided ground with the colonies against the mother country, and was found among the first to lift his voice in defense of liberty. Guarding it with a jealous eye, he was ready at any moment to peril his life in its behalf. And although he deprecated a resort to arms, and looked upon it as the last argument to use, he nevertheless says, when speaking of the liberty of the people, "That no man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use arms in defense of so valuable a blessing is clearly my opinion." And when in 1774, the House of Burgesses appointed a day of fasting and prayer in sympathy with the people of Boston, whose port had been closed by act

of Parliament, we find in Washington's private diary, "*I went to church and fasted all day.*" This shows how the question had taken hold of his soul, and his path from this time becomes clear as noonday. Elected a delegate to the first Congress, his calm resolute voice was heard in favor of freedom at all hazards.

After the battle of Lexington, it became no longer doubtful that the colonies must defend themselves by force of arms, and at the meeting of the second Congress, Washington was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the American armies. Shrinking from the tremendous responsibility of this appointment, he nevertheless accepted it, and from the same motives and in the same spirit he would have offered up his life. Declaring publicly on the floor of Congress, that he did not think himself equal to the command he was honored with, and refusing all pecuniary remuneration for his services, he boldly stepped into the gulf opened beneath his country, and wielded all his vast energies for her welfare.

HIS CHARACTER.

From this time, 1775 till 1783, when he bade farewell to his army, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of virtue and power. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God in behalf of his country, or taking the fate of the American army on his brave heart—whether retreating before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, or pouring his furious squadrons to the charge —whether lost in anxious thought, as his eye seeks in vain for some ray amid the gloomy prospect that surrounds him, or spurring his frightened steed amid the broken ice of the angry Delaware in the midst of the midnight storm —whether galloping into the deadly volleys of the enemy in the strong effort to restore the fight, or wearing the wreath of victory which a grateful nation placed with mingled tears and acclamations on his brow, he is the same self-collected, noble-minded, and resolute man.

Perhaps there never was a public character so little understood in the various qualities which go to make it up as that of Washington. He is called the father of his country, and that phrase embraces the man. We con-

template the *perfected, finished* character, never thinking of the formation state. We look at the fruit alone, without asking what kind of blossom produced it. Or if we do go back to his boyhood and youth, it is to prove he was just as grave, moderate, and self-collected then as when a man. Such he is constantly held up to our youth; without passions, without enthusiasm, governed always by judgment, and never by impulse; that is, a miniature man from his earliest infancy.

Notwithstanding men's intimacy with human character, so utterly ignorant are they of it, that when they find an extraordinary one, whether good or bad, they are looking out for some exception to general rules, and will insist on making it from the outset a monstrosity either in vice or virtue. But a great and good character is as much the result of a growth as a tree. It passes through different stages—indeed through errors—acquires virtue by self-control and wisdom by experience, and matures gradually. Washington, as he appeared when President of the United States, and Washington as a surveyor, seventeen years old, amid the Alleghanies, are as two different beings as can well be imagined.

There are certain moral qualities which adhere to one through life, and do not change through all the vicissitudes to which he is exposed. An utterly selfish boy, for instance, is usually a selfish man; and a child of generous and noble impulses, no matter to what depravity in other respects he may descend, generally retains these characteristics to the last. So Washington had as high a sense of honor when a boy as when a man, and was just as generous and noble in his feelings at sixteen, as at forty; but in other respects he was totally different. When sixty years of age, repose and calm dignity were his great peculiarities; at twenty, ardor, enthusiasm, and love of adventure, formed his chief characteristics. In mature years, peace was his desire and delight; while in earlier days he loved the excitement of war, and the scope it gave to his untried energies. In youth, the whistling of bullets was music to his ear; but in riper age there was no sound so sweet to him as the song of the husbandman. Washington might have been just as good a man, though never so great a one, had he possessed the same mildness and

quietness of character in his childhood that marked his later years.

A certain amount of combativeness—destructiveness, if you please—is absolutely necessary to give a man energy, self-determination, and power. Every good and great man, from Moses to Paul, and Paul to Luther, has possessed it; much more every wicked or ambitious spirit, which has succeeded in changing the world. A warm and fiery heart is necessary to great resolution and force. It is when this gets the mastery over the moral qualities and over the judgment, that the man becomes unbalanced and renders himself either depraved or untrustworthy. Had Washington been the meek and gentle child so many of our public teachers represent him to be, he would never have preferred the adventurous life of a midshipman to that of his quiet home;—or the marshaling into companies his young playmates in mimic battle, or afterwards, the vigorous leap and stern wrestle to the more innocent sports of the fireside and company of gentler children.

The truth is, George Washington was a boy of ardent and fiery feelings, and a youth of strong and terrible passions. The military spirit, so conspicuous in the lad of fifteen years of age, reveals the temper of the steel that was afterwards so severely tried. His favorite sport, which was to arrange his companies into columns of attack and himself lead them to the charge, did not indicate any natural love of war, but simply a spirit of fire and force. His athletic sports and the character of his amusements, show even at this early age the surplus energy he possessed, and which must out in some way. This sent him off, when but seventeen years of age, into the Alleghany mountains, as surveyor. The wild bivouac in the forest, the swimming of rivers, and climbing of precipices and surmounting of difficulties, suited well his adventurous spirit. Now planting his compass on some mountain ridge, performing his duties with the skill and industry of the most laborious mathematician, and now sitting and musing over his "lowland beauty," and inditing verses to her in order to give vent to his passion; the noble young dreamer presents a perfect specimen of what a youth should be—full of enthusiasm, feeling,

and daring: and full, too, of application and serious thought.

Cool and correct in judgment, yet quick in his impulses; methodical and clear in all his business arrangements, yet bold and fearless in danger, he possessed the basis of a strong and elevated character. None but a man of immense energy and great courage would have undertaken, as he did, at twenty-one years of age, to go as a commissioner, accompanied only by seven men, seven hundred miles, half the way through an untrodden forest, to the French commandant on the Ohio river. It is a perfect wonder that a stripling of his years should have shown such perseverance and skill, and calm endurance and forethought, as he did, during the forty-one days he was engaged in this perilous enterprise.

But it was in the next year, when, a lieutenant-colonel, he marched back into the wilderness and attacked the French, that his love of the excitement of battle most strongly exhibited itself. At the head of only three companies, he continued his difficult march until he came to the Great Meadows, where he was informed by the Half King Tanacharison, his friend, that the French were encamped within a few miles of him. He immediately put himself at the head of forty men and set off to the Indian camp, six miles distant.

It was a dark night in the latter part of May, when he started in search of his first battle. The sky was as black as the forest, and the rain came down in torrents, drenching the little band to their skins, and they stumbled on over logs and rocks, and knocked their muskets against the trees as they groped about to find their way. The pattering of the rain-drops on the tree-tops above, and their constant dripping on the foliage below, were the only sounds that broke the stillness around, save when the musket-barrel of some poor fellow, stumbling in the gloom, rung against a tree or rock; or the low word of command fell from the lips of the intrepid leader who strode on in advance.

They were all night long going the six miles, and at sunrise arrived at the Indian camp. There, uniting with the friendly savages, they marched in Indian file through the forest, and fell like a thunder-clap on the astonished

French. After a sharp skirmish of a quarter of an hour, in which the French commander and ten of his men were killed, the whole of the remainder were taken prisoners. This was Washington's first engagement, and the kind of feeling he carried into it, and indeed brought out of it, may be inferred from his own language. In a letter home, said he, "*I heard the bullets whistle*, and believe me, there is something *charming* in the sound." There spoke the bold young warrior, to whom the rattle of musketry and thunder of artillery are the music that his stern soul loves.

This was the commencement of the French and Indian war, and Washington has been severely condemned by French writers for his attack on Junonville; and the slaughter of the latter and his men been termed a massacre, but the former simply obeyed orders, and did what he was expressly sent into the wilderness to do: repelled the invaders of the soil.

But it was at Braddock's defeat that he exhibited those striking qualities which form the great commander, and that cool intrepidity and reckless daring for which he was distinguished. Joined as aide-de-camp to Braddock, he started on this fatal expedition, which, though disastrous to its commander, added fresh laurels to Washington. Taken sick on the way, he was left behind, but in his eagerness to be present at the approaching battle, he started on while still an invalid, and joined Braddock the evening before it took place. The details of this fight, the blind and obstinate adherence of the British commander to his European tactics, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Washington, the ambuscade and the terrible slaughter that followed, are familiar to every one.

That morning, as Washington gazed on the British columns, moving in beautiful order to the sound of stirring music along the banks of the Monongahela, the gentle river on one side and the green forest on the other, while the beams of the uprisen sun were sent back in dazzling splendor from the nearly two thousand steel bayonets that shook in their light, his eye flashed with delight. He was often heard to say it was the most glorious spectacle he ever beheld. He was at this time 23 years old, six feet two or three inches high, and strongly made.

Full of fire and unconscious of fear, he thought of the approaching fray only with the joy of the warrior.

As he had predicted, the army fell into an ambuscade. As the advanced party of three hundred men were ascending a hill, flanked on either side by a ravine, in which lay the enemy, they found themselves suddenly encircled by a girdle of flame. So close and deadly was the fire, that the soldiers could not bear up against it, and after a few volleys broke and fled down the hill. Falling on the columns and artillery below, they threw them also into confusion, and the whole army became a disordered multitude, driven hither and thither, while whole ranks were falling at every discharge.

In this dilemma, Braddock prohibited the Virginia regiment from placing themselves behind trees and fighting the Indians in their own way, and began to order up his men in platoons, and wheel them into close columns, as he had been accustomed to do on the plains of Europe. Young Washington gazed with indignation on this sacrifice of life, and without the power to order a single company, stood and saw his brave Virginians fall. At length Braddock was struck down, and his two aids borne wounded from the fight, leaving Washington alone to distribute orders.

Here his military qualities shone forth in their splendor. Galloping through the disordered host, his tall and commanding form towered amid the smoke of battle, and presented a constant mark to the sharpshooters. Men were falling like grass on every side of him, yet reckless of danger, he spurred his steed over the dead and dying alike, straining every nerve to stay the reversed tide of battle. At length his horse sunk under him, and he fell amid his wounded and dead companions. Springing on the back of another, he pressed amid the throng, pointing in this and that direction with his sword, and sending his calm and resolute voice amid the frightened ranks, but without avail. A second horse fell beneath him, and he leaped to the saddle of a third, while the bullets rained like hail-stones about him. Four passed through his coat, and he knew that he was a sure mark for the Indian rifles as he thus rode from point to point. But he seemed to possess a charmed life; for while nearly half the entire

army that had three hours before crossed the Monongahela in such beautiful order and proud array, had sunk on the bloody field, and three-fourths of the whole eighty-seven officers were dead or wounded, he still remained unhurt.

Cool as a rock, his inward excitement was mastered by his judgment, and he galloped hither and thither as calmly as if on a parade. Absorbed in the fate of the army, and intent only on saving it, he seemed to forget he had a life to lose. Amid the thunder of artillery, the roar of musketry, the wild war-whoop of the Indian, and the ranks melting like frost-work around him, he never once lost his self-composure. One would have thought he had been tried on a hundred battle-fields, to see the daring and firmness with which he endeavored to stem the panic, instead of being, as he was, in his first field-fight. The officers around him struggled bravely, charging together like common infantry, to stimulate their men to bear up against the storm, but it was all in vain. The wreck of the army rolled tumultuously toward the river and over it. A rapid and disastrous retreat back to the settlements followed.

As Washington, during this engagement, was riding through the broken ranks, his tall person on horseback presented such a fair mark for a bullet, that an old Indian chief took deliberate aim at him several times, and bade his warriors do the same. But after a while, finding that none of their shots took effect, they ceased firing at him, believing him to be under the protection of the Great Spirit. Years afterwards this old chief came a long journey to "pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

Washington was not only cool in the hour of danger and utterly destitute of fear, but often impetuous, and sometimes apparently reckless. He furnishes a striking exhibition of this in the severe flogging he once gave a man who was trespassing on his plantation. This fellow was a thieving, lawless character, and was accustomed to come in his canoe across the Potomac, and landing in some sheltered nook, hunt over the grounds of Mount Vernon. Washington was aware of this, and had frequently reproved him for his conduct, and warned him to cease, but

to no purpose. One day, therefore, hearing a gun in the distance, he sprang into his saddle, and rode in the direction of the sound. The poacher was on the look-out, and seeing Washington approach, ran for his canoe, and had just pushed it from the shore when the latter rode up. Raising his gun, he took deliberate aim at Washington, expecting to daunt him; but, without stopping to think, the latter dashed up to the culprit, and seizing his canoe, dragged it ashore. He then disarmed him, and gave him a thorough cow-skinning, which effectually cured his thieving propensities.

Many, no doubt, would condemn such a summary punishment of a thief; but it must be remembered this was in Washington's younger days, and that the daring and resolution which prompted him thus to seize and punish a desperate character, with a loaded gun in his hands, and raised in the act to fire, were the same that sent him like a thunderbolt into the hottest of the fight, carrying destruction in his path as he cheered on the soldiers to the charge.

It was hard to rouse him, but when his anger was up, it was the more terrible, from the very strength against which it had risen. Thus, at Kipp's Bay, in New York, during his retreat to Harlem Heights, it broke over all bounds. The new levies stationed to support this point fled, and the two brigades ordered up, broke and fled also at the advance of only sixty men. Washington, astonished and indignant at such cowardice, rode in among them, and endeavored to rally and lead them back. Finding all his efforts vain, his indignation burst forth like a torrent, and he spurred upon them with his drawn sword, and snapped his pistol in their faces. Finding all this of no avail, with his lip curled in scorn and his blue eye flashing fire, he wheeled and halted alone in front of the enemy, and there, like Murat before the Russian battery, stood and let the bullets whistle about him. At length one of his attendants, alarmed for his safety, seized the horse by the head, and turned him off the field.

So at Germantown, finding his troops hard pressed, he rode into the very vortex of battle, where the shot fell like hail about him. His friends urged him away, but in a few moments that tall form was again seen enveloped

in smoke, and no power could stir him from the deadly fire, till his men began to retreat. At Monmouth, where he burst in such stern wrath on Lee, and amid the thunder of artillery and shouts of the victorious pursuers, rallied his broken ranks, and rolled back the tide of battle with his mighty arm, he exhibits both the impetuosity of his character and that cool and determined bravery which made him such a fearful antagonist in the field.

At Princeton, too, he performed one of those heroic deeds which spring impulsively from a soul on fire with daring, and carried away by a sudden and lofty enthusiasm. Stealing by night from the overwhelming English army he came in the morning upon three regiments marching out of town, which he must break in pieces, or be ruined. In the very heat and crisis of battle, seeing his men begin to waver and break, he snatched a standard, and plunging the rowels in his steed, spurred midway between the contending lines, and with his manly breast turned full on the foe, said, in language more eloquent than words, "*Follow your General.*" No finer subject can be found for the pencil of genius than he presents as he sits on his proud war-horse, midway between the volleys of his friends and foes, with the banner of his country waving its folds about his splendid form. I do not believe that Washington knew the sensation of fear. There was no amount of danger that could daunt him, and the great exposure of his person in battle was a source of constant anxiety to his friends.

Circumstances made him the American Fabius, while nature designed him for a far different warrior. Had he in his youth commanded in the French army, he would have been one of the most terrible men in an onset, and the steadiest, coolest in repelling an assault that ever led a host to battle. Like Ney, he would have hurled his columns on the foe with a strength and majesty nothing could withstand, while in the height of a panic and in the midst of his flying troops, he would have stood as calm and self-collected and fearless as he did on the bloody field on Monongahela. But circumstances placed him in a position where caution and hesitation and delays were indispensable.

Those mistake who suppose his slowness in coming to

an engagement, and his great prudence, were the result of his inclination. He dared not hazard everything on a single throw, where not himself but his country, and the hopes of freedom, would be the stake at issue. Moreover, he had not the means to make a bold push with. Had he possessed a small army composed of such materials as those which the young Bonaparte found in the army of Italy, he would not have stood merely on the defensive so long as he did. But without ammunition,—without discipline,—indeed, without thorough organization,—his troops could not be relied on, and he knew it. As it was, he frequently went into battle with only a few rounds of ammunition to each man. His judgment forced him to the cautious course he pursued, though at first he chafed like a lion in the toils.

Said he once, in referring to his difficulties and the disinclination of the soldiers whose term of service had expired, to re-enlist, "Could I have known that such backwardness would have been discovered by the old soldiers to the service, *all the generals upon earth would not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack on Boston till this time.*" And again, writing in the bitterness and even irritation of his great heart, as he still lies inactive around Boston, he says, "I know the unhappy predicament in which I stand. I know what is expected of me; I know that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weakness, and injuring the cause by declaring my wants, which I am determined not to do farther than unavoidable necessity brings every man acquainted with them. *My situation* is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, *I should long ere this have put every thing on the cast of a die.*" That is, had it been a matter of simple reputation with him, he would have ended the suspense he endured by one of those desperate movements that make or ruin a man forever. But his judgment and his conscience both held firm sway over his feelings, and guided him in the only safe course he could have gone.

But if his impetuosity was great and his passions strong, his self-control was still stronger. Violent passions and ardent feelings are seldom found united with com-

plete self-command; but when they are, they form the strongest possible character, for there is all the power of clear thought and cool judgment impelled by the resistless energy of feeling. This combination Washington possessed; for in his impetuosity there was no foolish rashness, and in his passion no injustice. Besides, whatever violence there might be within, the explosion seldom came to the surface, and when it did, it was arrested at once by the stern mandate of his will. He never lost the mastery of himself in any emergency, and in "ruling his spirit," showed himself greater than in "taking a city."

Even in his adventurous youth he exhibits this same self-rule, and his judgment ever sits enthroned above his impulses. It is one of the astonishing things in his life, that, amid the perfect chaos of feeling into which he was thrown—amid the distracted counsels and still more distracted affairs that surrounded him—he never once lost the perfect equilibrium of his own mind. The contagion of fear, and doubt, and despair, could not touch him. He did not seem susceptible to the common influences which affect men. His soul, poised on its own center, reposed calmly there through all the storms that beat for seven years on his noble breast. The ingratitude and folly of those who should have been his allies, the insults of his foes, and the frowns of fortune, never provoked him into a rash act, or deluded him into a single error.

His constancy and firmness were equal to his self-control. The changeless aspect and steadfast heart he maintained during those seven years of trouble and gloom which make up the history of the American Revolution, will be a wonder to the end of time. Cast down by no reverses, elated by no successes, he could be neither driven into despondency or carried away by extravagant hopes. It is one of the remarkable traits in his character, that he never would *stay beaten*. You might drive him from post to post, diminish and dishearten his army till only a handful were left around him, he showed the same firm presence and unalterable resolution. Defeat never affected him, and his voice of hope sounded just as clear and cheerful though nothing but murmurs and complaints filled the land.

Thus, just before the close of the disastrous campaign of 1776, that most critical period of the whole war, when

a general gloom hung over the continent, and panic and despair were on every side, his constancy never shook. Instead of beating back the enemy, we ourselves had been beaten back at every point. Rhode Island, Long Island, Staten Island, New York, and nearly all of New Jersey, were in possession of the enemy, who were now moving down on Philadelphia. City after city had been captured, and nothing seemed able to resist their progress. Fort after fort had fallen. Lee had been taken prisoner, and the army, dwindled from twenty thousand to four thousand, was closely pursued by Cornwallis. In the midst of these disasters, General Howe issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all who would take the oath of allegiance within sixty days. Crowds, and among them men of wealth and influence, accepted the terms; and the panic spreading, all seemed lost. Yet even in this crisis, Washington never wavered for a moment. Calm and serene, he surveyed the troubled night about him, with his eye fixed steadily on the deepening gloom, and even lifted his voice of encouragement, declaring that he saw the morning beyond it all. And when asked what he would do if Philadelphia should be taken, replied, "*We will retreat beyond the Susquehanna; and thence, if necessary, to the Alleghany mountains.*"

No sublimer speech ever fell from ancient or modern hero. Encompassed by perils, from which no eye could see a way of escape, deserted by his soldiers till only the shadow of an army remained to him, and chased by a victorious and overwhelming foe, he still rose superior to all. He showed the same cheerful countenance to his few remaining followers, breathed the same words of hope to the House of Congress that he did in the hour of prosperity. Oh, "he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field *hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all other men.*"

But doubtless the trials which tested his firmness most, were those which we are least able to appreciate. Those outward public calamities which all can see, and in which we know we have the sympathies of the good, can be more easily borne than ingratitude, injustice, suspicion, and slander from those we are striving to benefit. As we have seen, when Washington first took command of the army

at Cambridge, he found himself surrounded with difficulties from which he could not possibly extricate himself. The troops but scantily supplied with provisions and clothing, and having but nine cartridges apiece, were enlisted only for a short time, and there, right in presence of the enemy, he saw one disband and another form. In this state, while his inactivity was complained of on all sides, he was not only forced, in order to prevent greater calamities, to conceal the destitution and incapacity of his troops from the enemy, but also from his own countrymen and even his officers. He knew the difficulties *he* could withstand would discourage, if not drive to despair, less resolute hearts. He bore all in silence, sustained by his conscious integrity and his patriotism.

So also amid the cabals formed against him; the lies and letters circulated about him; the jealousy even of Congress, lest too much power would be allowed to concentrate in his hands; amid the open accusations and implied doubts of his virtue and ability, he moved calmly yet resolutely on. Even Congress, his last sole reliance, by its promises unfulfilled, its doubts, its hesitations, and want of confidence, sometimes seemed resolved to drive him to anger and despair. Yet he exhibited neither; he spurred up the sluggishness of the members by cheering words, removed their doubts by reason and facts, and shamed them out of their distrust by those noble sentiments and elevated principles which every one knew came from his heart. This fortitude under calamities, firm courage in the midst of reverses, and unshaken constancy in every trial to which human nature is subjected, prove him to have possessed a soul of amazing strength, and a faith in the right never surpassed. As I behold him with the army around Boston, endeavoring to bring order out of chaos and strength out of weakness, bearing patiently the complaints and even taunts which he knew his country, ignorant of his weakness, was raining on him; or slowly retreating before the victorious enemy at New York, while his own brave heart panted for the onset—or eating his rude meal in a log cabin at Valley Forge, whither he had led his army barefoot over the frozen ground; or breaking in sudden terror on the foe; or smiling serenely on a free people intoxicated with joy,

and hailing him Father! Saviour! Deliverer! or at last calmly gazing into that dread eternity on whose threshold he feels his footsteps pressing, I am lost in admiration at his unwavering constancy and the grandeur of his character. He is not the thunderbolt launched from the sky, arresting and startling every beholder, but the ocean tide in its calm, majestic and resistless flow.

Another striking trait in Washington's character was the sway he exercised over all other men. The good yielded him that deference which noble hearts always render to transcendent virtue, while the bad had that awe of him which vice ever has of goodness. Thus Lafayette revered and loved him, and bound himself, soul and body, to his fortunes. The revengeful and conspiring Conway, thinking his last hour has come, writes to him from his bed of pain: "My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments, '*You are in my eyes the great and good man.*'"

One secret of his power was his dignified composure. No one approached him without being awed by his demeanor. His tall and commanding person was well adapted to the calm, almost severe majesty of his deportment. In that colorless face and in those blue eyes was a world of slumbering energy. His gigantic porportions indicated his overwhelming physical strength; and when mounted on horseback among his officers, his appearance was imposing in the extreme, and every eye followed him as he moved. Like Saul amid his brethren, he was head and shoulders above them all, and seemed the impersonation of physical power. Under his stalwart arm, the strongest went down, and few men could span his massive hand.

Before a man of such a presence and such a soul, no wonder the most rash or impetuous was sobered. But it would be folly to suppose that mere manner could effect so much; this was but the symbol of his character. His composure inspired awe, because it was not the composure of sluggishness, of immobility, but of reposing strength. The calmness of a far-reaching and resolute mind is always more terrible than the fiercest energy. The consciousness that it sees and understands without being

disturbed, and will perform its secret purpose without tumult or wavering, cannot but awaken awe, for there is not only *power* but the mystery of its working. Men fear to awaken energy that is hard to be roused, but they dread still more that power which will do its decree without suffering itself to be moved from its composure.

The control which Washington held over others was all this and yet something more. This characteristic was as strong in his joyous and unshackled childhood, and open-hearted, boisterous youth, as in his sedate manhood. In wrestling, leaping, and pitching the bar, and in the familiarity of forest life, where all formality and all reserve disappear, he maintained his ascendency. Even in his early military career, when a subordinate in command, he was treated with a respect and deference far above his station. This doubtless, in the former case, was owing somewhat to his superior physical strength in athletic games; and in the latter, to his boiling courage and chivalric action in battle, but still more to the superiority of his mind.

A great and comprehensive mind, which seems both to understand and embrace those about it, must of necessity exert great sway. There is no need of entering into the elements of its power; its very relation presupposes it; so that a sufficient explanation of Washington's influence over others is found in his simple superiority as a man, both mentally and morally. Great reserve at times, noticed so much in Bonaparte, Cromwell, Washington, and others, is, after all, not so much an *element* of power as an *attribute* of it. It is natural, not assumed; and in the consciousness of that very fact by others, rests the secret of its strength. There are moments when every great mind lays aside its familiarity and retires within its own domain, not to inspire awe, but because its own grand thoughts and purposes are too elevated and important to be subjected to the narrow views and prejudices of others, and also because they subdue and engross itself. To suppose that Washington, when the fate of a nation was in his keeping, and affairs as multiplied as they were momentous occupied his thoughts, would be talkative and familiar, is preposterous.

A man's occupations always affect his manners; a ruler

becomes haughty—a warrior stern and decided; and a man pressed down with immense burdens, and entrusted with vast responsibilities reserved and silent. Washington underwent this change, and it is seen even in his style of writing. In youth, ardent and generous, he wrote with spirit and enthusiasm; in maturer years, he learned to guard his expressions, lest they should betray him into some error. Thus, when twenty-two years of age, in writing to the Governor of Virginia respecting the increase of the pay of the officers, he says, after stating the facts, "I would not have you imagine from this that I have said all these things to have our pay increased, but to justify myself, and to show that our complaints are not frivolous, but founded on strict reason. For my own part, it is a matter almost indifferent whether I serve for full pay or as a generous volunteer. Indeed, did my circumstances correspond with my inclinations, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter, for the motives that *led me are pure and noble.*"

So also the same year, when the expedition under Braddock was fitting out, and the army underwent modifications, by which he, then colonel, was reduced to the rank of a captain, he immediately threw up his commission and retired from the army; and when Governor Sharpe, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces destined to act against the French, wrote to him to continue in his station, intimating that he might *hold* though not exercise his former commission, he replied, "Your offer has filled me with surprise; for if you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument in it, you must entertain a *very contemptible opinion of my weakness, or believe me to be more empty than the commission itself.*" This was short and tart enough for the young Napoleon himself. So also two years after, then twenty-four years of age, when endeavoring to keep back the encroachments of the Indians, he wrote to the Governor, saying, "Your Honor may see to what unhappy straits the distracted inhabitants and myself are reduced. I am too little acquainted, sir, with pathetic language to attempt a description of the people's distress, though I have a *generous soul, sensible of wrong and swelling for redress.*" And again: "The supplicating

tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." This is the frank and undisguised language of an ardent young man, whom great responsibilities and years sobered down into more moderation of feeling and expression.

Washington's influence over others was not confined to those immediately about his person. The government itself looked to him for counsel, and every department, both civil and mliltary, leaned on him. He had to manage his army, the Congress, and control the authorities of the separate States. To do this, amid the jealousies and suspicions that prevailed, was no slight task. His power was nothing, except that which lay in his character and his words; yet these were sufficient to overcome all opposition. This influence he never lost through life; even Jefferson, his strongest political foe, stood in awe of him. It did not end with his death, and there is no man whose memory is so much revered, and whose reputation even his foes fear so much to attack as his.

But the crowning glory of his character was his patriotism. No man ever before rose out of the mass of the people to such power without abusing it, and history searches in vain for a military leader, so much of whose life had been spent in the camp, and whose will was law to a grateful nation, who voluntarily resigned his rank and chose the humble, peaceful occupation of a farmer. At first the nation, jealous of its liberties, was afraid to pass so much power into his hands; but it soon learned that he watched those liberties with a more anxious eye than itself. From the outset, his honor and his country stood foremost in his affections; the first he guarded with scrupulous care, and for the last he offered up his life and his fortune. His patriotism was so pure, so unmixed with any selfish feeling, that no ingratitude, or suspicions, or wrongs, could for a moment weaken its force. It was like the love of a father for his son, notwithstanding his errors and disobedience, and who bends over him with that yearning affection which will still believe and hope on to the end.

Men have been found who would sacrifice their lives for their country, and yet would not submit to its injustice or bear with its ingratitude, ignorance, and follies. Many have been astonished at the confidence of Washington even in his darkest hours; but it was the faith of strong love. On the nation's heart, let it beat ever so wildly, he leaned in solemn trust. Trace his career from its outset to its close, and love of country is seen to rule every act. Among that band of patriots who stood foremost in opposition to the tyrannical acts of Great Britain he was one of the most prominent. Side by side with Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Hancock, and others, he lifted up his voice and arm for freedom. Taking sides irrevocably with the right, from that time he is ready for any sacrifice, prepared for any trial. Speaking of the non-importation act, and advocating it, he says: "I am convinced there is no relief for us but in their (England's) distress; and I think, at least I hope, there is virtue enough left among us to *deny ourselves everything but the bare necessaries of life to accomplish this end.* This we have a right to do, and no power on earth can compel us to do otherwise till it has first reduced us to the most abject state of slavery."

Measuring the depth of suffering into which his country must be plunged to preserve her freedom, he cheerfully steps into it himself. He commits all in the doubtful struggle, and lays himself first on the altar he helps to rear. There is no concealment, no reservation. As he stands in the first Congress, he stands before the world. To General Gage, commanding at Boston, by whose side he had shouted years before in the bloody battle of Monongahela, he uses the same boldness that he does to his friends, and winds up his letter with a prophecy which after years proved too true. "Again," says he, "give me leave to add as my opinion, that more blood will be spilled on this occasion, if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever furnished instances of in the annals of North America."

Events thicken, and the prospect grows darker, but Washington has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. Soon after, writing to his brother, who was training an independent company,

he says: "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion require it to be done as it is my *full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in if needful.*" At length civil war burst forth, and no one could see what the end would be. But Congress, true to itself and true to the country it represented, rose above passion and fear, and immediately prepared to receive the shock. Washington, as commander-in-chief of the American forces, occupied the position of *head traitor* against his government and his king. The die was cast for him; and Congress, that band of noblest men that ever stood on the earth, closed sternly round him, pledging together, in solemn covenant, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to him in the common cause. The vow was recorded in heaven, and the conflict set.

Refusing the salary voted him by Congress, he asked only that it should defray his expenses. His labor he regarded as nothing; and indeed to one who had coolly surveyed the perilous undertaking in which he had embarked, counted the cost, and who saw clearly the result of a failure both to himself and his friends, reward for his services was of little consequence. Besides, his country demanded all, and all should be given. It was no sudden burst of enthusiasm—no outbreak of indignation against oppression, but a calm and settled determination to save his country or perish in the attempt. If he failed, he knew that his property would be confiscated, his family turned loose on the world, and himself, in all probability, hung as a traitor. But he could say, with one even greater than himself, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me."

One can never think of him in his first campaign without the deepest emotions. Tried to the utmost—crippled in all his efforts, and unfortunate in all his movements—he suffered only as great hearts can suffer, at the dishonor that seemed before him; yet he still closed his lips in stern silence over his distressed condition, lest it should discourage the nation. He exaggerated his strength and concealed his weakness even from his own officers, knowing that despondency now would paralyze all efforts and all hope. As he thus stands and muses and suffers, he

seems ever murmuring to himself, "Let disgrace and dishonor fall on me rather than on the cause of freedom." Receiving and holding in his own bosom the evil that would otherwise reach his country, he commits all to that God who rules the destinies of nations.

And when the gloomy winter of 1778 set in, he shared with his army at Valley Forge its privations and its sufferings. Eleven thousand American soldiers, two thousand of whom were barefoot and half naked, stacked their arms in the latter part of December, in the frozen field, and began to look out for huts to shelter them from the cold of winter. Hundreds with nothing but rags upon their bodies, their muskets resting upon their naked shoulders, their bare feet cut by the frozen ground till you could track them by their blood, had marched hither for repose and clothing, and, alas, nothing but the frost-covered fields received them. Starving, wretched, and wan, they looked like the miserable wreck of a routed and famine-struck army. Here could be seen a group, harnessed in pairs, drawing a few logs together to cover them, and there another, devouring a morsel of bread to stay the pangs of hunger. And when the December night shut in the scene, the weary thousands laid down on the barren, bleak hillside, with scarce a blanket to cover them, their unprotected limbs flung out upon the frost.

One would have thought at first sight, as they lay scattered around, that there had been a fierce fought battle, and those were the wounded or dead stripped by the enemy. As the cold morning sun shone down upon the encampment, they again commenced their heavy task, and one by one went up the rude hovels. Into these the sons of liberty crept, many so naked they could not come forth again into the camp, but there, stretched on the straw, passed the weary days and nights in suffering. As the cold increased, they dared not lie down at night, so unprotected and naked were they, but slept *sitting up around their fires.* Without a mouthful of meat to satisfy their hunger, they thus passed days and weeks, and yet not a movement of dissension.

On such an army, presenting such a spectacle, did Washington gaze with anguish, and his noble heart

yearned toward the brave fellows who thus clung to him in the midst of neglect and suffering. Said he, in writing to Congress on the subject, "however others, who wish me to enter on a winter campaign, may feel for the naked and distressed soldiers, *I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul, I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.*" All this took place too while the enemy lay within a day's march of them, and it is a wonder that a mutiny did not break out, and whole regiments of sufferers disband at once and return to their homes. History cannot furnish a more noble example of the devotion of troops to their leader and to the cause of freedom.

When Congress at length mitigated these sufferings by sending clothing and food, Washington was enabled to build a log cabin for a dining-room, which his wife in writing to a friend said, "*made our quarters a little more comfortable.*" But the wide-spread evils did not end here; Congress was divided and grumbling, the legislatures of the separate States often selfish and suspicious, both thwarting his plans and rendering powerless his efforts, yet he had no thought of yielding the struggle. I believe though every one of the States had sent to him saying that the cause was hopeless and ought to be abandoned, he would have stood the same immovable, hopeful, and lofty man as ever.

And when in the following spring proposals of reconciliation were made by the king, so favorable in their character, that had they been offered before the declaration of independence, they would doubtless have been accepted, he at once met them with his stern opposition. Three years of war and disaster had passed, ending with the winter quarters at Valley Forge, and the struggle seemed farther than ever from a favorable termination, but Washington stood in the midst of his little army as fixed in his purpose as he was in the first Congress. Forgetting his own troubles and privations, he seemed anxious only that the country should not falter in resolution or courage. He immediately wrote to Congress saying, "Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do. A peace on other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. The injuries

we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so great and so many, that they can never be forgotten. Besides the feuds, the jealousies, the animosities that would ever attend a union with them; besides the importance we should derive from an unrestricted commerce; our fidelity as a people, our gratitude, our character as men, are opposed to a coalition with them as subjects, but in case of the last extremity."

This was written two days after he had discovered what the conciliatory bills contained, written too in the gloomiest period of the struggle. Quick as lightning, when the interests of his country are in danger; patient and silent when he himself is assailed, he attempts to forestall Congress in its opinions, and throws the weight of his character on the side of freedom. The same noble disinterestedness characterizes every action of his life; he seemed to lose himself utterly in the common welfare.

In 1781 when the British ascended the Potomac, burning and destroying the property of the inhabitants, one vessel came up to Mount Vernon, and by threats to burn down the house, induced the manager of the estate to furnish what was demanded. When Washington heard of this he immediately wrote to his agent, saying, "I am very sorry to hear of your loss; I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that *which gives me most concern* is, that you should go aboard the enemy's vessels and furnish them with refreshments. *It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that in consequence of your non-compliance with their demand, they had burned my house and laid the plantation in ruins.* You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them with a view to prevent a conflagration."

How keenly alive he is to anything that may reflect on his patriotism. "I am a little sorry to hear of my own loss, but I am profoundly grieved that even my agent should have treated the enemies of my country as friends, even in appearance, in order to save my house from the flames and my lands from pillage." Such language might have been used in a letter designed to meet the public eye without being the true expression of the heart, but

not to a confidential agent, who might in a few days be put again in the same predicament. He has not reasoned himself into patriotism; it is the spontaneous feeling of his heart. He loves his country so well that its interests stand before his own, and his whole being is aroused in its defense before selfish feelings have time to exert their sway.

And how grieved was his noble heart when it was proposed to him to become king. The officers of the army, seeing how utterly inefficient Congress had become, and how little regard was paid to its authority by the separate States, and the distress and embarrassment on every side for want of more concentrated power, assembled together and drew up an able letter to Washington, in which they represented him as the only hope of the country, and proposed that he should assume the rank of Protector. With the officers of the army sworn to his interests, and the soldiers bound to him by affection and reverence, it would have been an easy matter to have made himself king, under the title of Protector. The overthrow of the Rump Parliament by Cromwell, and the breaking up of the imbecile Directory by Napoleon, were difficult tasks compared to that of dispersing our divided Congress.

But to Washington success would be the thing he dreaded most, and now when presented to him as possible, he forgets in his indignation even the kindness which suggested it. Filled with alarm at the new evil which this state of feeling in the army showed to hang over his country, and with burning indignation at the magnitude of the proposed wrong, he loses for a moment his accustomed composure of manner. "Sir," said he, in reply to the officer through whom the communication was sent, "with a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am at much loss to

conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. * * * * * Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

"I am, sir, etc.,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

How like a thunderbolt this proposition seems to fall upon him. To his pure spirit such a result had never occurred as possible, though to all other military leaders it had been the goal of their ambition. He cannot contain his surprise, and he looks about him in amazement at this new danger which has opened so like an earthquake under his feet. Six years of toil and suffering had rolled by, and he had seen his faithful soldiers mowed down by the cannon of the enemy, his army defeated and in rags, and gloom impenetrable on every side, and now, just as the night seemed ended and the morning dawning, from an unexpected quarter arises an evil more threatening to the interests of his country than all which had passed. Every line of this letter bears indications of a powerful internal struggle; a struggle to maintain that self-composure and moderation he was wont to exhibit. Every sentence seems but the prelude to the explosion of the volcano within. Mastering himself, however, by a strong effort, he writes with a severe dignity and stern condemnation that must have overwhelmed the authors of this conspiracy. He is at first amazed—there is a "mixture of *great surprise and astonishment*," and then his indignation is kindled, and he views the feelings which could originate such a proposition "*with abhorrence*." He then takes fire at the insult offered himself—the severe reflection it casts upon his integrity, and the implied charge of ambitious views, and he "*cannot conceive what part of his conduct could have given encourage-*

ment to such an address." The next moment his thoughts revert to his country, and there is something inexpressibly sad in the close of that sentence, "*that can befall my country.*"

On a noble and pure heart there could be no deeper wound inflicted than this, and the bitterest anguish is conveyed in the calm language, "no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations." To suppose him capable of treason and compel him to receive a proposal to commit it, was striking at the very soul of that honor he held dearer than his life. To become a king over a free people who had struggled so nobly for their freedom! to dash to earth the hopes which had borne them up in the midst of such trials! and to wrong so deeply human faith, and confidence, and rights, as turn traitor at last! his whole nature turned away abhorrent from the contemplation.

That patriotism which made him endure with such patience, toil with such perseverance, refuse all emoluments, and scorn the gift of a crown, has become the admiration of mankind, and the argument the world over with which the lovers of human liberty silence the sneers of despots and revive the hopes of the desponding. As an example, it is the richest legacy he could have left his countrymen.

Washington's military genius is sometimes called in question, and though he is allowed a high rank, he is not placed among the first military leaders of his age. But he who investigates his career carefully, will come to a different conclusion. Indeed, any one can tell where the truth lies, by attempting to put his finger on the man whom he thinks could have carried this country through the revolutionary struggle as quickly, safely, and successfully as he did.

In war, brilliant actions go farther to establish a military reputation than the profoundest plans, and yet nothing is more true, than that a campaign, which is a total loss all round, may exhibit greater ability on the part of a commander than a perfectly successful one. It depends altogether upon the comparative strength and character of the forces in the field, and the best mode of conducting hostilities. For the Mexican and Spaniard, the guerilla warfare is the best, because it is better adapted both to

the character of the inhabitants and the nature of the country; and the commander-in-chief of their forces who adopts any other method for the sake of present reputation, will lose in the end. An enemy may take fortress after fortress, and city after city, advancing with astonishing rapidity into the heart of a country, and finish the campaign triumphantly; but the opening of the next may be his ruin, and show the wisdom of the commander who gave up immediate partial success for ultimate victory.

Procrastination may be haste in the long run, and apparent inactivity the most rapid way of terminating a war. The retreat of Wellington through Spain, thus alluring Massena, by the prospect of a pitched battle, beyond the reach of supplies, finally forced the latter into a hasty retreat, and well-nigh secured his overthrow. So also protracting the war in our colonies ruined the British cause, for it involved England in expenses that no nation can long endure. To support a large army so far from home, in a hostile territory, requires too great an expenditure of money to be kept up for a succession of years. Washington understood this, and knew if he could hold the colonies together and the army firm, that he could wear out his more powerful antagonist.

Now, there are certain qualities which go to form a great military leader, whatever his career may be; the want of any one of which detracts materially from his merit. No man can become a distinguished commander without *some striking* characteristics, and the more of these he possesses in harmony, the higher will he rank. The first requisite is courage—not the dogged resolution of the brute, nor the daring inspired by sudden excitement, but that calm and lofty feeling which no surprise can disturb and no catastrophe unsettle. This is a rarer qualification than many suppose. The oldest veterans will on certain occasions be seized with a panic, and the bravest leader sometimes shows a timidity that is unaccountable. So true is this, that Napoleon once said that every one had his *moment de peur*—his moment of fear. In this moment of fear, a great advantage may be lost and a whole campaign ruined. But one cannot point to the spot in Washington's career where his firmness forsook him for an instant. If to this quality of resolute courage be added a

high chivalric feeling, prompting a man, in perilous crises, to deeds of personal heroism, it adds tenfold to his power. This Washington possessed to a remarkable degree.

It is a little singular that a great and daring act performed by some emperor or marshal of Europe becomes a theme of universal admiration, while the same thing done by Washington scarcely excites a remark. One cannot mention an example of heroism that does not find its parallel in him. Murat, in a paroxysm of passion, could spur all alone into the fire of a Russian battery;—Washington did the same thing at Kipp's Bay to shame his men into courage. The world gazes with awe on Napoleon rushing over the bridge of Arcola and planting his standard amid the storm of fire that swept it;—Washington spurred up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns at Princeton, and sat beneath his country's flag, where the shot fell like hail about him. Bonaparte rallying his broken troops at Marengo, and rolling back the battle on the foe, presents a noble spectacle; but Washington doing the same thing at Monmouth, under the burning sun of one of the hottest days ever witnessed in this country, is a nobler one.

It is also necessary that a commander should possess the power to win the love, confidence, and veneration of his soldiers. This was one of the great traits of Napoleon's character, and yet there never was an instance of such devotion of troops to their leader as was found in our revolutionary army. When Steuben arrived at Valley Forge, he declared that there was not a commander in Europe who could keep troops so destitute and suffering as ours together for a single week.

Caution and promptness, combined in a leader, make him a strong adversary in the field. To be tempted into no rashness, yet show no hesitation or delay—to commit no error himself, yet be prompt as a thunderbolt in taking advantage of one made by another, gives to any man tremendous power. This was characteristic of Washington, and it is amusing to see with what caution the British commanders approached him, and with what hesitation they gave him battle; while one gazes with admiration at the prompt and terrible manner in which he took advantage of the slightest mistake.

Perhaps a still rarer quality is that moral firmness which neither defeat nor difficulties, nor the most protracted and exhausting labor can discourage or force into cessation of effort. Yet no man took a beating more coolly than Washington, or turned on his heel with fiercer courage the moment his enemy relaxed his watchfulness. Cornwallis was one of the ablest generals of his time, yet his energies gave out at last, and he suffered himself to be cooped up at Yorktown, and captured. Had he shown but half the activity in his campaign against Lafayette that he did in the one against Greene, his fate would have been different; but he was tired out—his energies had been taxed till they were exhausted, and he relaxed into comparative sluggishness; yet one cannot designate the single moment when Washington's vigor became enfeebled by long, constant, and wasting toil.

But a man may possess all these qualifications fitting him to control a single army with admirable skill, and yet fail as commander-in-chief of forces scattered over a large territory. A mind of deep combinations is necessary to this—a mind which, embracing the whole field of operations and estimating the comparative strength of the forces that will be brought forward, and their progress, can come to correct conclusions and form accurate plans. That Washington possessed such a mind no one can doubt who reads his letters to Congress. The invasion of Canada—the destruction of Burgoyne—the attack on Rhode Island—the management of the southern campaign, and the control of the whole central provinces, were the work of his all-embracing plans. So correct was his judgment, that one is troubled to put his finger on a *single error* that *he* ever committed. There always must be failures resulting from the inefficiency of subordinates, and the intervention of obstacles no human mind can foresee or prevent.

Hence, in contemplating the *man alone*, one finds in him every characteristic belonging to a military leader of the highest rank. In comparison with the renowned warriors of Europe, he fails only in the number and brilliancy of his victories. Now, in the first place, taken apart from the forces which accomplished them, there can be no more unsafe criterion by which to judge of a commander's

ability, than simple victories. Bonaparte considered Suchet the best general in his army, and yet how few of the mass of mankind adopt his opinion. His whole career, after he obtained a separate command, was passed in the Peninsula, in a war against walled cities and strong fortresses, furnishing no field for dazzling achievements, and where his ability can be judged only by comparing his means with his success.

Great pitched battles, in which the eye is dazzled by the movements of two vast armies, and the senses stunned by the din and uproar of two hundred thousand men mixed in mortal combat, often fix forever in public estimation the fame of a leader, while the same end reached without this tumult excites no astonishment or applause. Thus Wellington's fame, among the mass of his countrymen, rests on the battle of Waterloo, where nothing but an accident saved him from an utter overthrow, and from proving at once, what is now universally conceded, that the campaign was badly conducted, while his campaigns in the Peninsula, where his military genius shines out in true splendor, are almost entirely forgotten.

Washington's situation was unlike that in which any other military chieftain had ever been placed. Napoleon, when he took command of the army of Italy, and with which he performed such prodigies, found himself over a body of veteran soldiers. His troops, it is true, were comparatively few, but they had seen hard service, and needed only a fit leader to become a most formidable army. Besides, they were well supplied with arms, and were enlisted for life. But Washington had to create an army out of raw recruits, and then furnish them with arms and ammunition. No sooner was this done, than the term of enlistment expired, and he saw with the keenest anguish the force he had collected with so much labor dissolve like mist before him. What could be done with troops that simply passed and repassed the field of vision. There was no powder even for these recruits, raw as they were, and two thousand of them had not a musket to handle in case of a fight.

I have often thought that had Washington been a less able general, or had the enemy been in less fear of him, his military career would have been far more brilliant.

For then he would have been incessantly pushed inland, and battle given him on any terms, and fierce fights and dazzling exploits have kept the country in a glow,—and he, as it suited him best, been in constant action. But all the first year in which he lay around Boston, the enemy seemed afraid to molest him; and when he at length took the offensive, and planted his cannon on Dorchester heights, where he expected the scenes of Bunker Hill over again, the British refused to give him battle, and evacuated the city. He drove them away, but they took to the sea, where his arm could not reach them. Had our country been like Tyrol or Vendée, he would have continued to push them back till they would have been forced to come to an engagement on something like equal terms.

At the hazard of a little repetition, let us take a hasty review of Washington's campaigns. In the first place, the battle of Bunker Hill, though of incalculable value in arousing the spirit of the country, came very near proving our ruin by the false hopes it inspired in undisciplined militia. Because behind breastworks, where no evolutions were to be performed, and no maneuvers of the enemy to be checked, they had broken the veteran ranks of England in pieces, it was supposed they would be equal to them in the open field.

Hence the war commenced with short enlistments, giving no opportunity for discipline, and it was a long time before Washington could induce Congress even partially to correct the error. That he should be able to keep the field at all with these ever shifting, undisciplined, unfurnished troops, is a wonder; much stranger is it that he should ever have risked them in an open field-fight. The difficulty was not that they were unable to fling themselves into squares to repel a shock of cavalry, or unroll into column again to make a charge, but that they could not even *change front in battle*, or execute the simplest maneuver to prevent being outflanked, without being thrown into greater or less disorder. Behind ramparts such men will fight bravely, and can be led to a desperate assault, but in a pitched battle, were change of position and more or less maneuvers are inevitable, they cannot be relied on, and Washington knew it.

Again, his plans were continually crippled by his officers and by Congress. He dare not follow out his own suggestions, because he would be met with the clamor of "arbitrary power." Hence, he had to call a council of war on every occasion; and nothing but a victory at the battle of Monmouth, which he ventured to fight against the decision of his officers, saved him from severe condemnation. Now, placed in such a position, crippled by such obstacles, there is no way in which a man like Washington can develop all his resources and energy, but by bursting his toils with a strong effort and vaulting to supreme power. This, his integrity and patriotism would not allow him to do, and so he suffered, and endured, and delayed, and instead of putting forth his efforts in his own and the best way, often exerted them in the way marked out by others. As the war advanced, he became more unshackled, and then moved steadily on to victory and an honorable peace.

Yet his campaigns from the outset, badly as he was furnished and much as he was crippled, will bear the closest examination. From his headquarters at Boston, he planned the bold expedition against Canada, and by sending Arnold through the forest against Quebec, showed the energy with which he entered on his work. It failed not through any error of judgment, but by an intervention of Heaven. The very day that Arnold arrived on the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec, a violent storm of wind set in, which prevented his crossing till the inhabitants could recover from their surprise and obtain reinforcements. The invasion itself was boldly and skilfully planned, and but for this would have succeeded.

Next followed the attempt to save New York, and the battle of Long Island took place—the most unskilful and imprudent one delivered during the whole war. Had the British showed the least energy and activity, not a man of the American army but those on horseback would have escaped. But this was fought directly against the wish and opinion of Washington, and hence not chargeable to him. But when the mischief was done, there was no time to call a council of war, and the whole catastrophe fell on him alone. The movement by which he extricated the army from its perilous position, and brought

the troops safely off, and finally conducted the retreat to Harlem, exhibit a skill and energy seldom equalled by any commander. Here too his great power of endurance stood him in good stead, for a less hardy frame would have sunk under this protracted physical and mental effort. For *forty-eight hours* he never closed his eyes, and nearly all the time was in the saddle, riding hither and thither, now hurrying on a column, and now ordering a march, and again cheering on the men by his voice and example. Calm and collected, yet full of fire and energy, he superintended every operation, and still urged on the weary thousands who seemed already pressed to the top of their speed. The fate of his army hung by a thread, and for two days and two nights he watched it with the intensest anxiety, almost within reach of the enemy's hand.

But this astonishing retreat was safely effected, and Washington at length drew up his army on Harlem Heights. Being compelled by the passage of the enemy's ships up the river to retire to White Plains, he there with his inferior force made a stand against the whole British army. Sir William Howe closed round him in a huge semicircle, and the American commander waited calmly the approach of his veteran thousands. But Howe dared not attack him even with his superior army. His practised eye saw that he had no common military leader to deal with, and he left him in order to assail posts not so ably defended. Forts Washington and Lee fell, though the immense loss at the former place would have been prevented had Washington's advice been taken.

At length, to save New Jersey, he crossed the Hudson, but finding himself too feeble to contend with his adversary, he began to retreat toward the Delaware, pressed hard by Cornwallis. His own force had gradually dwindled down to three thousand effective men, yet with these he kept the field and maintained a firm countenance. Eluding his pursuers by his skilful maneuvers, hovering around them the moment they halted, showing that though defeated he was not disheartened, he at length crossed the Delaware at night in the midst of a storm of sleet and hail, and falling like a thunderbolt on the enemy, took a thousand prisoners, and the next day reached his encampment in safety.

At this critical juncture the time of enlistment to quite a portion of the troops expired, and Washington with his utmost efforts could induce them to remain only six weeks longer. Feeling that within this time some decisive blow must be struck, even at the hazard of defeat, in order to revive the drooping hopes of the country, he waited patiently with his little band the approach of Lord Cornwallis with his veteran army. All day long the thunder of artillery shook the shores of the Assanpink, and at night, when darkness and silence again rested on the scene, a battle disastrous to the Americans seemed inevitable the following morning. Cornwallis deemed his prey secure, for with the superior discipline of his troops, added to their superior numbers, there could be little doubt of the issue. Washington stood in the deepening gloom and gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's watch-fires, now blazing cheerfully through the darkness, and thought of the coming day. Keeping his own fires burning, and sending men near the enemy's lines to dig an entrenchment in order to deceive them, he began to remove his baggage, and at twelve o'clock took up the line of march for Princeton. Silently, noiselessly, the columns moved away in the darkness, while the anxious chieftain rode in their midst.

At sunrise Cornwallis, to his inexpressible suprise, heard the thunder of his guns at Princeton, telling him that his antagonist, with all the wariness of the fox, had also the terrible spring of the lion. Breaking to pieces the three regiments he found here, and chasing the fugitives before him, he passed on as far as Kingston, followed close by Cornwallis, whose troops were within hearing of his musketry. It was his intention to advance on Brunswick, where the English had collected their stores, but his soldiers had now been thirty-six hours without sleep, and a part of that time in battle, and needed rest, so he turned aside to Pluckenheim, and afterward retired to Morristown, where he took up his winter quarters. He did not remain idle, however, but sent out detachments of troops to harass General Howe, and in a short time every place in the Jerseys was cleared of the enemy except Brunswick and Amboy.

Thus, in *three weeks' time*, did Washington gain two

battles, and drive the British from every post they had taken on the Delaware, and wrest the whole province of New Jersey from their grasp. With a small and dispirited army, part of which he had prevailed on to remain only six weeks longer, in the midst of general discouragement and gloom, he suddenly stopped retreating, and, breaking into a furious offensive, fell like successive thunder-claps on the overwhelming and victorious enemy. Eluding their most skilfully laid plans, breaking whole regiments to pieces by his furious onsets, and wresting post after post from their grasp, he rolled their strong columns back at every point, while his little army shouted victory, that thrilled the length and breadth of the land.

The cloud that had gathered thicker and darker every hour around our cause, suddenly rent, and the light of hope and joy shone down on the nation. The British generals were amazed at their sudden overthrow, while Europe sent up a shout of applause to the genius who had wrought these miracles, and baptized him the *American Fabius*. When his name was uttered, tears of joy and exultation fell, and not a prayer went heavenward but bore it in strong supplication to the God of battles. Patient, watchful, provoked into no rashness, frightened into no delay, cautious in his approach, bold and desperate in his onset, calm and collected in retreat, he moves at the head of his brave but ill-furnished and distracted army like a pillar of fire.

The history of these three weeks throws more light on Washington's military character than any other portion of his life. In the first place, he dared not go into winter quarters in the midst of such general discouragement, and he suddenly broke from his cautious and careful maneuvers into one of the boldest and most headlong movements recorded in history. He *must* have the moral effect of a victory, or the army would disband, and he wisely risked all to gain it. In the second place, he showed what terrible work he could make with the enemy, no matter how superior in numbers, the moment he got them away from their ships. At Boston he succeeded in driving them out of the city, but took no prisoners, for the fleet received the defeated troops. At New York he could not, with land forces, prevent the vessels of war

from outflanking him, and he was compelled to retreat. In the Jerseys, with less than half the men he had in New York, he fell fearlessly on his pursuers, and drove them back at every point. The only two places left in the enemy's possession were Brunswick and Amboy, both of which had water communication with New York.

The activity, energy, boldness, and success which characterized all his movements in the Jerseys, show conclusively that, removed from the seaboard, Washington, with ten thousand men wholly under his control and enlisted for the war, could have destroyed as many armies of twenty thousand as Great Britain chose to send against him. He appears to us calm and slow, but he possessed a mind of amazing quickness of perception, and the wonder is that it could embrace so many things at once. No complexity of affairs could confuse him, and no new and untried positions find him unprepared. Congress looked up to him as much as his officers did; and when one takes into contemplation the varied and endless affairs that asked and received his attention, he is amazed at the clearness of his perceptions and the wisdom of his views. His mind never seems to struggle with difficulties, but over comes and dismisses them without an effort. Cramped and fettered as he was by his limited powers, and fearful of encroaching on those liberties he held so sacred, he let his ablest plans prove abortive and his fondest hopes die.

Bonaparte, fettered by a weak government, boldly took the supreme power into his own hands, so that his mind could have free play, and his vast plans full scope. Had this power been given to Washington, the first nine months would have seen an army standing up on our soil, against which the legions of Europe would have dashed in vain. The resources of the nation would have been developed—order sprung out off chaos, and the somewhat jarring and unsettled Union been compact as iron. But as it was, his far-reaching plans were deferred, changed, or adopted reluctantly; and though Congress stood nobly by him through the whole war, it was with such misgivings and timidity that the true mode of conducting affairs developed slowly. Yet in time everything seemed to fall into his mind, till the nation's thought took its impress from his.

In ordinary men, multiplied objects of attention and labor divide the energies, and thus weaken the force of them in any one particular direction. Not so with Washington, for notwithstanding all those affairs of state that engrossed him, he pushed his military plans with the greatest vigor, and allowed nothing to escape his ubiquitous mind.

The campaign, which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne, was not only planned by him, but its result accurately foretold. The battle of Brandywine was lost entirely through the false information furnished by Sullivan—that of Germantown, on account of a fog which he could not have anticipated. The attack was bold and well planned, and promised almost certain and great success. The next campaign opened brilliantly with the battle of Monmouth, where his genius and energy triumphed over every obstacle. The battle of Camden was disastrous, but Gates was appointed to the command of the southern army without Washington's knowledge or wish. It was one of those brilliant strokes Congress sometimes made in defiance of the commander-in-chief, and which generally had the same termination. Mortified at the disgrace of its favorite leader, it referred the whole matter over to him, where it belonged in the first place. The latter, placing Greene over the wrecked army, planned with him that campaign which saved the south, and crowned the conductor of it with unfading laurels. As he brought around Congress to his own views, he gained every day on his adversaries, liberating steadily the entire country from its enemies; and finally, by one of those sudden and rapid movements in which he so much delighted, closed around Cornwallis at Yorktown, and gave the finishing blow to the war.

Men may point here and there to mistakes and violations of good tactics, yet, on their own showing, there is not a military leader of modern times who committed fewer errors, or with so small means accomplished such great results. To start with raw recruits and under an army system which, by its short enlistments, kept him constantly commanding undisciplined forces—without a consolidated or efficient government to back him, without the means and implements of war—in the midst of sus-

picions and despondency, to keep the field against one of the strongest nations on the globe, and during a period of seven years never meet with a defeat that disorganized his army or sent him a fugitive from the field, and finally overwhelm his adversaries and win the independence of his country—required a man of no ordinary genius, and a warrior of nothing less than transcendent abilities.

But it is not to any *one* striking quality we are to look for a true exponent of Washington—it is to the harmonious whole his character presented. As a warrior, he may be surpassed, but as a complete *man*, he is without a parallel. Equal to any crisis, successful in all he undertakes, superior to temptation, faithful in every trial, and without a spot on his name, the history of the race cannot match him. All military men become more or less corrupted by a life in the camp, and many of our best officers were demoralized; but not a stain clung to Washington. Committing his cause to God before battle, and referring the victory to Divine goodness, he remained a religious man through a life on the tented field.

In *moral* elevation, no warrior of ancient or modern times approaches him. Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others. The principles of religion were deeply engrafted in his heart, and as there was no stain on his blade, he could go from the fierce fought field to the sacramental table. That brow which would have awed a Roman Senate in its proudest days, bent in the dust before his Maker. In the darkest night of adversity he leaned in solemn faith on Him who is "mightier than the mightiest." As I see him moving through the wretched hovels of Valley Forge, his heart wrung at the destitution and suffering that meet his eye at every step, slowly making his way to the silent forest, and there kneel in prayer in behalf of his bleeding country—that voice which was never known to falter in the wildest of the conflict, choked with emotion—I seem to behold one on whom God has laid his consecrating hand, and all doubts and fears of ultimate success vanish like morning mist before the uprisen sun. There is no slavish fear of the Deity, which formed so large a part of Cromwell's religion, mingled in that devotion, but an unshaken belief in Truth, and a firm reliance on Heaven.

A Brutus in justice, he did not allow personal friendship to sway his decision, or influence him in the bestowment of favors. Fearing neither the carnage of battle nor the hatred of men, threats moved him no more than flatteries; and what is stranger still, the strong aversion to giving pain to his friends never swerved him from the path of duty. Sincere in all his declarations, *his word was never doubted and his promise never broken.* Intrusted finally with almost supreme power, he never abused it, and laid it down at last more cheerfully than he had taken it up. Bonaparte, vaulting to supreme command, seized it with avidity, and wielded it without restraint. The Directory obstructing his plans, he broke it up with the bayonet. Cromwell did the same with the Rump Parliament, and installed himself Protector of England, and even hesitated long about the title of king. Washington, fettered worse than both, submitted to disgrace and defeat without using even a disrespectful word to Congress, and rejected the offered crown with a sternness and indignation that forever crushed the hopes of those who presented it. Calm and strong in council, untiring in effort, wise in policy, terrible as a storm in battle, unconquered in defeat, and incorruptible in virtue, he rises in moral grandeur so far above the Alexanders and Cæsars and Napoleons of the world, that even comparison seems injustice.

How noble does he seem in bidding farewell to his companions in arms, and rendering up his command to Congress. To part with his soldiers, with those whom a common suffering had bound to him by a thousand ties, was a heavy task to a generous heart like his. Assembling them for the last time at Newburgh, he rode out on the field, and gave them his farewell address. Playing the mournful tune of Roslin Castle—the dirge which always accompanies a dead companion in arms to his grave—they slowly marched by their beloved leader, and silently and sadly filed away to their respective homes. Ragged, destitute, without a penny in their pockets, they had long resolved schemes of terrible retribution against Congress, but the moment they saw again the form of Washington, all anger died, and trusting to his simple word for redress, they turned away invoking blessings on his head. With melancholy feelings he watched their

lessening files, for all their hardships and privations rose before him, while their present poverty and suffering moved his deepest sympathy.

But to part forever with his brother officers, who had so long sat with him in council, shared his toils and adversities, and become endeared to him by numberless proofs of affection, was the greatest trial to which his noble heart was ever subjected. It was the fourth of December when they, in full uniform, assembled in Francis's tavern, New York, to take leave of their commander. About noon Washington entered, and every form rose at his presence, and every eye turned to greet him. He had come to say farewell, but the task seemed too great for his self-control. Advancing slowly to the table he lifted the glass to his lips, and said in a voice choked with emotion, "*With a heart full of gratitude and love, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.*"

A mournful and profound silence followed, and each one gazed on the face of his leader. But that noble countenance which had moved so calm and fearless through seven years of gloom and carnage, and been the only star of hope to the troubled nation in the night of its distress, was now convulsed with feeling. There were Knox, and Greene, and Hamilton, and Steuben, and others, the locks of many of whom had whitened in the storm of freedom's battle, gazing mournfully upon him. Shoulder to shoulder they had stood beside him in the deadly combat, and with their brave arms around him, borne him all steadily through the fight. He had heard their battle shout on the fields of his fame, and seen them carry his standard triumphantly through the smoke of the conflict. Brave hearts were they all and true, on whom he had leaned, and not in vain, in the hour of peril, and now he was to leave them forever. A thousand proofs of their devotion came rushing back on his memory—their toils and conflicts rose before him, and the whole history of the past with its checkered scenes swept by, till his heart sunk in affection and grief.

And there they stood, a noble band of them—the eye unaccustomed to weep, flowing in tears, and the lip that

seemed made of iron in the carnage and din of the strife, quivering with emotion. Washington gazed on them a moment in silent sorrow, and then turning to Knox, grasped his hand and clasped him in his arms. Neither could utter a word, and the spectacle melted every heart. Thus did one after another receive the embrace of his commander, and Washington, with bursting heart, turned away. As he passed uncoverèd through the corps of light infantry drawn up on either side to receive him, a gigantic soldier, who had moved by his side in that dark and terrible night when he marched on Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and reaching out his arms, exclaimed, "*Farewell, my dear general, farewell!*" Washington seized his hardy hand in both of his, and wrung it convulsively.

In a moment all discipline was at end, and the soldiers broke their order, and rushing around him, seized him by the hands, covering them with tears and sobs of sorrow. This was the last drop in the overflowing cup, and as Washington moved away, his broad chest heaved and swelled above the tide of feeling that had at last burst the sway of his strong will, and the big tears rolled unchecked down his manly face. At length he reached Whitehall, where a barge was waiting to receive him. Entering it, he turned a moment and waved his hat over his head in a last adieu to the mute and noble band on the shore when the boat shot away, and the impressive scene was over.

Thus, link after link was severed, and there remained now but to surrender up his commission as commander-in-chief, to cut the last tie that bound him to the past. Entering the House of Congress, while a silence like that of death filled the chamber, he said, with that dignity which became him, "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of life."

Though grave and severe when occasion demanded it, Washington had a heart full of the warmest, tenderest affections. His parting with Lafayette was another touch-

ing incident in his life, illustrating this trait in his character. The young and generous-hearted nobleman had left all the joys and delights of home to become a volunteer in a cause where renown was not to be expected. Brave and virtuous himself, he so wound himself around the heart of Washington, that the most intimate friendship sprung up between them, and continued through life. After peace was proclaimed, the young Marquis made a visit to Mount Vernon, previous to his departure for France. Washington accompanied him on his route as far as Annapolis, and there the two friends parted forever.

Of their conversation by the way, and the manly grief of the final adieu, we know nothing; but Washington's letter to Lafayette soon after shows with what strength and tenderness he loved him. Says he, "In the moment of our separation, upon the road, as I traveled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect, and attachment for you, which length of years, close connection, and your merits have inspired me. I often asked myself as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you? And though I wished to say No, my fears answered Yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found they had long since fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that though I was blest with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and, consequently, to my prospect of seeing you again."

How simple and affectionate is this language—it seems more like the warm and generous love of a youth than the affection of a man of fifty-two, whose hairs had grown white on the field of battle. The whole scene reminds one of the touching farewell between him and his aged mother, at his departure for New York, previous to his entering on the duties of President of the United States. She was at Fredericksburg, where he had gone to see her. As he was departing he told her that he had been elected chief magistrate of the confederacy, and before assuming the duties of his office, he had come to bid her an affec-

tionate farewell. Soon as the public business was over, he promised to return. His mother interrupted him in the midst of his speech, saying, "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." Washington, overcome by her words, leaned his head on her aged shoulder and wept. The hero and the man sunk before the feelings of the son, and tears that honored him more than the laurels he wore stood on his care-furrowed cheek. What a scene for a painter do they present as they thus stand together. That tall and commanding form, which had been the terror of so many battle-fields, bowed over the trembling form of his mother, and that brow before which the nation bent in homage, hid on her neck in silent grief.

Of Washington as a statesman I design to say but little. At the close of the war, public feeling was in such a ferment, and the jealousies of the separate States so strongly excited, that without the greatest care the whole fabric which had been reared with so much blood and toil would fall in ruins. But the Providence that had watched over our affairs brought unanimity into our councils, and the constitution was adopted. Then the general voice called on Washington to become chief magistrate of the Union. The nation looked to him as its saviour from the strife of factions, and all the perils incident to a new and untried government. The tottering structure needed his mighty hand to steady it, and public faith required his virtue to satisfy it. Against his will—yielding to the strong sense of duty, he consented to leave the private life so dear to him, and take upon his shoulders again the responsibilities he had so long borne.

Every electoral vote was cast for him, and he was chosen President by universal acclamation. His journey to New York was one great ovation—the people flocked in crowds along the way, and one exultant shout followed him from the banks of the Potomac to the mouth of the Hudson. At Trenton the citizens decorated the bridge over the Assanpink, on whose banks he lay encamped the night before

he marched on Princeton, with a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed:

THE HERO WHO DEFENDED THE MOTHERS,
WILL ALSO PROTECT THE DAUGHTERS.

At the farther extremity stood a crowd of little girls arrayed in white, with garlands around their temples and baskets of flowers in their hands, and behind them a throng of maidens robed also in white, and still farther in the background, the aged fathers and mothers. As Washington approached, these children and maidens lifted their voices with one accord, and rolled their song of welcome to the sky, and as the chorus,

"Strew your hero's way with flowers,"

died away, they scattered their flowers in his path. Dashing the gathering tear from his eye, the chieftain moved onward through the beautiful ranks. At Elizabethtown Point, an elegant barge, manned by thirteen pilots, was waiting to receive him. As he entered this, the shores shook with the shouts of the multitude, and amid the pealing of trumpets and strains of martial music the boat parted from the strand and moved away. As it swept over the smooth waters of New York Bay, it was followed by a fleet of vessels fluttering with ribbons, and gay with decorations, and crowded with spectators. Hovering around the barge of Washington, singing pæans of victory and playing triumphant strains, they seemed to waft him onward to the arms that were opened to receive him.

As he approached the city, the thunder of artillery met his ear, calling to mind those dark years when he so often heard it on the field of carnage. But how changed was the scene; then they swept in terror through the ranks of freemen, now they welcomed with their sullen roar freedom's champion to the highest place in the gift of his grateful countrymen. As he touched the shore, one protracted loud "Long Live Washington" rent the air, and the artillery again blent in their deafening roar to swell the loud acclaim. A long military train escorted him to the house selected for his abode, and amid the waving of

standards and pealing of trumpets, he entered the dwelling prepared to receive him. Mirth and festivity ruled the hour, and all night long the blazing city shook to the shouts of the joyous populace.

His feelings under this outburst of popular enthusiasm exhibit a purity and nobleness of heart never witnessed in any hero of ancient or modern times.

He who passes through years of trial and change learns the fickleness of the multitude, and at length comes to despise those exhibitions of love which the first disaster will change into moody silence or open hatred. Thus Cromwell, when he was on his way to Westminster to be installed Lord Protector, gazed on a scene like that which met the eye of Washington, and as those beside him exclaimed, "What a concourse! what acclamations!" "Yes," he sarcastically replied, "but there would be much more if I was to be hanged." There spoke forth a strong soul which has lost its faith in human virtue. But Washington, equally conscious how little reliance can be placed on popular feelings, is filled with sadness instead of scorn, and says, "The departure of the boats which attended me, and joined on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board—the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the air as I passed along the wharves—filled my mind with sensations (contemplating the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as painful as they were pleasing."

What a flood of light does this single sentence throw on his character! Surrounded with all the pageantry that dazzles and intoxicates the soul, greeted by triumphant strains of music and shouts that rocked the heavens above him, no feeling of pride or vanity arose in his heart. Absorbed with the responsibilities he is about to assume—thinking only of the country he loves better than his life—his mind passes on to the time when his best efforts may be misjudged, and his fondest hopes extinguished.

His administration was distinguished by that wisdom and virtue which had ever characterized him. In carrying out the separate requirements of the constitution, he was governed by that pure patriotism which is bound by no personal feelings, or views of self-aggrandizement. Labor-

ing assiduously to master both home and foreign affairs, he succeeded in harmonizing the discordant elements about him, and made his government steady at home and respected abroad. In forming the supreme judiciary—filling the several departments of state—in establishing a national bank—in protecting our frontiers from Indian depredations, and in developing all the resources of the country, he showed himself to be the greatest statesman of the nation, as he was its greatest military leader.

When the first four years of his administration closed, he fondly hoped that he would be permitted to retire to private life; but men of all parties who cared for their country, felt that his commanding influence and wisdom were indispensable in order to fix firmly and forever that which he had only settled into repose; and declaring that, if he should not remain, the tottering fabric would fall, they with one voice besought him, by all that was dear to him in the Union, to serve another term. They knew that Washington's only weak side was his patriotism, and this they plied with all the arguments they knew so well how to use. Though he had reached his threescore years, and pined for the rest of a quiet home, he again took on him the burdens of office. The nation prospered under his rule. Words of wisdom and piety dropped from his lips, and stretching out his arms over the Union, both the foundation and topmost stone of which he had laid, he gave it his last blessing. Had his counsels been obeyed, and all his successors followed in his footsteps, this nation would not only have stood first among the powers of the earth, but been the especial favorite of Heaven.

In politics he was a strong Federalist. Knowing that in a republic the tendency is to radicalism instead of monarchy, he wished to gather around the Federal Government all the checks he could, consistent with the largest liberty. Jefferson was his bitter antagonist, and caused him more trouble and anxiety than all other things put together. If there is the same difference in their principles that there was in their characters, woe worth the day when we adopted those of the former. Full of hope and strength, we may fear nothing now; but he who writes the last history of republics, will point to the spot

where we deviated from the counsels and principles of Washington as the starting-place of our troubles.

At the age of sixty-five, having committed his country in solemn faith to the God in whom he had trusted, he bade a final adieu to the cares of public life, and turned his weary steps to Mount Vernon. As we see him approach his quiet home, his locks white with the frosts of time, and his benevolent cheek furrowed with age and the cares and anxiety of a life of toil, we involuntarily murmur, "great and good man, peace be about thy declining years, and the smile of God on thy last hours."

When he gave up his command of the army and retired to Mount Vernon, to be troubled, as he supposed, no more with the cares of office, he wrote to Lafayette, saying, "At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am relieving myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes, the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

That delightful repose was broken up, and eight years more of labor and anxiety were passed. And when at last his favorite wish was gratified, and he sat down on his own farm, the tiller of his own soil, he had scarcely begun to enjoy his liberty, before death came and suddenly snatched him from the sight of the stunned and sorrow-struck nation. Only two years of rest were allowed him, and then he was taken to that eternal rest prepared for the good. His last hours were in perfect harmony with the rest of his life.

Riding out one day on horseback to visit his farm, he was overtaken with a storm of sleet and rain which chilled him through. A severe cold followed this exposure, which settling in his throat hurried him rapidly into the grave. The efforts of physicians were powerless to arrest the disease, and it was soon evident to all, and to none more than to himself, than his hours were fast drawing to a close. His sufferings were intense, and his breath came difficult and thick, yet he bore all with the fortitude of a great mind and the resignation of a Christian. "*I die hard*," said he, "*but I am not afraid to die.* I believed from my first that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." This was said with great difficulty, and he spoke little after, and then only to thank the physicians, and request them to spare themselves farther trouble, and let him die quietly. From that time he sunk gradually away, and on the night of the 14th of December, 1799, two days after his attack, he ceased to breathe.

Not in the delirium of battle did his soul, like that of Napoleon, take its flight, but calmly sunk to rest amid the lamentations of a heart-broken people. Solemn ceremonies attended the funeral, and thousands followed the slow procession—but the mourners were not all there—*they* were scattered on every hill and along every valley of this free land. Minute guns were fired as his body was borne to the place of burial, and his old war-horse, saddled and bridled, walked riderless beside the coffin. That noble steed he should never mount again, and to that cold cheek the loud pealing cannon could never again send the blood as of yore. His work was done—his fierce battles over, and crowned with the noblest laurels ever worn by a created brow, the more than kingly sleeper was laid in his last resting-place. The land was hung in crape, and one convulsive sob shook the heart of the nation. No people ever mourned a leader so, and no leader before was ever worthy such a sorrow. Even the young republic of France, then wading in blood, put on crape, and imposing ceremonies were decreed in his honor by the young Napoleon.

No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the

Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron framework over the people, and had rusted so long in its place that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory, and, taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy, instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent.

Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette. Both were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity, the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as

blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe, will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength—on the Continent it needed simple *power*, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he begun. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men work the welfare of our race.

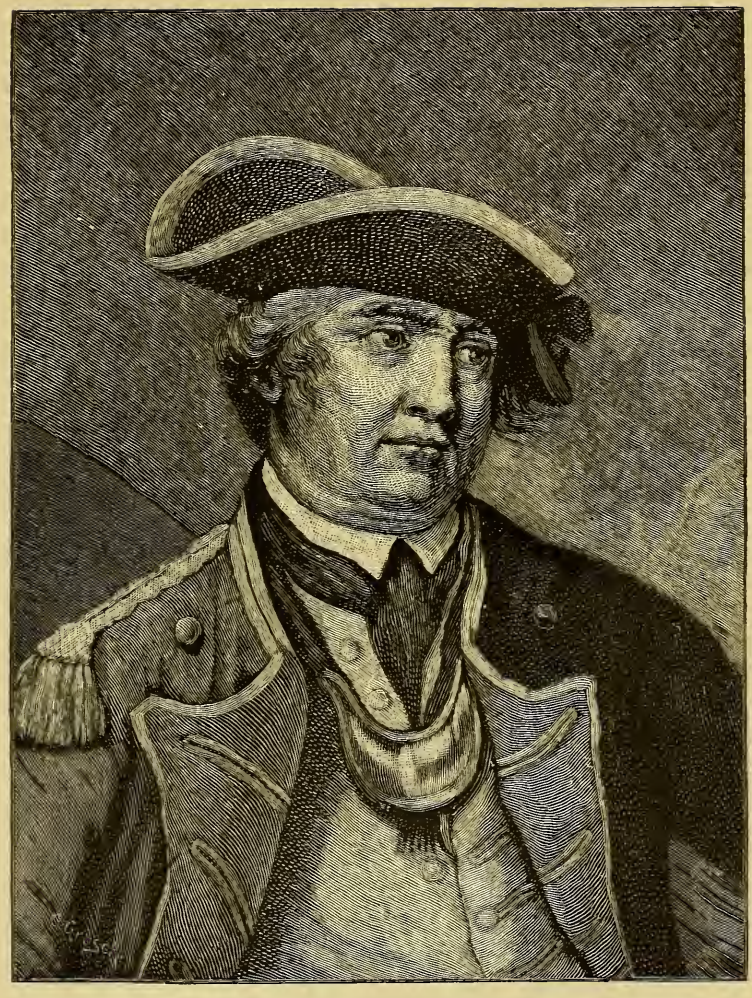
MAJOR-GENERAL PUTNAM.

His Early Life—Enlists in the English Army—Perilous Adventure at Crown Point—At the Ovens—Massacre at Fort William Henry—Saves a Magazine of Powder from the Flames—Battle by Moonlight—Is taken Prisoner—Battle of Bunker Hill—Break-neck Ride down a Precipice—Struck with Paralysis—His Character.

It is well known that the battles of Concord and Lexington opened the civil war, which after years of varied success ended in the establishment of our present government. As the tidings of their result flew over the land, men everywhere rushed to arms. The farmer snatched his trusty firelock from its resting-place, and the machanic threw aside his instruments for the musket, and all went pouring forward to Boston, and in a short time an army of thirty thousand men environed the city.

It was an army, however, only in name, for it had none of the order or discipline or appendages entitling it to such an appellation. The troops were without uniform, having come together just as they had left their fields and their shops, and would obey no orders except those which suited their inclinations, and knew nothing of the rules of regular warfare. They had but sixteen cannon in all, and of these only six were fit for use, while there was not sufficient powder even for those six. Forty-one barrels were all that could be raised, and thus miserably furnished, and destitute of magazines and of provisions, this motley, mighty multitude began the war. The spirit which animated it, however, was prophetic of a desperate struggle to come.

They were free-born men, inured to toil, accustomed to danger, and resolute in purpose. The reply of Charles Thompson, afterwards secretary of Congress, to Franklin, then in London, had proved true. The night after the passage of the Stamp Act, the latter wrote to his friend in



MAJOR-GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

America, saying, "The sun of Liberty is set—the Americans must light up the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," was the spirited reply, "*we shall light up torches of another sort.*" So also, when Lord Percy, marching through Roxbury on his way to destroy the stores at Concord and Lexington, asked a youth whom he saw smile as his band insultingly played Yankee Doodle, why he laughed, received for reply, "To think how you will dance by-and-by to the tune of Chevy Chase." Thus from the highest to the lowest, every heart seemed to take the same resolve and to forecast with prophetic clearness the coming struggle.

On the very day the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and while the flames of Charlestown were shooting heavenward, and the loud hurra was ringing over the intrenchments of the Americans, Congress was voting the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief of the American army. Two ominous facts, and which fixed beyond recall the Revolution.

Immediately after Washington's appointment, Congress created four major-generals and eight brigadiers for the continental army. To the former rank were appointed Israel Putnam, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, and Philip Schuyler; to the latter, Seth Pomeroy, Richard Montgomery, William Heath, Joseph Spencer, David Wooster, John Thomas, John Sullivan, and Nathaniel Greene. Horatio Gates was added as adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier. Some of these officers had distinguished themselves in the French and Indian war, and none perhaps more than Putnam. He was at this time fifty-seven years of age, but tough as iron. His ten years' experience in the camp had not only given him a knowledge of military affairs, but also a frame of almost superhuman endurance, and a spirit fearless of danger.

Born in Salem, in January, 1718, he was destined to the humble occupation of a farmer. Receiving no education except that imparted in the common schools of the day, reading, writing, and arithmetic, he had to rely upon his own genius and force to succeed in life. Strong and vigorous, he excelled in all the athletic sports of youth. None could pitch the bar farther than he, and in his iron grasp the strongest playmate went down. He early ex-

hibited that resolute courage which formed the most striking trait in his character. On his first visit to Boston, then a lad, he flogged a boy twice his age and size, for daring to insult him as an ignorant rustic. When twenty years of age, he married a Miss Pope of Salem, and removed to Pomfret, where he settled down a quiet farmer. Here occurred the famous wolf adventure, which evinced the daring and intrepidity that afterwards distinguished him. This she-wolf, which he followed into her den and shot by the light of the blazing torch he held in his hand, had exasperated him by killing seventy sheep and goats of his flock in a single night.

He continued his peaceful avocations till the French and Indian war broke out, when he threw up his employment and enlisted under Sir William Johnson, who was to act against Crown Point. The young farmer was then thirty-six years of age, and from his known energy and courage received the command of a company. Here his military career fairly commenced, and free scope was given to his energies. His company acted as rangers, which made the life of Putnam one of constant activity and danger. On one occasion he was sent from Fort Edward with some light troops to reconnoitre Crown Point. He proceeded to within a short distance of the fort, when, fearful of being discovered, he concealed his men behind some bushes, and with Major Rogers advanced alone toward the enemy. In making their investigations, however, they tarried too long; for the sun rising over the hill-tops, flooded the fields with light, which were also soon covered with soldiers hurrying out of the fort. The two young officers dared not attempt to cross the open ground, and so lay concealed, trusting to good fortune to give them a chance of escape. After a couple of hours, a soldier stumbled upon Rogers, who lay a short distance from Putnam, and immediately attacked him, calling at the same time upon his companions to come to his help. Putnam seeing the danger of his comrade, and fearing to fire lest he should bring a whole guard on him, leaped from his place of concealment, and fetching the Frenchman one blow with his gun, laid him dead at his feet. The two friends then took to their heels, and succeeded in reaching their party in safety.

The next year he was stationed at Ticonderoga. His known boldness and enterprise caused him to be employed frequently on missions requiring courage, resolution, and promptness. Having been sent on one occasion to reconnoitre the enemy at a place called the Ovens, he took with him Lieutenant Durkee, afterward burned at the stake in the massacre of Wyoming, and set out for the French camp. Deceived by the watch-fires, which were placed in the center instead of along the outer lines, they kept advancing till they suddenly found themselves in the very heart of the enemy's camp.

Being discovered, a shower of bullets was rained upon them, one of which struck Durkee in the thigh. The two friends made off at the top of their speed, though a hundred muskets blazed on their path. Putnam was ahead and going at a furious rate, when he pitched head-foremost into a clay pit, followed close by Durkee. The former, finding himself overlaid in the darkness by a strange man, was on the point of stabbing him, when Durkee spoke. Lifting themselves out of this dilemma as they best could, they pushed on amid the random bullets which were falling like hailstones about them. At length coming to a log, they threw themselves behind it to wait for the morning. The hours passing rather wearily, Putnam thought a drink from his canteen would not be disagreeable, so twisting it around, he raised it to his mouth. But, to his surprise, he found it as dry as his powder-horn, and on examination discovered that a bullet had passed directly through it, and emptied out all the contents. Here he remained till daylight, when on examining his outer person, he found *fourteen* bullet-holes through his blanket.

How he escaped a wound is passing strange, but he was one of those men who seem eternally seeking death without being able to find it. There are some persons in the world who appear to bear a charmed life, which no amount of daring or exposure can endanger. Foremost in the charge, and the last to retreat, they are never found with the dead. Fate seems to delight to place them in the most desperate straits on purpose to make their deliverance appear the more miraculons. Putnam was one of those favored beings, and was never born to be killed in battle.

The next year, 1757, he was raised to the rank of major, and was engaged in that disastrous campaign in which Fort William Henry was surrendered and the garrison massacred. He was stationed at the time at Fort Edward, fifteen miles distant, and at his earnest request was permitted, a few days previous to the investment of the fort, to reconnoitre the French at Ticonderoga, and ascertain their designs. Narrowly escaping being taken prisoner by them, he returned with the news that they were in full march for Fort William Henry. The next day nearly nine thousand French and Indians invested it. For six days Colonel Munroe bravely defended himself against this overwhelming force. Express after express was sent to General Webb at Fort Edward for relief, but this cowardly, selfish, miserable officer, turned a deaf ear to the distress of his companions. Once, when Sir William Johnson besought that he might be allowed to march to the relief of Munroe, he gave his consent, if volunteers enough could be found. At the first beat of the drum, Putnam and his brave rangers stepped forth, but scarcely had they formed their line of march before General Webb ordered them back to their posts. Fort William Henry fell, and the garrison was butchered!

Early next morning Putnam, who, with his rangers, had been appointed to watch the enemy's movements, came upon the scene of slaughter. The smoke of the burning fort curled slowly heavenwards upon the morning air—half-consumed boards were scattered around, and the moldering ruins overlaid each other and the blackened corpses on every side. Covering the open ground without, lay the dead, thick as autumn leaves which the wind had strewn over the field. Not a sound broke the awful stillness that had settled like a pall over the spot, save the groan that now and then burst from some poor wretch in whom the spark of life still lingered; and not a living thing stood on the plain. The flash of bayonets was seen for a moment in the distance, as the rear guard of the French disappeared from the shore, and then silence and solitude fell on the forest. More than a hundred women lay scattered around, their arms flung out upon the cold ground, and their long tresses streaming around their cloven skulls and over their gashed bosoms, rendering still

more horrible the ghastly spectacle. Putnam stood and gazed on the scene with the emotions a brave man must always feel when he thinks of the distress he could have prevented, but for the cowardice and selfishness of others.

Soon after another officer took command of Fort Edward, and wishing to repair the defenses, sent out a large party of men to cut timber, while Captain Little was stationed near to protect them. The laborers however, were suddenly attacked by a party of prowling Indians, and fled toward the fort. Captain Little bravely covered their retreat, but was himself so hard pushed by the savages that he was in danger of being cut off. The commanding officer, instead of rendering him relief, called in the outposts and shut the gates. Putnam, with his rangers, was stationed on an island, near by, and the moment he heard of Little's danger, ordered his men to march. They plunged cheerfully into the water, and waded rapidly toward the spot where the incessant volleys told them that the unequal conflict was raging. In their progress they passed near the fort, and the commanding officer, hailing Putnam, fiercely ordered him to stop. But the bold ranger had been prevented once from rescuing his companions from the tomahawk, and no power on earth should do it the second time. Returning a brief but stern answer, he passed on. In a few moments, he and his gallant followers were beside that almost surrounded, distressed company, and with a shout that drowned the war-whoop of the savages, dashed headlong into the swamp, and swept it with loud huzzas. He disobeyed orders, but was never called to account for it—probably because the commanding officer feared an investigation of his own conduct.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE FORT.

The next winter he gave a still more striking exhibition of his resolute and fearless character. He was at his old station on the island whence he had marched to the relief of Captain Little, when the barracks of the fort on shore took fire. The magazine, containing three hundred barrels of powder, stood close by them, and to save this the commanding officer directed the cannon to play on the

former in order to beat them down. But this measure did not succeed, and to all human appearance the magazine must soon take fire. In this state of affairs, Putnam, who had heard the heavy cannonading and seen the ascending volumes of smoke, hurried across from the island. Perceiving at a glance how imminent was the peril, he sprung on the roof of the barracks, and ordered a line of soldiers to be formed between him and the water These passed buckets along to him, which he emptied one after another on the flames. So close did he stand to the blaze, that his mittens were soon burned from his hands. Another pair soaked in water was handed him and he kept his post. The commanding officer besought him to come down from his perilous position, but he entreated so earnestly to be allowed to remain, that the former could not deny him, and declared that he and his men would be buried with him. And there he stood amid the smoke and flame, cool, resolute, and determined, while his skin shriveled on his body in the fierce heat. At length feeling the structure under him giving way, he leaped to the ground and placed himself between the fire and the magazine. The heat was now dreadful, and Putnam's form could be seen only at intervals as the wind whirled the smoke, and ashes, in eddies about his head. The planks that covered this slumbering volcano rapidly turned into cinders, as the flames flapped their wings about them, till there was nothing left between the fire and the powder but a partition of timber. A single spark and all would have gone skyward together, but still Putnam would not stir, and kept pouring the water over the crackling mass till at length, after an hour and a half of the most exhausting toil, he succeeded in subduing the fire and saving the magazine. The soldiers gazed on him in utter astonishment as he calmly stood amid the enveloping blaze and clouds of smoke, while a magazine of three hundred barrels of powder was slowly turning to cinders within five feet of him. So fierce was the heat to which he had been exposed, that when he removed his water-soaked mittens the skin came off with them, and so burnt and blistered was his whole body, that he was an invalid for several weeks.

The next year he was joined to that ill-conducted, ill-

fated expedition under Abercromby, sent out for the reduction of Ticonderoga. He saw the British thousands move into the volcano of fire that mowed down whole ranks at a time, and led his men bravely to the charge, but in vain. Two thousand were left dead on the field, and with a sad heart he helped to cover the shameful retreat which followed.

A FIGHT BY MOONLIGHT.

Some time previous to the battle, however, he performed one of those daring acts which made him a by-word in the army. On the way to Ticonderoga, Abercromby sent him forward with a small detachment of men to reconnoitre the enemy. Arriving at Wood Creek, near where it falls into the lake, they erected on a high rock that jutted over the stream a stone wall, about thirty feet long, concealed in front by pine bushes, which were arranged so as to present the appearance of having grown there. With his little band of thirty-five men he lay four days in his place of concealment, without seeing any traces of the enemy. But just at evening of the last day, his sentinels brought in word that a whole fleet of canoes, filled with soldiers, was entering the mouth of the creek. Putnam immediately arranged his men, in dead silence, behind the parapet, and waited their approach.

The sun had gone down, and the shadows of night crept slowly over the landscape. The next moment the full round moon rose over the tree-tops, flooding the whole scene with light. Every movement of the dark canoes below could be distinctly seen, while in the dead silence one could hear the low words of command, and even the ripple of the water round the prows of the boats. Continuing to advance, the foremost of the fleet had already passed the parapet, when one of Putnam's soldiers, in bringing his musket to bear more directly on the enemy, struck it against a stone. The light click was heard by those below, and they immediately halted, and began to huddle together, like a flock of frightened fowl, till they presented a black motionless mass at the very base of the rock upon which Putnam and his men were placed, while the low "*O wish*" of the Indian stole

over the water. A profound silence followed, as they gazed a moment over the parapet, and then the word "*Fire!*" broke in startling clearness from the lips of their commander.

The next moment those pine-trees were wreathed in flame, and those thirty-five muskets sent a perfect shower of balls into the mass beneath. Five hundred men lay crowded together there on the water, whose faces even could be distinctly seen in the light of their answering volleys. Five hundred against thirty-five was heavy odds, but that little band of rangers were concealed, while the broad moonlight fell over their foes. It was a glorious evening, but that quiet spot in the deep wilderness soon became a scene of carnage. A sheet of flame flowed all night long down the face of the precipice, and at almost every shot a man reeled back in his seat, dead or wounded, while the enemy's bullets clattered harmlessly against the rocks, wounding only two soldiers in all. In the morning, finding his ammunition nearly exhausted, and learning that a detachment of the enemy had landed, and was marching to take him in rear, Putnam ordered a retreat, leaving behind him only the two wounded soldiers, whom he endeavored in vain to bring off.

Fortune always seemed to favor him, till no one thought of his being killed. The next summer after this expedition to Ticonderoga, while lying in his batteaux on the Hudson, he was suddenly surrounded by a party of Indians. There was no way of escape except by shooting the rapids of Fort Miller, at the head of which he lay. To attempt this seemed certain death, yet he boldly seized the helm, and amid the astonishment of his friends and utter amazement of the Indians, as they saw his boat whirled amid the foaming eddies and rocks, steered his frail craft safely through.

HIS CAPTURE.

At length, however, his good fortune deserted him, and he was taken prisoner by the Indians. He, with two other officers and five hundred men, had been sent to watch the enemy at Ticonderoga, but being discovered, they undertook to make good their retreat to Fort Ed-

ward. But the second day after they began their flight, while they were marching in close columns, they were suddenly met in a dense forest by a multitude of French and Indians. Putnam was taken by surprise, but he did not lose his self-possession. Rallying his men, he held them firmly to the encounter, himself foremost in the ranks, and exposed to the hottest of the fire.

As he thus stood fighting under the shadows of the trees, a powerful Indian rushed upon him. Putnam coolly held his musket to his breast and pulled the trigger. The faithless thing missed fire, and he was left at the mercy of the savage. The latter immediately bound him to a tree and left him there, while he mingled again in the fight. Around this tree the whole force of the battle gathered, and it stood right in the cross fire of the combatants. The bullets rattled like hailstones on the trunk, knocking the bark in chips from beside the prisoner, and piercing his coat in several places.

In this position he remained for an hour, sometimes on the edge and sometimes in the center of the volleys, as the parties swayed to and fro in the conflict. When the battle passed him, as the provincials were driven back, leaving him less exposed, a young Indian, by way of pastime, would throw his tomahawk at his head, to see how close he could strike without hitting. The quivering of the handle almost in the victim's face, as the steel buried itself in the tree, showed excellent practise. A Frenchman, however, less refined in his tastes, attempted to shoot him at once, by putting the muzzle of his gun to his breast. It fortunately missed fire, which threw the villain into such a rage that he punched him with the stock, and at last struck him over the head with the breech, and left him stunned and half dead.

The Americans were victorious, but the enemy bore away their prisoner. Taking off his shoes and stockings, and tying his hands together in front, they loaded him down with all the packs they could pile upon him. Thus mile after mile, through thickets, across swamps, and up steep acclivities, he was compelled to travel. His arms were swollen, his feet torn and bleeding, and his powerful frame so utterly exhausted, that he begged they would either release or kill him.

At length a French officer compelled the Indians to take off a part of his load and give him moccasins. To compensate for this temporary relief, a savage soon after opened his cheek with a single blow of his tomahawk. When night came on, the party halted, and Putnam, more dead than alive, stretched his aching, bruised limbs upon the ground. This temporary rest, however, was soon broken, for the savages had resolved to burn him. Stripping off his clothes, they bound him naked to a tree, and then piled up the fuel around the roots—he in the mean while watching all the preparations with the firmness of one who had often looked death in the face. Limbs of trees, and logs, and pieces of bark, were heaped together around him, and then a torch applied.

But scarcely had the blaze kindled, before a sudden shower extinguished it. Again and again did the rain baffle their ferocious purpose, but at last the flame caught, and crackling in its rapid progress, soon shot up in spiral wreaths around him. As he writhed in the fierce heat, the Indians began to dance and sing, and fill the nightly forests with their discordant yells. The convulsed body was scarcely visible amid the flame and smoke, and the victim's sufferings seemed about to close in death, when a French officer, who just then arrived, dashed through the throng, and scattering the firebrands in his path, released him from his torture. That dreadful night he slept with saplings bent over his body, on each end of which lay his savage captors to prevent his escape.

At length he reached Montreal, as a prisoner of war. Colonel Schuyler being there at the time, he succeeded in effecting his release by exchange, and Putnam returned home. But in 1759, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he again joined the English army in their attempted invasion of Canada. Wolfe died in the arms of victory, on the heights of Abraham, while Amherst, in whose command Putnam was placed, succeeded in reducing Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The next year he performed several gallant exploits on the St. Lawrence, and was an able and efficient officer to the close of the war.

In 1762, when war was declared between England and Spain, he accompanied the expedition fitted out at Ports-

mouth, to operate against Havana. The Connecticut regiment was put under his command, and with five hundred men he embarked on board a transport. The fleet reached Cuba just in time to take a furious hurricane off the coast. At the outset the vessel in which he and his five hundred men were crowded was thrown on a reef. Here she lay with the sea constantly breaking over her, while not a ship could come to her relief. As a last resource, the soldiers made rafts of the spars and masts, and thus succeeded in reaching the shore. Putnam, with his usual promptness, immediately began to establish and fortify his camp, so as to be ready for any emergency. The storm raged for several days, but the other vessels rode it out in safety.

The expedition was successful, but the troops melted away beneath the climate with frightful rapidity, so that but few American soldiers ever reached their homes. Putnam, who seemed impervious to bullets and fire, and water and disease, returned in safety to mingle his name in with a still nobler struggle. The next year he commanded a corps of Connecticut men, in an expedition against the Indians. This ended his long military career of ten years, and he returned to his farm, a man forty-six years of age, strong and sinewy, and with a reputation for daring intrepidity and endurance beyond that of any of his compeers. Hanging out his sign as a country landlord, he made out between his tavern and farm to secure a comfortable living.

But scarcely had he settled down to a quiet life before our controversy with England commenced. With all his characteristic boldness and resolution, he took sides with the colonists, and openly and fiercely denounced the aggressive acts of the British government. He declared the Stamp Act to be a piece of tyranny he would not submit to a moment, and was one of the committee appointed to confer with Governor Fitch about it. The governor asked him what he should do if the stamped paper was sent him. "Lock it up," said Putnam, "and give us the key; we will take care of it." "But suppose I should refuse you admission?" added his Excellency. "*In five minutes your house will be leveled with the dust*," was the laconic and stern reply.

As events thickened, and men began to think and speak of approaching war, Putnam, who was quite familiar with the British officers in Boston, was frequently asked his opinion as to the probable result of hostilities. On one occasion they inquired if he did not think five thousand veterans could march the whole length of the continent. "Yes," said he, "if they behaved properly and paid for what they took; but if they attempted it in a hostile manner, the *American women would knock them on the head with their ladles.*" He knew full well the spirit which animated the colonists, and that, before they could be subdued, tyranny must turn the land into a desert. Identifying himself so openly with the cause of freedom, he carried great influence with him, and all eyes were turned towards him in case the quarrel came to blows.

At length the die was cast at Concord and Lexington, and untrained militia had chased British regulars in affright before them. Putnam was then quietly pursuing his occupation at home; and the next day after the battle, a plain New England farmer might be seen in the field with his oxen and sled dragging stones together, mending his fence. The warm April sun shone down upon his weather-beaten face, and all was calm and beautiful as spring ever is. But suddenly a man was seen coming in a furious gallop along the road, beating hurriedly a drum as he rode—the call to arms which thrilled every ear that heard it. Stopping to answer no inquiries he spurred on, and reining up his panting and foam-covered steed opposite this plain-clad farmer, hurried across the field, and stood breathless with haste and excitement before him. "*The streets of Lexington and Concord have been soaked in blood, and the country is in a blaze!*" Thus ran the fearful tale. Putnam's brow grew dark as wrath at the recital, and leaving his oxen where they stood, he stayed not even to change his farmer's apparel or bid farewell to his family, but leaping on his swiftest horse, was soon seen tearing along the road to Boston. The first blood that was shed roused all the lion within him, and those who saw that rough form fly past, knew that wild work would soon be done.

Arriving at Cambridge in twenty-four hours, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, he immediately called a coun-

cil of war, and gave his stern voice for war to the last extremity. He then hurried to the Assembly of Connecticut, to confer with it on the best mode of carrying on hostilities, and as soon as his business was done, sped back to the army with the commission of brigadier-general in his hand. The forces kept pouring in from every quarter —those from each State having an officer of their own to command them, while the movements of the whole were controlled by a council of war. Putnam, from his long experience in military matters, and his known bravery and firmness in battle, gradually assumed the general control, until at length he was practically commander-in-chief.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

While this multitudinous army lay around Boston, without any idea of discipline except to shoot straight, or any definite aim beyond the mere determination to fight; the officers who commanded them, looking on things in a clearer light, were divided as the best course to pursue. Putnam, with his usual promptness and boldness, and Prescott, were for a battle if they could get the militia behind intrenchments. They thought, and justly, that an engagement, unless peculiarly disastrous to the Americans, would give them confidence in themselves, and kindle a spirit of resistance throughout the land. The other officers were fearful of a defeat, and dreaded the result of one on the army and country. The bolder counsel of Putnam and Prescott, however, prevailed.

The English, in the mean time, feeling the restraint of their position, laid two different plans to advance into the open country, but were in both cases turned back by the precautions of the Americans, who were constantly informed of their movements. At length, abandoning every other project, General Gage directed all his efforts to force a passage by the peninsula and neck of Charlestown. This peninsula is little over a mile long, stretching from east to west, washed on the north by the Mystic and on the south by Charles river, while a narrow channel separates it from Boston on the east. The spot where this peninsula joins the main land is only about a hundred yards across, and is called the Neck. From this spot rises Bunker's Hill,

and a little farther in towards Boston, Breed's Hill. To prevent the egress of the British by this Neck, the plan of which they had received from friends in Boston, the American officers resolved to fortify Bunker's Hill, which completely commanded it. Colonel Prescott was ordered to occupy this height with a thousand men, and intrench himself strongly there.

Having assembled on the green at Cambridge, they leaned their heads for a few moments on their trusty firelocks, while the solemn prayer rose on the evening air in their behalf, and then took up their line of march. By some mistake, or purposely, they went farther on and occupied Breed's Hill. At midnight, those stern-hearted men stood on the top, while Putnam marked out the lines of the intrenchments. By daylight they had constructed a redoubt about eight rods square, in which they could shelter themselves. At four o'clock in the morning the people of Boston and the British officers were waked up by a heavy cannonading from an English ship of war, whose commander first perceived the position which the Americans had taken up during the night. The English officers could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw this redoubt almost over their heads.

An immediate battle was inevitable, for this height commanded Boston, and as soon as batteries could be erected there, the city must fall. All now was bustle and confusion, for each one knew that in a few hours a most deadly conflict must take place. Crowds began to gather on the shore, and thousands of eager eyes were turned with intense anxiety and wonder upon that low, dark redoubt that crowned the summit of the hill. In two hours' time all the artillery of the city, and the ships of war and floating batteries, were pointed against that single silent structure. The city shook to the thunder of cannon, and that lonely height fairly rocked under the bombs and balls that tore up its side. It absolutely rained shots and shells upon its top; still all was silent above and about it; yet one near enough to catch the sound could have heard the heavy blows of the spade and pickax, and the constant fall of earth, as those hardy men toiled as they never toiled before. Heedless of the iron storm that rattled around them, they

continued their work, and by noon had run a trench nearly down to the Mystic river on the north. The fire was too hot to let them work in the open field near the bank, while Putnam saw at a glance that this must be closed up at all hazards; for the enemy marching swiftly along that smooth open ground, could take him in the flank and rear.

This unprotected spot was a meadow, freshly mown, and studded thick with haycocks, all ready to be gathered into the barn. A single rail fence crossed it from the hill to the river, of which Putnam, with that quickness of invention he had acquired in his long partisan warfare, immediately took advantage. He ordered the men to take the rails from another fence near by, and running them through this one, pile the hay between. In a moment the meadow was black with men, some carrying rails on their shoulders, and some with arms full of hay, and all hurrying onward. In a short time that single fence looked like a huge embankment. This completed the line of defense of the left wing and center, which extended from the Mystic river up to the redoubt. Behind the redoubt lay a part of the right wing, the rest being flanked by the houses of Charlestown at the base of the hill. Thus stretched over and down the hill, like a huge cord, lay the American army, nerved with the desperate valor of freemen battling on their native hills.

The tremendous cannonade, which had been kept up all the forenoon, having failed to dislodge the enemy, it was resolved by the British commanders to carry the heights by assault. Putnam, in the mean time, had strained every nerve to add to his means of defense. Almost constantly on horseback, he was riding hither and thither, superintending everything, and animating the men by words of encouragement. During the night, while Prescott was hurrying forward the works on Breed's Hill, he spurred furiously off to Cambridge after reinforcements. The thunder of cannon at four o'clock in the morning quickly brought him to the saddle, and in a few minutes he was galloping up to the redoubt. Ordering off a detachment, to throw up a work on Bunker's Hill, which commanded the height on which

the army lay, he again flew to Cambridge to hurry up the troops. The Neck, over which he was compelled to pass, was at this time swept by the artillery of a man-of-war and floating batteries. Through this fire Putnam boldly galloped, and to his joy found that Stark and Reed were on the way to the scene of action. Disposing these troops to the best advantage, he coolly awaited the terrible onset, which he knew was preparing for him.

The day was clear; not a cloud rested on the summer heavens, and the heated earth seemed to pant under the fierce rays of the noonday sun. As he stood and gazed with a stern, yet anxious eye, a scene presented itself that might have moved the boldest heart. The British army had crossed the channel, and now stood in battle array on the shore. In the intervals of the roar of artillery, which played furiously from Moreton's Hill, were heard the thrilling strains of martial music, and the stirring blast of the bugle, while plumes danced and standards waved in the sunlight, and nearly five thousand bayonets gleamed and shook over the dark mass below.

Just then a solitary horseman, of slender form, was seen moving swiftly over Bunker's Hill, and making straight for Putnam. It was General Warren, the gallant and noble-hearted Warren, who had gazed on that silent redoubt and his brave brethren there, till he could no longer restrain his feelings and had come to share their fate. Putnam, with that generosity for which he was remarkable, immediately offered to put himself under his orders. "No," said Warren, "I come as a volunteer, to show those rascals that the Yankees can fight. Where shall I be most needed?" The former pointed to the redoubt as the most covered spot. "*Tell me*," said Warren, while his lips quivered with the excitement, "*where the onset will be heaviest.*" "Go then, to the redoubt," said Putnam, "Prescott is there, and will do his duty—if we can hold that, the day is ours." Away galloped Warren, and as he dashed up to the intrenchments, a loud huzza rent the air, and rolled in joyful accents along the lines.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur and excitement of the scene at this moment. Strung over that hill and out of sight lay fifteen hundred sons of Liberty, coolly await-

ing the onset of the veteran thousands of England, and sternly resolved to prove worthy of the high destinies intrusted to their care. The roofs of the houses of Boston, the shores and every church steeple were black with spectators, looking now on the forming columns upon the shore, and now at the silent intrenchments that spanned the heights. Many of them had sons, and brothers, and husbands, and lovers on the hill, and the hearts of all swelled high or sunk low, with alternate hope and fear, as they thought of the strength and terror of the coming shock. Oh, how the earnest prayer went up to Heaven, and with what intense love and longing each heart turned to that silent redoubt.

At length the English began to advance in two dense columns. Putnam then rode along the lines, kindling the enthusiasm of the men already roused to the highest pitch, and ordered them to hold their fire till the enemy was within eight rods, and then *aim at their waistbands.* On came the steady battalions, ever and anon halting to let the artillery play on the intrenchments, and then advancing in the most perfect order and beautiful array. To the spectator, that artillery appeared like moving spots of flame and smoke ascending the slope, but not a sound broke the ominous and deathlike silence that reigned around the heights. But for the flags that drooped in the hot summer air over the redoubt, you would have deemed it deserted. But flashing eyes were there, bent in wrath on the enemy as slowly and steadily they ascended the hill, and closed sternly in for the death struggle. They were noble troops—and as in perfect order, with their gay standards and polished bayonets floating and flashing in the sun, they advanced nearer and nearer, their appearance was imposing in the extreme. Stopping every few yards, they delivered their deep and regular volleys on the embankments, but not a shot replied. That silence was more awful than the thunder of cannon, for it told of carnage and death slumbering there.

At length, when the hostile columns were almost against the intrenchments, the signal was given, and the stern order "FIRE" rung with startling clearness on the air. A sheet of flame replied, running like a flash of light along that low dark wall, and the front rank of the

foe went down, as if suddenly engulfed in the earth. But those behind, treading over their dead companions, pressed steadily forward, yet the same tempest of fire smote their bosoms, and they sunk amid their fallen comrades. Still-the steady battalions nobly struggled to bear up against the deadly sleet, but all in vain; rank after rank went down, like the sand-bank as it caves over the stream, and at length, furious with rage and despair, the whole army broke and fled for the shore. Then went up a long and loud huzza from that little redoubt, which was echoed the whole length of the lines, and answered by thousands of voices from the roofs, and steeples, and heights of Boston.

The discomfited troops never halted till they reached the shore, where their commanders attempted to rally them. While they were seen riding to and fro amid the broken ranks, Putnam put spurs to his horse and galloped off, in his shirt-sleeves, after reinforcements. But the Neck over which they must pass was now swept by such a galling fire that they refused to stir. Carried away by his intense anxiety, he rode backward and forward several times, to show there was no danger, while the balls plowed up the earth in furrows around him: but few, however, could be induced to follow, and he hastened back to the scene of action.

The spectacle the hill now presented was terrific beyond description. That redoubt was silent again, while the dead and dying lay in ghastly rows near its base. The imposing columns were again on the march, while Charlestown, which in the interval had been set on fire by the enemy, presented a new feature in the appalling scene. The roar and crackling of the flames were distinctly heard in the American lines, and the smoke in immense volumes rolled fast and furious heavenward, blotting out the sun and shedding a strange and lurid light on the dead-covered field. The British commander fondly hoped that the smoke would involve the heights, confusing the deadly aim of the Americans and covering the assault; but the blessed breeze changing, inclined it gently seaward, leaving the battle-field unobscured and open as ever. Again the drums beat their hurried charge, and the columns pressed gallantly forward.

Advancing more rapidly than before, they halted only to pour in their heavy volleys, and then hurrying on over their dead and wounded companions, who had fallen in the first assault, seemed about to sweep in a resistless flood over the intrenchments. On, on they came, shaking the heights with their heavy muffled tread, till they stood breast to breast with that silent redoubt, when suddenly it again gaped and shot forth flame like some huge monster. For a moment it seemed as if the atmosphere was an element of fire. It was a perfect hurricane of fire and lead, and the firm-set ranks disappeared like mist in its path. The living still strove manfully to stem the fight, and the reeling ranks bore up for a while amid the carnage, led by as brave officers as ever cheered men on to death. But that fiery sleet kept driving full in their faces, smiting them down rank after rank, with such fearful rapidity, that the bravest gave way. The lines bent backward, then sprung to their places again, again rolled back; till at last, riddled through and through by that astonishing fire, the whole mass gave way like a loosened cliff, and broke furiously down the hill. Again the triumphant "huzzas" rocked the heights, and the slopes of that hill turned red with flowing blood.

A sudden silence followed this strange uproar, broken only by the smothered groans and cries of the wounded, lying almost within reach of the redoubt. On that fatal shore the English commanders rallied for the third and last time their disordered troops, while the Americans, burning with indignation and disappointment, drove home their last cartridges.

The scene, the hour, the immense results at stake, all combined now to fill the bosom of every spectator with emotions of the deepest sadness, anxiety and fear. The smoke of battle hung in light wreaths around that dark redoubt, while near by, Charlestown was one mass of billowy flame and smoke. The slope in front of the breastwork was spotted with the slain, and ever and anon came the booming of cannon as they still thundered on the American intrenchments. The sun, now stooping to the western horizon, bathed that hill-top in its gentle light, and the mild summer evening was hastening on. The hills looked green and beautiful in the distance—all

nature was at rest, and it seemed impossible that such carnage had wasted there a moment before.

But another sight soon arrested every eye: the reformed ranks of the enemy were again in motion. Throwing aside their knapsacks to lighten their burdens, and reserving their fire, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched swiftly and steadily over the slope, and up to the very intrenchments. Only one volley smote them, for the Americans, alas, had fired their last cartridges, and worse than all were without bayonets! Clubbing their muskets, however, they still beat back the enemy, when the reluctant order to retreat was given. The gallant fellows behind the hay and fence below still maintained their ground, and thus saved the rest of the army. Putnam, riding amid the men, and waving his sword over his head, endeavored to make them rally again on Bunker's Hill. Finding all his efforts vain, he burst forth into a torrent of indignation. His stout heart could not endure that the day, so nobly battled for, should be lost at last. He rode between them and the enemy, before which they fled, and there stood in the hottest of the fire. But neither words nor example could stay their flight.

Without ammunition or bayonets, or breastwork, it was a hopeless task. Warren too, interposed his slender form between his own troops and those of the British. Moving slowly down the western declivity of the hill, he planted himself all alone before the ranks, and pointing to the mottoes on their standards, strove, by his stirring eloquence, to rouse them to another effort. Carried away by a lofty enthusiasm, he reminded them that Heaven watched over their cause, and would sustain their efforts. While he thus calmly stood, and bent his flashing eye on the advancing battalions, an English officer, who knew him, snatched a musket from a soldier, and shot him dead in his footsteps.

Although the Americans were compelled to retreat across the Neck, which was swept by cannon, they suffered comparatively little, and finally took up their position on Winter and Prospect Hills, and night soon after shut in the scene. It had been a fearful day—nearly two thousand men lay fallen across each other on that height, fifteen hundred of whom were British soldiers. The

battle-field remained in the hands of the English, but the victory was ours. The news spread like wild-fire over the land, and one long shout went up, the first shout of liberty, which the human soul heard and answered, and shall answer the world over.*

Boston wept over the fall of Warren, for a strong ally and a noble man had been lost to the cause of freedom. Generous, high-minded, of unswerving integrity, eloquent, wise, and patriotic, no costlier sacrifice could have been offered on the common altar. His wife had gone to the grave before him, and now the orphaned children were left to the care of their country. Few more gifted, more beloved, could be found in the American army. He fell on the threshold of that great struggle to which, had he possessed them, he would have given a thousand lives. He fell, but his memory remains green in the hearts of his countrymen, and his name is immortal as our history. It goes down the stream of time linked in with that of Putnam, Prescott, Knowlton, Stark, and Pomeroy, and others, who this day covered themselves with glory. Washington was on his way to the army when the news of the battle reached him. Hastening to Cambridge, he took the chief command, and Putnam became one of his major-generals. He had been offered, a few days previous, the same rank in the British army, but he had received and answered the proposal as an insult.

He continued with the army around Boston till next

* An incident occurred in this battle which illustrates forcibly the horrors of civil war. As the British troops were passing through Charlestown to attack the Americans, a soldier entered a house where a man lay sick. The young and beautiful wife on leaving the chamber met the soldier, who immediately addressed insulting proposals to her. Finding himself sternly repulsed he resorted to violence, when her screams aroused her invalid husband. Rising from his sick bed, and seizing his sword, he staggered into the room, when seeing his struggling wife in the arms of a soldier he ran him through the body. The miserable wretch fell backward, and looking up at his destroyer, cried out, "My brother!" At the same moment he also was recognized, and with the exclamation, "I have murdered my brother!" the outraged husband fell dead on the corpse before him. These unfortunate brothers were Scotchmen, one of whom had emigrated to this country while the other had entered the English army. After long years of separation they thus met to die—the slayer and the slain—together.

spring, when he was sent to New York to command that station. Here he busied himself in erecting works and in attempts to destroy the enemy's shipping, till Washington himself came on with the army to resist the landing of General Clinton. He was in command in Long Island, when five thousand Americans engaged more than double that number of the British. It was, as has been before stated, a bad-fought battle all round, on our side, and, but for the energy and consummate skill of Washington, would have ended in our complete overthrow. An unlooked-for misfortune added to the fault; for General Greene, who had had the whole charge of the arrangements, was prevented by sickness from taking the command, and it devolved on Putnam, who was ignorant of the localities. Our army was therefore easily outflanked and most shamefully beaten.

In the retreat the troops were divided into three parts; one was stationed at Kingsbridge, one under Putnam in this city, and the third half-way between, so as to cooperate with either. But at length it became necessary to evacuate the city, for several British ships had gone up the Hudson as far as Bloomingdale, and Clinton had succeeded in landing five thousand men at Kipp's Bay, on the East river, so that all communication between New York and Harlem would soon be cut off. The other two portions of the army hastened to Harlem heights, while Putnam was left to extricate himself as he best could. The British troops already held the principal road to Kingsbridge, and were rapidly stretching across to the Hudson.

In this dilemma Putnam put forth one of those prodigious efforts for which he was remarkable in an extremity. The only route left open to him was that by Bloomingdale, along the Hudson, and he immediately availed himself of it. Every minute was priceless, and he pushed his men forward with the greatest impetuosity. Although they were marching at double quick time, he could not restrain his desire to advance with still greater velocity. Riding backwards and forwards along the lines, he kept every movement under his eye, and watched with a vigilance that nothing could elude every incipient error. His horse was covered with foam, and as he galloped along

the ranks, he seemed to be the moving spring of the whole column. The enemy's guns were already heard on his right, and a colonel was shot. The main army had given him up as lost, but after dark he came marching up to the heights of Harlem, to the infinite joy of Washington. He had barely slipped through, for the enemy's lines shut in from river to river the moment he passed.

He accompanied Washington in his retreat through New Jersey, till they arrived on the shores of the Delaware, and then the latter sent him to Philadelphia to defend the city. Here he remained constructing fortifications and putting everything in a state of defense, while the victories of Trenton and Princeton shed luster on our arms, and the light of hope on our cause. Soon after he was ordered to take post at Princeton for the winter, where he lay with a mere handful of men only fifteen miles from the enemy. While at this station, there occurred one of those little incidents so illustrative of his character. A Captain M'Pherson, who was severely wounded in the battle of Princeton, had been left behind to die. Putnam immediately had all his wants provided for, and treated him in every way like a friend. Taking advantage of his generosity, the wounded captain requested him to send to the English army for a friend to draw up his will, as he expected in a few days to die. Putnam wished to grant his request, but he was unwilling that an English officer should see how feeble and destitute he was both in men and the munitions of war. Yielding at last, however, to the impulses of his generous heart, he despatched a flag of truce, with orders that the Englishman should be brought in after dark. In the meantime, he kindled up lights in the college hall and private dwellings, and kept his fifty men—the whole effective force in the place—marching and counter-marching with such a flourish of music and profusion of orders, that the captain's friend, on his return to headquarters, reported that Putnam had at least five thousand men under his command.

The next year, 1777, he was placed over the portion of the army stationed in the Highlands. While here, a Tory spy, a lieutenant in a Tory regiment, was caught in camp, and sentenced to be executed. Sir Henry Clinton sent a

flag of truce to Putnam, claiming him as a British officer. The latter immediately despatched the following short and pithy reply:

"*Headquarters, 7th Aug.*, 1777.

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"P. S.—He has been accordingly executed."

In the fall of this year, he made preparations to attack New York. But Washington having sent to him for twenty-five hundred men, his army became so reduced that he was compelled to abandon the design. In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton despatched three thousand men up the Hudson to take possession of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. General Clinton commanded the garrison of the latter, and immediately sent to Putnam for reinforcements. But he either though treachery of the messenger or some other cause, never received the message, and hence the reenforcements were not sent, and the forts fell. This disaster compelled him to evacuate Forts Independence and Constitution, and retreat from Peekskill to Fishkill.

Soon after, however, receiving reinforcements, he retook Peekskill, and was closely watching the movements of the enemy up the river, when the news of the surrender of Burgoyne reached him. Five thousand men from Gates's army were immediately added to his own, swelling the force under his command to eleven thousand. Washington hearing of it, despatched Col. Hamilton with orders to have this corps of five thousand forwarded to Philadelphia. Putnam refused, under the pretense that the orders were not sufficiently explicit, and declared that he could not think of occupying his post, and at the same time send away his troops. Washington knew that this excuse was not the real one, and reprimanded him for his disobedience of orders.

The truth is, Putnam had been unable to effect anything during the campaign, and he determined, if he could

help it, not to let the reinforcements leave him until he had struck a heavy blow on the enemy. This was doubtless his long projected descent on New York.

After this, he descended the Hudson, and establishing himself at New Rochelle, continued to annoy the enemy, till ordered back, in the middle of December, to the Highlands, to take up his winter quarters. This was the winter in which Washington and his destitute army lay in their gloomy cantonments at Valley Forge. The troops under Putnam also suffered severely, and he wrote to the commander-in-chief, saying, "Dubois' regiment is unfit to be ordered on duty, there not being one blanket in the regiment. *Very few have either shoes or a shirt.*"

In the spring, he was superseded in his command by General McDougall. The reason Washington gave for this change was the unpopularity of the former with the inhabitants. Without entering into the causes of the strong prejudices that existed, he deemed it expedient to remove him to another field of operations.

After looking over the whole ground, it is very evident that Putnam's unpopularity grew out of his want of success, and was wholly undeserved. Washington doubtless regarded it in this light, for he immediately ordered him to Connecticut, to hasten on the new levies previous to his joining the army. He arrived at headquarters soon after the battle of Monmouth, and took command of the right wing. The next winter he was placed over three brigades at Danbury, Connecticut. By his boldness, promptness, and rough eloquence, he here quelled a serious mutiny among the troops.

It was during this winter he performed that break-neck ride down a precipice which is familiar to every schoolboy. Being one day at West Greenwich, where were some of his outposts, he was told that Governor Tryon, with fifteen hundred men, was advancing on the place. Immediately assembling his whole force, a hundred and fifty soldiers, he planted himself, with two cannon, on a steep hill by the meeting house. Here he opened a furious fire from his two guns on the enemy, when, finding the dragoons about to charge, he ordered his men into a swamp, while he waited till the troop was close on him, and then spurred straight down the face of the precipice.

The dragoons, who thought their prey secure, reined up on the edge of the steep; and saw with surprise Putnam reach the bottom safe and sound, and gallop away. Hurrying on to Stamford, where he found some militia, he faced about and chased Tryon back, taking about fifty prisoners.

The next year, 1779, he was stationed over the Maryland line, near West Point, where nothing of importance occurred. When the army retired to winter quarters, at Morristown, he returned to his family in Connecticut. In the spring he started again for headquarters, but before he reached Hartford, he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, which finished his military career. He would not at first yield to this terrible blow, and roused himself to violent exertion in order to shake off his disease. But his efforts were all in vain; his strong heart was compelled to bow, and with feelings of the bitterest disappointment he found himself laid aside forever. The struggle into which he had cast soul and body he was forced to abandon, while the shouts of victory that were ever and anon borne to his ear were heard with mingled joy and sadness—joy that his country triumphed—sorrow that his arm could never strike another blow for her welfare. Years of glory to our brave officers rolled by, and left him an invalid and a crippled man. He lived to hear the shout of a ransomed people, and enjoy in the bosom of his family the blessings of peace and of liberty.

CHARACTER OF PUTNAM.

Putnam was a brave and efficient commander, possessing great and striking military qualities. In person he was stout, and his rough, weather-beaten face, indicated the exposed and boisterous life he had led. His courage was proverbial in the army, and his fortitude was equal to his courage. Headlong as an avalanche in his charge, he was nevertheless patient under restraint. His bravery was of that extravagant kind—like Murat's—which never allowed one to count the enemy or see obstacles in his path. He would go anywhere, dare any danger, if he could only get his men to follow him. At the same time he was perfectly cool and self-possessed in the fight, and would stand all alone amid the raining balls as calmly as

if he were impervious to death. Whether facing down an angry wolf, already gathering for the spring, or standing wrapped in flame and smoke before a magazine of powder, or hurrying his men with shouts to the onset, or sending up the first strong, great war-cry from the top of Bunker Hill, he is the same fearless and resolute man. Overcome by no hardships, repelled by no difficulties, and daunted by no danger, he moves through his eventful career like one who bears a charmed life. Living in an adventurous period, his history seems stranger than any fiction. Exposed to every variety of peril, and subjected to all forms of trial, his iron frame held out to threescore years, and his stout will even after that. Loving the excitement of battle, and at home amid the rattle of musketry, he gallantly fought his way up from captain of a militia company to major-general of the army of the United States.

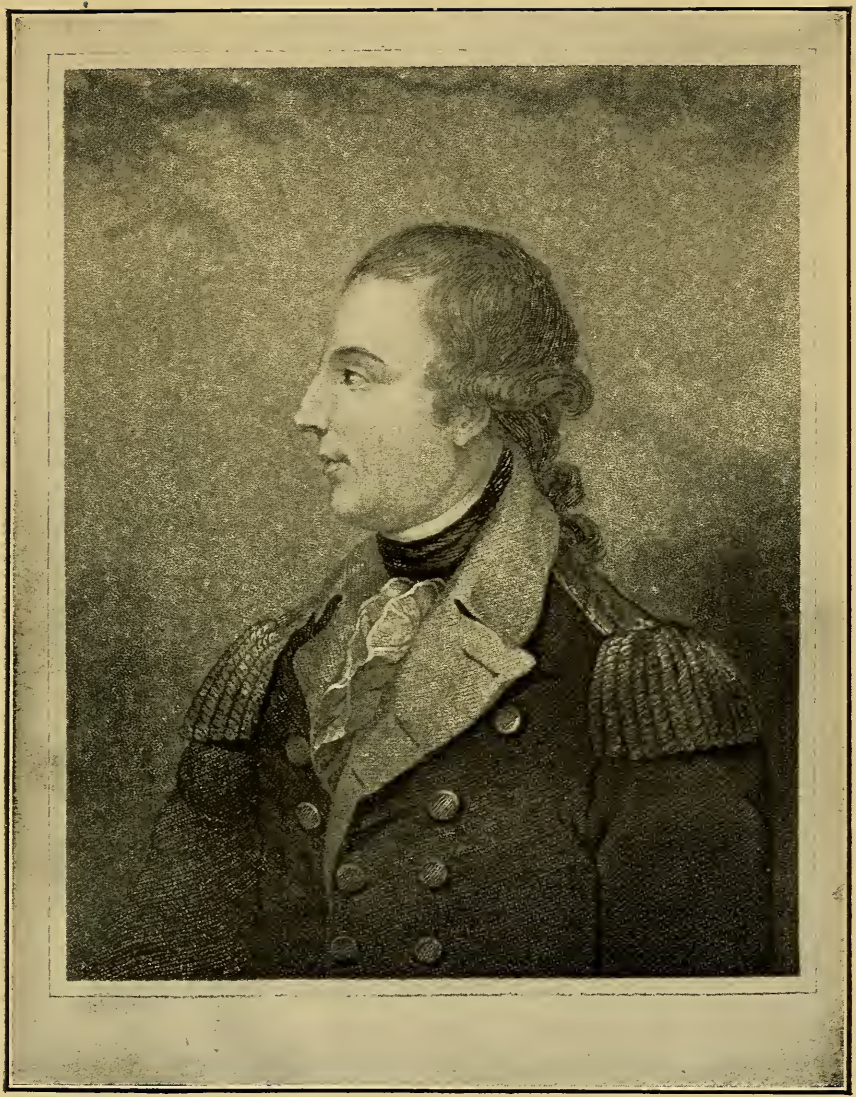
As a commander, his great excellence lay in the daring of his plans and the vigor with which he pushed them. His tenacity of purpose was almost unconquerable; he would not be beaten, and struggled with such fierceness on the very threshold of defeat, that he would often turn it into a victory. He carried great moral power with him, for men were afraid of one who was afraid of nothing. They knew when he resolved on a thing, if human daring and human energy could accomplish it, it would be done. He lacked, however, combination, and was not fit to conduct a campaign designed to cover a large territory, and embrace the movements of different bodies of men. He required to have everything he was to do directly under his eye. Hence he would have made a very inefficient commander-in-chief and was not even a good major-general. This was doubtless owing very much to his early life. His whole military education fitted him only for specific warfare, and as a partisan officer he had no superior. He had learned to concentrate his energies on a single point, and usually having but few men under his control, he could hurl them in any direction with a suddenness and energy that suited well his own impetuous nature. But a large army puzzled him—it was not flexible enough in his hand, and he could not wield it with that ease and rapidity he wished. What would have been the result had his early

training been different, it is impossible to tell. Still, with all his deficiencies, he was a strong man in battle. His fiery courage, headlong impetuosity and stubborn tenacity, made him a dangerous foe. His excitement in a hot engagement was frightful. It completely mastered him for the time, and he seemed possessed of a fury. Hence, when his men failed him, an explosion always followed, and the wrath he had concentrated for the enemy burst on them. Cowardice roused his indignation beyond control, and he sometimes poured forth a torrent of invective on his flying troops.

In this respect he resembled Lannes more than any other great military leader. He had all his impetuosity, chivalric daring, and tenacity of purpose. Let Putnam have been placed over a column of sixteen or twenty thousand veteran troops, and told to pierce the center of the enemy, and he would have made one of those awful exhibitions so common in Bonaparte's great pitched battles.

Putnam was an industrious officer, and the moment he was placed over any station, set about defending it in every way that human energy and ingenuity could devise. He had also that rare quality of character which never yields to discouragement. He never allowed himself to despond, and could not be driven to despair, even by slow torture. An iron man, he nevertheless had as kind a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. His reckless and adventurous life never hardened his feelings or produced that rigidity of character which seems at first thought unavoidable. He was generous to a fault, frank and confiding, and of unswerving integrity. With all his impulsiveness his nature was sincere and firm. Beloved by oall wh knew him, faithful to every trust committed to his charge, a devoted patriot, and a brave and noble man, he helped to fill up the measure of his country's glory, and received the blessings of a grateful people.

He lived seven years after the declaration of peace, an invalid in body, but clear and vigorous in intellect, and finally died of an inflammatory disease, in Brooklyn, Connecticut, May 17, 1790, at the good old age of seventy-two. The old warrior was borne with martial honors to his tomb, and his fame committed to the keeping of the country he helped to defend.



MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

MAJOR-GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

His Early Life—Appointed Brigadier-General in the American Army—Invades Canada—March to Quebec—Storming of the City in the midst of a Snow-Storm—His Bravery and Death—His Character.

One summer evening, when a primeval forest covered almost the entire surface of this now glorious Union, a young British officer, in rich uniform, stood on the shore of Lake Champlain, and looked off on that beautiful sheet of water. He was only twenty-two years of age, and but for his manly, almost perfect form, he would have seemed even younger. His skin was fair, and his countenance beautiful as a Grecian warrior's. As he stood and gazed on the forest-girdled lake, studded with islands, his dark eye kindled with the poetry of the scene, and he little thought of the destiny before him. In the full strength and pride of ripened manhood, he was yet to lead over those very waters a band of freemen against the country under whose banner he now fought, and fall foremost in freedom's battle.

That handsome young officer was Richard Montgomery, a lieutenant in the British army. A native of Ireland, he was born in 1736, on his father's estate, near the town of Raphoe. Educated as became the son of a gentleman, he, at the early age of eighteen, received a commission in the English army. Joined to the British expedition sent against Louisburg, he, in the attack and capture of that place, showed such heroism, and performed such good service, that he was promoted to a lieutenancy. In the mean time, Abercromby having met with a severe repulse before Ticonderoga, Amherst was sent to his relief. Among the officers in his corps was young Montgomery, who thus became acquainted with all the localities of Lake Champlain. After the reduction of Montreal and Quebec, he accompanied the expedition against the French and

Spanish West Indies, where he conducted himself so gallantly that he obtained the command of a company. The treaty of Versailles, 1763, closed the war, and he returned to England on a visit, where he remained nine years.

It is a matter of mere conjecture what finally induced him to sell his commission in the English army and emigrate to this country. He arrived in 1772, and purchased a farm near New York. Soon after, he married the eldest daughter of Robert R. Livingston, then one of the judges of the Superior Court of the province. From New York, he removed to Rhinebeck, in Dutchess county, where he devoted his whole time to agriculture. In the mean while the controversy grew warmer between the parent country and her colonies. Taciturn, and little inclined to public life, young Montgomery evidently did not at first take a deep interest in the struggle. His feelings, however, and his judgment, were both on the side of his adopted country, and in 1775 he was elected member of the first provincial convention of New York, from Dutchess county.

He took no very active part in the convention, still his views were so well known respecting the controversy between the two countries, that, at the appointment of commander-in-chief of the American armies and the creation of officers by Congress, he was made one of the eight brigadier-generals. His views of the contest may be gathered from a letter he wrote to a friend soon after receiving his appointment. Said he: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps for ever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed."

Although after the battle of Bunker Hill the war began to assume regularity and plan, still the public feeling was unsettled, and no one had formed any idea of the probable issue of the contest. Neither the nation nor Congress was as yet prepared for a declaration of independence. It was resistance to oppression, a struggle for rights which

had been invaded, without anticipating the result of an entire separation from the parent country.

While the national feeling was in this state, Congress conceived the design of invading Canada, then in a feeble state of defense. The measure promised brilliant success, but the propriety of assuming the offensive was questioned by many. It was not a war of aggression on which they had entered, but strictly one of self-defense, and it might injure their cause, not only in England, but at home, to carry the sword into a peaceful province. On the other hand, it was asserted that this distinction between offensive and defensive operations was ridiculous—that we were in open hostility, and it became us to use all the means we possessed to strengthen our cause and weaken that of the enemy—that if Canada was left alone, it would soon be the channel through which troops would be poured through the interior of the colonies—that in a short time we would be forced to turn our attention that way, and the sooner it was done the better. Besides, the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point had opened the country to our troops, and it needed a succession of such brilliant achievements to keep alive the courage of the people.

Congress at length voted in favor of the expedition, and immediately adopted measures for carrying it through. The army of invasion was to be composed of three thousand troops from New England and New York, the whole to be placed under the command of General Schuyler, aided by brigadier-generals Wooster and Montgomery. Here commences the military career of the latter in the service of the States. Having joined the army at Albany, he was soon transferred to Crown Point. Learning at the latter place that Carleton, Governor of Canada, was collecting several armed ships to be stationed at the outlet of the lake into the Sorel, in order to command the passage into Canada, he immediately, and without consulting General Schuyler, pushed on with a thousand men, and took post at Ile aux Noix near the river. In the mean time, he wrote to General Schuyler informing him of what he had done, expressing his regret that he was compelled to move without orders, but excusing himself on the ground, that if the enemy should get his vessels into the lakes it would be over with the expedition for that

summer. The letter is couched in the respectful language of a subordinate to a superior officer, but at the same time it would not be inappropriate from a commander-in-chief.

General Schuyler having arrived the same night that Montgomery reached Ile aux Noix, it was resolved to push nearer Fort St. John. But they had scarcely reached the place before the former, owing to some wrong information which he received respecting the amount and locality of the forces in Canada, and the disposition of the people, ordered his army back again to the island. Being soon after prostrated with sickness, he returned to Ticonderoga and Albany, and Montgomery took entire control of the expedition.

It could not have fallen into better hands, and he immediately began to look about for the best mode in which to employ the limited means he possessed. Some reinforcements having arrived with the artillery, he determined to lay siege to St. John's, although defended by a garrison of a thousand soldiers. But his ammunition failing him, he made but little progress toward its reduction. In the mean time, a mutiny broke out in the camp, which threatened to become a serious matter. But Montgomery, by his eloquence, threats, appeals, and, more than all, by his noble behavior, succeeded at length in quelling it, and the siege went on. In order to supply himself with ammunition, he sent a detachment against Fort Chambly, situated a little lower down the river, and feebly garrisoned. It was taken without resistance, and a hundred and twenty barrels of powder fell into the hands of the captors.

Carleton, in the mean time, seeing that St. John's could not hold out much longer without reinforcements, attempted to relieve the garrison, but being repulsed in endeavoring to cross the St. Lawrence, he was compelled to retreat; and the fortress, after a siege of six weeks, fell into the hands of Montgomery. The capture of Montreal followed, and a large portion of Canada now came into his possession. When the news of this brilliant success reaced Congress, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. His next step was to form a junction with Arnold, who having crossed the untrodden wilds of

Maine, was now with his small, half clothed, and badly supplied army, closely investing Quebec. Montgomery hearing of his arrival, and of the destitution of his troops, put himself at the head of only about three hundred men, and began his march.

It was the latter part of November, and winter, in that high latitude, had already set in, yet through the driving snow, and over the frozen ground he led his little band, keeping alive their courage by cheering words, and inciting them to effort by his noble example. Demanding no toil to which he did not himself cheerfully submit, pointing to no danger where he was not ready first to go, he kept his undisciplined and suffering troops about him with a firmness that kindles both our admiration and our astonishment. He must have known it was well-nigh a hopeless task on which he had entered, and as his commanding form leads on his column through the thickly driving snow, there seems around him a pre-shadowing of his doom.

Thus, day after day, did he pursue his toilsome way, until at length the walls of Quebec rose before him. Here he found Arnold; and these two brave men, combining their forces, undertook to reduce the city. Montgomery, on whom the chief command devolved, finding he had not forces enough to make regular approaches, commenced harassing the inhabitants, hoping that a favorable opportunity would occur, by which he could make a successful assault. He first attempted with five small mortars to throw bombs into the town, but finding this ineffectual, he planted a battery of six cannon and a howitzer about forty rods from the walls, and opened his fire.

Winter had now fairly come upon them—the ground was covered with snow, and Montgomery was compelled to place his guns on blocks of ice. Not being heavy enough to make impression on solid walls, their fire was of little consequence. In the mean time, the troops suffered terribly from the frost and exposure. The heavens were constantly darkened with snow, which piled up around the American camp in huge drifts. Through these the miserably clad troops would flounder, and with benumbed limbs and stiffened fingers, place themselves in

order of battle. The diminished columns were mere black specks amid the smooth, white mass that covered the earth. It was impossible to keep any troops long in the open field, exposed to such biting cold, and Montgomery began to look anxiously about him for some way of escape from the perils that every moment thickened around his little army.

To add to the horrors of his position, the smallpox broke out in the camp; and consternation filled the hearts of the soldiers, when they saw their companions struck down by this plague, which had become the terror of the army. Those attacked with the symptoms were ordered to wear a sprig of hemlock in their hats. These sprigs increased so fast that despair began to seize the troops, and it was evident that even the power of Montgomery could not keep them together much longer. On his first arrival at Quebec he had quelled a dangerous mutiny, only by the greatest effort, and should another, in the present desponding state of the men, break out, the army must inevitably disband. In this position of affairs he saw clearly that he must carry the city by assault, or abandon the design of taking it altogether. Accordingly a council of war was called, and the assault proposed. Both men and officers were in favor of it, desperate as the alternative seemed, and it was resolved to divide the army into four columns, and make an attack on the city, at four different points.

STORMING OF QUEBEC.

Two attacks, led by Majors Livingston and Brown, against the upper town, were to be only feints to distract the attention of the garrison, while Arnold and Montgomery should conduct the two real ones against the lower town. It was on the last day of December, before daylight, that this gallant band put itself in battle array. The wintry morning was dark and gloomy, and a driving snow-storm filled the air, weaving beforehand a winding-sheet for the noble commander and his brave followers. The tall and graceful form of Montgomery was seen gliding through the gloom, pressed close after by his resolute column, and at length approached Cape Diamond, where

he came upon the first barrier defended by cannon. The enemy, seized with a sudden panic, turned and fled.

Could the Americans have immediately pushed forward, the assault would doubtless have been successful. But large banks of snow filled up the path; and as they rounded the promontory of the Cape, they stumbled upon huge masses of ice thrown up by the river, which so obstructed their progress that the British soldiers had time to recover their surprise, and rally again behind the barrier. Montgomery, with his own hands, lifted at the blocks of ice, and dug away the snow, cheering on his men as they one by one struggled through, until at last they cleared themselves, and approached the battery, over which the gunners stood with lighted matches. The men seemed a moment to hesitate, when Montgomery shouted forth—"*Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your General leads—forward!*" With his sword waving over his head, he rushed forward up to the mouths of the cannon, followed, with a shout, by his devoted soldiers. The guns, charged with grape-shot, opened in their very faces; and when the smoke lifted, there lay the lifeless form of Montgomery, almost under the wheels of the artillery, whither his headlong courage had carried him.

The column no longer having a gallant leader at its head, broke and fled; and this part of the garrison being relieved, immediately hastened to the support of those pressed by the other corps. This was the forlorn hope, and Arnold sternly marched at its head. His course lay by St. Roque, toward a place called *Sant-au-Matelot*, and he was followed by Captain Morgan, with his deadly riflemen. All at once they found themselves in a narrow way filled with snow, and swept by a battery that was protected by a barrier. Up to this Arnold moved with an intrepid step, cheering on his men, when a musket-ball struck his leg, shattering the bone. He fell forward in the snow—then, by a strong effort, rose again, and endeavored still to press on; and it was with the utmost difficulty he could finally be persuaded to be carried to the rear.

The command then devolved upon Morgan, who was as headlong and daring as Arnold. Hurrying forward two companies, he fell with terrible fury on the battery.

Pressing through the storm of grape-shot, they planted their ladders against the parapets, and boldly mounting them, fired down upon the besieged. Dismayed by such resolute daring, the enemy fled, leaving the battery in Morgan's possession. Here the bold rifleman was compelled to halt, for the main part of his column still lingered behind, floundering through the drifts. His position at this moment was dreadfully trying to a brave man. Daylight had not yet dawned, nothing had been heard from Montgomery, and the snow kept falling in an overwhelming shower, and blowing furiously in the soldiers' faces. As amid the gloom and tempest he stood and listened, bright flashes would open in the darkness on every side, followed by the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, and death-cry of his followers; while he could not see a step forward, and all was uncertainty and terror.

Involved in this mystery, ignorant of the fate of their comrades, the men began to be terrified, and it was only by the repeated promises of a glorious victory that Morgan kept them firm. He ran back to the barrier and shouted through the storm to those behind to hurry up. Reinforced at length by two companies, and the morning beginning to dawn, he made a last desperate effort. Close by was a second barrier, protected by a battery, which would open on his column the moment he turned an angle in the street. But borne up by that lofty courage which despises death, he hurried on his men, and with a terrible voice, that was heard above the roar of musketry, summoned them to the assault. Pressing after that fierce shout, with answering shouts, they rushed to the charge. As they turned the corner of the street, they met front to front an English detachment, just sallying from the battery to repel the attack. The commanding officer called out to the Americans to lay down their arms. Morgan, seizing a musket, shot him dead in his footsteps, and again shouted, "*Forward, my brave fellows!*" With leveled bayonets they swept onward, when the English fled behind their battery and closed the barrier. Then occurred a most desperate and almost hand to hand fight. Swept by a destructive fire in front, and a still more deadly one from the houses on each side of the street, where they

were packed, the soldiers, pressing close after their intrepid leader, staggered up to the very mouths of the cannon. Some of them placing their ladders against the barrier climbed up, but the bayonets glistening below deterred them from leaping down. Unable longer to stand the galling fire which cut them down like grass, they fled into the houses for shelter; until at length Morgan stood almost alone before the barrier, while the few with him were covered with snow, and scarcely able to hold their wet and dripping muskets in their benumbed hands.

Looking coolly around him, he saw the street nearly deserted of his followers, and he shouted to them to return, and strove by his words, and more than all by his personal daring, to revive their courage. Vain effort; human resolution could go no further, and his brave heart sunk within him when he ordered the retreat to be sounded. But his troops, now thoroughly disheartened, would not venture out again into the deadly fire even to retreat, and Morgan soon found himself surrounded by the enemy. Gathering his few remaining troops about him, he resolved to cut his way through the ranks, but their overwhelming and rapidly increasing numbers convinced him it would be a hopeless effort, and he was compelled to surrender. The storm still raged, and all along the way where those two columns had passed, were strewn corpses, many of them now become mere hillocks of snow. The rapidly falling flakes had blotted out the stain of blood, and already wrapped a shroud around the brave dead. But the noblest form of all was that of Montgomery. Young Burr had lifted the body on his shoulders and endeavored to bear it off, but was compelled to abandon it to the enemy.

HIS CHARACTER.

Of chivalric courage and that magnanimity of heart which ever wins the affections of a soldier, he was beloved by his men and honored by his foes. His personal appearance was striking in the extreme. Superbly formed, handsome, and full of enthusiasm and daring, he was a perfect specimen of a military leader. His eye was dark and lustrous, and on ordinary occasions beamed with

benevolence and feeling, but in the excitement of battle it flashed with terrible brilliancy. He was inclined to be dreamy and reflective, and spoke but little unless aroused, and then his words fell like burning coals on the hearts of those who heard him. Not a stain sullied his character, and his heart was true to every sentiment of virtue, and the very seat of honor. He was but thirty-nine years of age when he fell on this disastrous field. Had he lived, he would have stood first among our military leaders, and first as a true patriot and statesman.

Many have blamed him for hazarding an attack on Quebec with so small a force, but what else could he have done? To have abandoned the project after all the expense and labor it had cost, without an effort, would have subjected him to still severer condemnation. Both his reputation and the honor of the country forbade this. To keep his men together, ravaged by the smallpox and encamped in open fields of snow, was impossible. There remained therefore but one alternative—to attempt to carry the city by assault. It failed. Had it been successful, it would have been regarded a most brilliant exploit, not only in its execution, but in its conception. But for the sudden fall of the two leaders, Arnold and Montgomery, the fate of the day might have been very different. The truth is, Montgomery was required to do what could not be accomplished with the limited means at his disposal. He failed, not through lack of courage, or skill, or perseverance, but from want of sufficient force. He did all that a brave man and noble officer could do, and fell in the effort. His bright and promising career suddenly closed in darkness, and freedom mourned another of her champions fallen.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD.

MAJOR-GENERAL ARNOLD.

His Birth and Boyhood—His Cruel Disposition—Enters the Army—Sent against Ticonderoga—The March across the Wilderness—Sufferings of his Men at Quebec—Retreat from Canada—Battle of Valcour Island—Bravery at Danbury—Relieves Fort Schuyler—His Bravery at Saratoga—Quarrel with Gates—His Terrible Appearance in the Second Battle of Saratoga—His Treason and Character—His Death.

In revolutions, energetic characters always come first to the surface, and begin to mould the troubled elements around them to their own purposes. But to complete and permanent success, it is necessary they should assimilate to the principles that govern the movement. Lafayette was too good for the French revolution; Benedict Arnold not good enough for the American; hence the former was thrown into prison, and the latter turned traitor. One fell before wicked men, the other fled before virtuous ones. One was too self-denying and patriotic to succeed where self-aggrandizement was the ruling motive; the other too selfish to stand firm in the struggle where personal emoluments must be forgotten in the public welfare.

Arnold was one of those rash, reckless persons, like Murat and Junot, who in times of peace become bold speculators, roving adventurers, or dissipated young men. The fierce life within them must out in some form or other, and expend itself somewhere. In war they form the leading characters, for they are at home in the excitement of battle, and delight to struggle on a field of great risks. Fate, too, seems to have special charge of such men, seldom allowing them to fall amid the perils into which they so eagerly leap. It needs no summoning of the resolution, no bracing up of the energies in them to meet danger, endure privations, and work prodigies. Courting the tumult and braving the shock, they seem at home amid the storm, and ride the ocean waves with more com-

posure and safety than the calm surface of the summer lake.

From his boyhood, Arnold exhibited the leading traits of his character. Reckless, pitiless, and daring, he was the terror of his playmates, and disliked by all. He would not only rob nests of their young, but torture his victims so as to draw forth the agonizing cries and efforts of the parent bird. He would scatter broken glass in the road, where the school-children passed barefoot, and tempt them round the druggist-shop in which he was employed, with broken phials, only to scourge them away with a horsewhip. He was bold as he was cruel, and delighted in those perilous feats which none of his companions dared imitate. It was a favorite amusement with him at a grist-mill, to which he sometimes carried grain, to seize the large water-wheel by the arms, and go round and round with it in its huge evolutions—now buried under the foaming water, and now hanging above, in fierce delight, while his companions looked on in silent terror.

Born in Norwich, January 3, 1740, he was thirty-five years old when the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought. His father, first a cooper, than a sea-captain, finally settled down at Norwich a merchant. Prospering in business, he was enabled to give his son the best education which the town afforded. But suspicions rested on his character, and at length prosperity deserted him, and he became a poor, despised drunkard. Benedict was the son of his second wife, who was universally esteemed as a virtuous and pious woman. Out of six children, only this son and a daughter lived to maturity. The mother's virtues seemed wholly lost on the boy, and he partook of his father's wayward, unprincipled character. Apprenticed to a druggist in his native town, he ran away when only sixteen years of age, and enlisted in the army. This afflicted his mother so deeply, that her pastor and some friends interposed, and obtained his release.

Soon after, however, he ran away again, and entered the army: but the restraints of a garrison life and the severe discipline of military rule were too much for his restless, independent spirit, and he deserted and returned home. Having served out his apprenticeship as a druggist, he

went to New Haven and commenced business on his own account. Succeeding by his energy and industry, he enlarged his shop, and extended his trade. Having acquired a considerable property, he threw up his employment as druggist, and bought vessels, which he commanded himself. He carried horses, and cattle, and provisions, to the West Indies, and led a life more suited to his roving, adventurous taste.

Taking fire at the slightest insult, and ever ready to back with his arm what he had uttered with his tongue, he almost always had some quarrel on his hands, and was both hated and feared. On one occasion, a sailor having reported that he had smuggled some goods in from the West Indies, he met him in the street, and horsewhipped him dreadfully, and forced him to leave the place with the solemn promise never to return. But seeing him in the streets a few days after, he caught and dragged him to the whipping-post, and gave him forty lashes, and again drove him out of town. The sailor again returning, and entering a complaint, Arnold was arrested and tried, and fined fifty shillings.

One day, while attempting to drive some cattle aboard his ships, he exhibited that recklessness which afterwards formed such a distinguished trait in his character. One of the oxen becoming frightened broke away from the herd, and dashing through the drivers, sped off in a furious run. Arnold, who was standing by, immediately sprang on a fleet horse and spurred after. Coming up to the enraged animal in a full gallop, he leaped to the ground, and seizing it by the nostrils, held it firmly in his iron grasp till he subdued it. About this time also he fought a duel with a Frenchman in the West Indies.

At length, however, being as bold and rash in his speculations as he was in his feelings, he became a bankrupt, and went back to his old business of druggist, at which he remained till the commencement of the Revolution. He was at this time captain of a militia company of fifty-eight men, called the Governor's Guards. When the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington reached New Haven it threw the town into a perfect uproar; all the bells were set ringing, the streets were filled with men running to and fro in the highest excitement, till

almost the entire population assembled by common consent on the public green. The young captain of the Guards was of course one of the most conspicuous persons there. He made a speech to the multitude, and after appealing to their patriotism and manhood with all the eloquence he was master of, he offered to head any number of volunteers that would accompany him and march to the field of combat. He appointed a place of rendezvous for the next day, when about sixty were found willing to put themselves under his command. Everything was ready for immediate departure, except the ammunition, which the selectmen had locked up. Fearing to incur the responsibility of taking part in such a sudden and hostile movement, they wished to wait till the chief authorities of the State could be consulted. But Arnold's blood was up, and he would not allow any obstacle to be thrown in his way; so assembling his little band on the green, he sent a peremptory summons to the selectmen to deliver up the keys of the magazine, or he would break it open by force. The keys were surrendered, and the company helping itself to ammunition, marched rapidly to Cambridge, the headquarters of the army.

No sooner had he arrived than he waited on the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts, with a proposal to head an expedition against Ticonderoga. The committee accepted it, furnishing him with supplies, and appointed him colonel, with the power to enlist four hundred men for the enterprise. Burning to distinguish himself, and now fairly afloat on a sea of excitement in which he delighted, he allowed no delay; and within three days after his commission was made out, he was in Stockbridge on the western boundary of the State. He had traveled over fifty miles a day, in his haste to be on the scene of action; but at Stockbridge he learned to his mortification, that a similar expedition had already been fitted out and gone on.

This news, however, only inflamed still more his ardor, and stopping only long enough to appoint some officers, with instructions to enlist men as fast as they could, and follow after, he pushed on with but one attendant, and overtook the party at Castleton, within twenty-five miles of Ticonderoga. Ethan Allen had been appointed commander-in-chief, and the next day they were to resume

their march. Here Arnold, furious with disappointment, suddenly introduced himself to the officers, and pulling out his commission, demanded the command of the expedition. For a moment everything was thrown into confusion, and the men were on the brink of mutiny, when Arnold, adopting a more prudent course, waived his claim and offered to join them as a volunteer, maintaining his rank but holding no command. Harmony being restored, the little army moved forward, and Arnold had the satisfaction of passing through the gates of the fort side by side with Allen. No sooner, however, had the fort fallen, than he again claimed his command, and insisted on holding it, till the Connecticut committee formally appointed Ethan Allen commander-in-chief of the garrison. Enraged at this insult, he transmitted his grievances to the legislature of Massachusetts.

But his restless mind could not wait for redress before he again took the field. About fifty men who had been enlisted by his orders on the road, having joined him at Ticonderoga, he four days after the surrender of the fort put himself at their head, and moved forward upon St. John's. With only one schooner he sailed down the lake, and having surprised the garrison and taken thirteen men prisoners, he seized a British sloop, destroyed five batteaux, and captured four others, and then set sail for Ticonderoga. This time he had got ahead of Allen, for he met him about fifteen miles from St John's on his way to attack it.

Soon after, hearing that reinforcements were coming from Canada, he organized a fleet, consisting of one schooner, one sloop, and several batteaux, of which he took command, and stationed himself at West Port. In the mean time, letters had been sent on to Massachusetts complaining of his arrogance—some of them true and some of them false—which made the legislature turn a deaf ear to his complaints, and finally send a delegation to Ticonderoga to inquire into his conduct, and, if necessary, order him home—at least, to put him under the command of Colonel Hinman. They found him at Crown Point, straining every nerve to maintain the advantage that had been gained, and acting with the skill and energy of a brave officer. When they laid their instructions before

him, he was thrown into a transport of fury. He complained of injustice and dishonorable treatment, and rightly too. He declared, and with truth, that an order to inquire into his conduct, when no charge had been made, was unprecedented, and a commission to judge of his *capacity* an indignity—that this ought to have been thought of before—that he had already paid out of his own pocket more than a hundred pounds for the public service, and had omitted to do nothing enjoined in his commission—and finally, that he would not submit to the degradation of being placed under a junior officer. The result was, he resigned his command; and having discharged his men, who gave open evidence of their dissatisfaction at the manner in which their leader had been treated, he hastened to Cambridge.

HIS MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

Some time after his return to Cambridge, the project for the invasion of Canada, mentioned in the sketch of Montgomery, was resolved upon, and Washington took the bold resolution to send an army through the forests of Maine and New Hampshire to Quebec. Ten companies of musketmen from New England, and three of riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania, under the command of the brave Morgan, and one of artillery, making in all eleven hundred men, were selected for this hazardous enterprise. Washington, who knew the energy, daring, and indomitable will of Arnold, appointed him commander-in-chief of the forces, with the rank of colonel. To an ordinary man this appointment would have been anything but acceptable. But Arnold seemed to love difficulties, and never hesitated to measure his strength with any obstacle. As there was nothing he dare not do, so there was nothing he would refuse to attempt.

After much deliberation it was determined to ascend the eastern branch of the Kennebec, and strike across to the Dead River, and following up the stream till opposite the sources of the Chaudière, which flows in an opposite direction, into the St. Lawrence, cross through the forest to it. All the provisions, ammunition, camp equipage, and artillery were to be transported along this untrodden

route of two hundred miles, through a blank wilderness. The reason for this terrific enterprise was the defenseless state of Quebec, and the effect of a sudden surprise from an unexpected source and before reinforcements could be sent into the city.

At length, everything being ready, the expedition set sail from Newburyport and landed at the mouth of the Kennebec. Here two hundred batteaux were in waiting, and the whole proceeded up the river to Fort Western, opposite where Augusta now stands. The difficulties now commenced, and the tremendous energy of Arnold began to develop itself. Responsibility steadied him, and his headlong impulses became sobered down into stern resolution. He was not ignorant of the perils before him, nor the uncertainty of success. He had not gone blindly into them, trusting to his own fertile genius and brave heart to extricate him, but had exhausted every means of information within his reach, and with his eyes open marched boldly into difficulties, from which he knew nothing *but* his genius and energy could deliver him.

The advance guard, composed of riflemen, was commanded by Morgan, a worthy companion in such an enterprise. Two braver, more resolute and unconquerable men, never moved to an onset together. The army was divided into four detachments, each to march the day after the other. Arnold waited at Fort Western till he saw the whole embarked and pulling slowly up the current, and then took a birch bark canoe and followed after. The dark and silent forest received the army into its bosom, over whose sad fate the country was yet to weep.

Arnold pushing rapidly on, passed the whole line of boats in his swift canoe, and overtook Morgan at Norridgewock Falls. Here the river was so broken into rapids, it was necessary to carry all the boats, and luggage, and artillery, a mile and a quarter through the woods. First the bushes had to be hewn away and the trees cut down to make a passage, then the boats hoisted upon men's shoulders, or placed on sleds and carried forward, and finally, all the baggage, ammunition, and stores dragged across. In coming thus far, the boats had sprung a leak, and between repairing them and transporting the baggage, it took the army seven days to go this mile and

a quarter. Arnold, as before, stood on the forest-covered bank till the last boat left it. His eye then rested a moment on the straggling line that wound up and onward till shut in by the forest, when he sprang into the canoe and shot forward. As he passed along, the river before him, as far as the eye could reach, was filled with his toiling army, as, nearly to their armpits in the water, they shoved the heavy boats against the current. Loud cheers received his frail canoe as it came and went on the sight of those brave fellows, who seemed suddenly to have caught his energy and determination.

At night they would go on shore, and kindling a blazing fire in the forest, lie down to rest. The morning sun saw them again plunge into the river, and push cheerfully forward. At some of the carrying places the batteaux had to be pulled up precipices and let down steep declivities—at others borne carefully over swamps into which the men would sink at every step. Around this struggling multitude the officers hovered in constant oversight, while Arnold would shoot backwards and forwards along the line, seeing and directing everything. Never in the tumult of the fight, as he galloped to the charge, did he appear to better advantage than here, as away from the habitations of men, he struggled to carry his army through the forests of Maine.

At length, after incredible toil, they reached the Great Carrying-place, extending from the Kennebec to the Dead river. A hundred and fifty men had disappeared from the ranks, having fallen sick or deserted on the way, and now *fifteen miles* through the forest was to be traversed by the army, carrying the heavy boats, camp equipage, and artillery, on their shoulders. Nearly a fortnight of incessant toil had now been passed in the forest, and yet the difficulties of the way had hardly commenced. Only three small ponds occurred in this interval of fifteen miles. It was three miles to the first, yet the men cheerfully heaved the boats from the bed of the stream, and taking them on their shoulders, plunged into the forest, and began to labor up a bold precipitous mountain. No bugle-note cheered their march, yet those thousand men panted on without a murmur.

If this had been a retreat from a victorious enemy, and

they were fleeing from danger towards safety, such cheerful resignation and sturdy resolution would not have appeared so strange. But to go *from* their homes *after* the enemy, through such a wilderness, and place such an insurmountable obstacle in the way of their retreat, was an exhibition of courage and endurance without a parallel in history. Imagine that army for a moment, a hundred miles either way from a human habitation, converting themselves into beasts of burden, plunging into deeper difficulties and dangers at every step, bowed down under heavy boats, climbing over mountains with no prospect before them but a walled city, which they must take or perish in the attempt. As one sees them creeping over precipices, stealing through the swamps and ravines, or hears them shouting from some mountain top, or sending up their hearty cheers from the shore of some smooth lake suddenly opening on their view through the forest, he is amazed at the boldness that could plan and the hardihood that could carry through such an enterprise.

At length this long carrying-place was surmounted, and the army launched their boats on the waters of the Dead river. This river receives its name from the silence and tranquillity of its current. It moves like the waters of Oblivion through the dark and motionless forest, interrupted only at long intervals by slight falls. Here the toil was less severe, and the stirring notes of the bugle again woke the echoes of the forest, and the laugh and cheers of the men beguiled the tediousness of the way. At length a lofty mountain arose in the distance, its bald top covered with snow, at the sight of which the men sent up a shout. It was the first thing they had seen which looked like freedom—as if there was an outer world to this pent-up and apparently interminable wilderness. Near its base the army encamped for three days to rest, and there Arnold raised the American flag over his tent, and the soldiers sent up three cheers as its folds swung away in the mountain breeze.

Again the tents were struck, and the disordered line pressed forward; but scarcely had it got under way before it began to rain. Dark and angry clouds swept the heavens, pouring an incessant torrent on the drenched and toil-worn army, while the tree-tops swayed and

groaned in the blast, making the somber wilderness tenfold gloomier than before. For three days and nights it rained without cessation, till the Dead river began to show signs of life and energy. The swollen waters went surging by, but still the boats were urged onward and upward. But one night, just as the wearied soldiers had landed and lain down on the wet leaves to rest, a roar like that of the ocean was heard, and the next moment the sudden flood swept over the whole ground of the encampment. Instantly all was confusion: men hurried about in the storm and darkness, and anxious orders and shouts and cries mingled in with the roar of the torrent.

When daylight broke over the scene, it was enough to fill the bravest heart with discouragement. Boats had drifted into the forest, and as far as the eye could reach the level ground was one broad lake, out of which rose the dark stems of the trees, like an endless succession of columns, while shattered trunks and logs went floundering by on the turbid waters, which had risen *eight feet perpendicular* in the last nine hours. But Arnold could not wait for the stream to subside, for provisions were getting short, and so he launched his army upon its turbulent bosom. Through the half submerged forest they pulled and shoved their boats, until at length seven, caught in the eddying waters, were upset at once, and all they contained lost. This disaster reduced still further the scanty supply of provisions, while thirty miles more across the mountain were yet to be traversed to reach the head of the Chaudière river. They had not yet got on the northern slope, and only twelve days' provisions remained.

In this emergency the most resolute began to despond, and a council of war was called. The army had now been a month out of sight of civilization, and here, in the very heart of the forest, while numbers overcome by the hardships were constantly falling sick, famine began to stare them in the face. But Arnold rose superior to the dangers that environed him, and, sending back orders to Colonels Greene and Enos, commanding the rear divisions, to select their strongest men and hasten up, leaving the sick and feeble to return to Norridgewock, picked out sixty men

and pushed forward in order to reach the French settlements and send back provisions.

Colonel Enos, alarmed at the increasing dangers, instead of obeying orders, took with him three companies, and basely fled. When he arrived at Cambridge, the army received him with curses for having left his companions to perish in the wilderness. But Arnold was made of sterner stuff: his was one of those terrible natures that rise with danger—that may be broken, but will never yield. The only effect all these disasters and increasing difficulties had on him, was to give his brow a sterner aspect and his voice a more determined tone. With his sixty men he toiled slowly up the Dead river. The rain had turned into snow, which fell in a blinding shower, and the stream was filled with ice, amid which the men had to wade and force the boats. Hungry, and cold, and wet, they closed around their iron leader in silent courage, and pressed forward until finally they reached the head of the stream. They had passed seventeen falls, around which they had been compelled to carry their boats, and now it was four miles over the mountain, from the head of the Dead river to the source of the Chaudière. But they resolutely entered on their heavy task, while Arnold moved at their head, cheering them by his voice and example, and rousing their drooping spirits by promises of a glorious termination to all their toils.

At length they reached Lake Megantic, in the Chaudière takes its rise. Here Arnold reduced his company to thirteen men, and leaving nearly all the provisions for those who remained behind, launched forth on the bosom of the lake, and steered for the Chaudière. The river was swollen with the recent rains, and he and his men were borne with frightful rapidity along its boiling current. The bark canoe, in which he rode, danced like a feather on the stream, but he thought only of his army perishing by famine in the wilderness.

On the summit of the hills that divide the Kennebec and the Chaudière, he had divided the last provisions equally among the companies, and then told them that their only safety lay in advancing. He cheered them on by hope, till there was no longer any room for hope, then made despair fight despair. He thought of them and

their trying situation, as he shot down the Chaudière, and his heart was filled with anxious forebodings for their safety; and well it might be, for the last provisions were exhausted, and the starving soldiers were roasting dogs far back in the wilderness, to allay the pangs of hunger. At length even this loathsome food began to grow scarce, and then, with wan and hollow cheeks, they tore off their mooseskin moccasins and boiled them to extract the little nourishment they contained. Yet, even in this depth of misery, they showed themselves worthy of their leader, and stretched resolutely forward to fulfil his orders.

In the mean time, Arnold and his few boats were shooting like arrows through the forest that shut in the Chaudière. Without a guide or any knowledge of the stream, he hurried on, until one day about noon he suddenly found himself amid rapids. The boats were caught by the waves and whirled onward until three were dashed against the rocks and sunk with all they contained. This calamity was their salvation, for while they were drying their clothes on shore, a man who had gone ahead suddenly cried out, "a fall!" A cataract was foaming just below them, sending its roar through the forest. But for the upsetting of the boats the entire party would have gone on till they came within the suction of the descending waters, when nothing could have saved them. Soon after Arnold's canoe was thrown on the rocks and broken: he escaped, however, and at length, on the fourth day after entering Lake Megantic, having traversed nearly ninety miles, emerged into a French settlement. A loud shout broke from his little band as they once more saw the abodes of civilized men.

Arnold's first thought after his arrival was of his suffering troops, now slowly sinking under their accumulated hardships. They had reached the Chaudière, but every boat had been broken on the rocks by the violence of the current, and they were now advancing in straggling parties along the banks. At length when within thirty miles of the French settlement, the last food, even of the most loathsome kind, gave out, and blank despair settled on their hearts. But just then a shout was heard through the forest, and a company of men appeared with the provisions which Arnold had sent back.

In a few days the entire army arrived, having accomplished one of the most remarkable marches on record. The world-renowned passage of San Bernard, by Bonaparte, with twenty thousand men, will not compare with it. He had an open path, a short distance, and provisions in abundance. The great difficulty was in the transportation of the artillery. There was no uncertainty about the way, nothing indeed to daunt the soldier but hard work. True it was a large army, but he could subdivide it into as many portions as he pleased, leaving each to pass by itself. The boldness of the undertaking is its great attractive feature. But San Bernard is only a few miles over, and the soldiers leaving the rich valley of Martigny in the morning, could sleep in the hospice on the top at night; while here was an army of more than a thousand men marching for over forty days through fearful solitudes, wading streams, climbing mountains, scaling precipices, drenched with rains and wasted with toil, enduring hunger, cold, and famine, and all to place a forest of two hundred miles in extent between them and safety. That army of a thousand men, in the heart of that wilderness, toiling slowly yet resolutely on, is one of the sublimest sights our history furnishes.

Men in a retreat may do such things. Bonaparte fleeing from Moscow, Julian retreating across the desert, and Suwarrow over the Alps are wonderful events in human history, but the wonder would have been tenfold greater had they encountered these perils and hardships in marching *after* an enemy instead of fleeing before one. Men will dare any peril in their path, if less than the one which threatens from behind, but it is quite another thing to enter voluntarily into it; and that march to Quebec is a standing monument of the hardihood and boldness of American soldiers, and of the amazing energy and firmness of Arnold's character.

Arnold delayed only long enough to rally his scattered troops, then pushed on, scattering proclamations to the Canadians as he went, and in ten days drew up his little army on the shores of the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec. The inhabitants were perfectly stupefied at this sudden apparition of an army which seemed to have sprung up out of the very ground. That it should have traversed

the immense wilderness between them and Boston seemed incredible, and the most exaggerated accounts of the endurance and power of the American troops spread like wildfire.

Had they been able immediately to cross the river, Quebec would have easily fallen into their hands. But an Indian, to whom Arnold, while ascending the Kennebec, had entrusted letters to General Schuyler and a friend in Quebec, had proved a traitor, and delivered them into the hands of the governor of the city, who had therefore ample time to prepare for his arrival, and remove all the boats from the further side of the river. To complete the disaster, a furious storm set in, so that the army could not for several days cross in the bark canoes they had been able to get. The whole effect of a surprise was therefore lost. But Arnold, by his energy and resolution, succeeded at length one night in transporting five hundred men across in canoes, before he was discovered by the guard-boats of the enemy. These firing on him, he was compelled to desist. Undismayed, however, he rallied his five hundred men on the shore, and boldly led them up the precipice where Wolfe, sixteen years before, ascended to the field of his fame and to his grave. Closing sternly round their leader, these gallant troops stood at early dawn in battle array on the Plains of Abraham.

It would have been madness to have attempted to carry the place by storm, and so Arnold, in order to draw the garrison forth into open combat, led his men to within a hundred and fifty rods of the walls, and ordered them to give three cheers. The thunder of cannon was the only answer to the shout, and he was compelled to withdraw. He next sent a summons to the commander to surrender, which was of course treated with derision. The only course then left for him was to bring over the rest of his troops, and wait till Montgomery, to whom he had sent a messenger, could arrive. This was especially imperative, when, on examination, he found that the men had only five rounds of ammunition apiece, while a hundred of the muskets were unfit for use.

Of the junction of the two armies and of the gallant assault on the town, and the bravery and wound of Arnold, I have already spoken in the sketch of Montgomery. After

the death of the latter, the command devolved on Arnold, who resolved, with his eight hundred men, to remain all winter round Quebec, and keep the blockade of the city. Reinforced by a few companies from Vermont and New Hampshire, which had arrived in snow-shoes through the forest, he built fortifications of snow, which gradually hardened into ice, and thus passed the winter with his troops, exposed to cold, hunger, and sickness. For his gallant conduct in storming Quebec, Congress promoted him to brigadier-general.

When spring opened, General Thomas arrived with reinforcements, and took the chief command. The two generals did not agree very well; and Arnold, about this time having received a severe contusion in his leg by his horse falling upon it, asked leave of absence and went to Montreal. Here he found himself again in supreme command. The affair of the Cedars soon called him into the field, and he was forced against his will, in order to save the lives of five hundred prisoners in the hands of the enemy, to agree to a convention, which Congress very justly afterwards refused to recognize, though without reflecting at all on Arnold's conduct.

The subsequent disasters that finally drove our army from the Canadas, are well known. But Montreal was the last place that yielded, and Arnold the last man that left the territory of the enemy; and then, with an English army close at his heels, made a masterly retreat to St. John's where he hastily embarked his men. He stood and saw the last boat but his own leave the shore, then springing to his saddle, with only one attendant, his aid Wilkinson, galloped back towards the British army. After riding about two miles, he came in sight of the foremost division under Burgoyne. The sun was just sinking in the west and his farewell beams flooded the form of Arnold as he sat and coolly surveyed the eager column pressing rapidly forward. Completing his survey, he put spurs to his horse, and came back in a headlong gallop. Reining up his steed by the shore, he sprang to the ground, and stripping off the saddle and bridle shot the noble animal dead in his tracks to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy, and then, scorning all assistance, heaved his boat with his own hands from the

beach, and leaping into it shot out into the lake. Darkness had now covered the scene, and the stars came out one by one in the sky, guiding that solitary boat over the smooth waters. Coming up with his little fleet, he proceeded up the lake to Crown Point. He soon after went to Albany, to report to General Schuyler in detail his operations for the last seven months in Canada, and, having finished his business, returned to Lake Champlain.

BATTLE OF VALCOUR ISLAND.

The British, in pursuing their advantage, had constructed a fleet at St. John's, with which to advance on Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Every effort was made to repel this armament, and at length, after the greatest exertions, one sloop, three schooners, and five galleys were manned and placed under the command of Arnold. With these he set sail in the middle of August, 1776, designing to take his station at the Isle-aux-Têtes, but finding the island in possession of the enemy, he stopped at Windmill Point. On examination he found this position disadvantageous, so retreated to the Isle la Motte, and finally to Valcour Island, where he determined to make a stand. He had received some reinforcements, so that his little fleet now consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas, as they were called carrying in all seventy guns, many of them eighteen-pounders.

Valcour Island lies somewhat parallel to the shore, and so nearly connected with it, at the northern extremity, that it is difficult to pass between even in small vessels. Thus a deep channel is formed between it and the main-land, opening towards the south. In the upper end of this, Arnold moored his fleet, and hence was entirely concealed from the enemy until they had passed beyond him up the lake. He had completely shut himself in, so that when the British closed upon him, there would be no getting away but through their ships. He thus secured two objects—first, the co-operation of every one of his vessels, and secondly, prevented himself from being outflanked, for his line of battle extended from the island to the shore.

He had not waited long in this position before the

British fleet hove in sight, sailing down before the wind. As it rounded the southern point of the island, Arnold's boats were discovered, when, hauling close to the wind, it bore up and hemmed him completely in. The fleet consisted of one ship, two schooners, two gondolas, twenty gunboats, four long-boats, and forty-four smaller boats, containing in all seven hundred chosen seamen, and carrying *ninety-three guns*—some of them of heavy caliber. Over seventy vessels and boats, in all, gathered like birds of prey around the mouth of this channel. Arnold saw at a glance that nothing but determined bravery could overcome this immense superiority of force; indeed, it seemed that nothing but a miracle could save him.

It was the eleventh of October, one of those sweet autumnal days, when the gentle wind creeps over the water, just stirring it into dimples. Arnold determined to take advantage of the wind, and attack some of the foremost boats before the larger vessels could beat up to their aid. Ordering the schooner Royal Savage and three galleys to get under way, he advanced and opened his fire, but was gradually forced back by the superior strength of the enemy, and returned to the line. In this maneuver the Royal Savage went ashore and was abandoned. At noon, the British having brought one schooner and all their gunboats within musket shot of the Americans, the battle became general. Arnold, in the Congress galley, anchored himself in the hottest part of the fire, and never left his position. A large body of Indians, on shore, kept up a constant blaze with their rifles, while between the island and mainland were two parallel lines of fire. The peaceful lake trembled like a frightened thing to the tremendous explosions, as nearly a hundred and sixty cannon thundered at once over the water. The deafening roar was heard even at Ticonderoga, filling the hearts of the garrison with anxious forebodings.

The light clouds trooping over the sky—the quiet nook in which the fleet lay at anchor—the embosoming forest—the crowds of shouting, swarthy savages on the shore, all added strange interest to the scene; and that October sun, as it rolled towards the western hills, looked down on as brave a battle as was ever fought. The smoke, lifted by the north wind, rolled sluggishly up the lake, leaving

open and unobscured the contending fleets, as they thus lay and vomited forth fire on each other. The Congress and Washington galleys received the weight of the shock Arnold, in the former, with two eighteen-pounders, two twelves, and six sixes, fought like a desperado. Seeing the dreadful odds against him, and maddened at the thought of defeat, he seemed to scoff at death. Cheering on his men by his thrilling words, and still more by his fierce courage, he maintained the fight hour after hour, with a tenacity that nothing seemed able to shake. With his vessel riddled through and through, and filled with the dead, he still maintained his ground. Having no good engineers, he pointed his own guns, and multiplied himself with the dangers that encompassed him. Now casting his stern eye along his line of shattered boats, and now along his heated cannon, to make the shots tell—blackened with powder and smoke, he bore up for five mortal hours in the driving tempest. The water was churned into foam around him by the raining balls—his mainmast had been struck twice, his rigging was cut into fragments—he had received *seven shots between wind and water, and been hulled twelve times;* yet, still he refused to stir, and seemed resolved to sink at his anchors. A more gallant crew never rallied around a brave commander; and though thinned and wasted, stood ready to go down at their post.

But night coming on, the British withdrew their forces, and after dark stretched their vessels in one line from the island to the shore, to prevent the retreat of the Americans, whom they now considered completely in their power. Arnold, however, had no thought of surrendering, and after a short consultation with his officers resolved to pass through the enemy's fleet and sail for Crown Point. So after dark he got his crippled vessels, that is, all that were left, one schooner and one gondola being wrecked, and set sail. The wind had luckily changed, and each vessel, with a single light in the stern to guide the one that followed, passed in silent succession through the British line without being discovered.

It was skilfully, bravely done, and the released little fleet bore steadily away up the lake till it reached Schuyler's Island, where it was compelled to lay at anchor half a day in order to stop leaks and repair damages.

Two of the gondolas being found too much crippled to proceed, were here sunk. In the afternoon they again weighed anchor, but the wind had now changed to the south and they could make but little headway. The next morning a dense fog lay on the lake, blotting even the shore from view, but as the sun rose, it lifted and rolled gently away before the morning breeze, revealing the whole British fleet within a few miles of them. In a few moments a cloud of canvas was moving slowly down upon them, presenting a beautiful appearance in the rising sun. Arnold's galley, together with the Washington and four gondolas, were so disabled that they had fallen astern during the night, while the rest of the fleet, now barely discernible in the distance, was crowding all sail for Crown Point.

On these disabled vessels the whole force of the enemy now advanced. At the first broadside, the Washington shamefully struck, and Arnold in his riddled galley, with only four gondolas, was left to meet the shock alone. To fight seemed utterly useless, nay, madness itself, but he had never yet learned the word *surrender*, and so gathered his few boats around him and opened the battle. A ship of eighteen guns, two schooners, one of fourteen and another of twelve, making in all forty-four guns, poured at once their concentrated and destructive fire upon his single vessel. Shattered so dreadfully from its former engagement, and enveloped in such a destructive fire, that poor galley seemed hardly worth a hope. But its brave commander cast a look of stern defiance on his foe as the first broadside thundered over the water, then pointing his own guns, closed fiercely in with him.

Nothing could exceed the excitement of the conflict at this moment. That single galley, too crippled to fly and too proud to surrender, enveloped by her foes, keeping her flag flying amid the smoke and carnage, was one of the sublimest sights the eye ever rested upon. Beneath those heavy and concentrated broadsides she trembled from stem to stern, and reeled and rocked on the water; but when the smoke lifted, there still floated the flag, and beneath its folds stood Arnold, the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. The planks were splitting about him, and the splinters of the shivered timbers fly-

ing through the air on every side, yet he still maintained the fight.

Thus hour after hour he struggled in this unequal contest, until at length other boats of the enemy arrived, and advanced to the attack. With *seven vessels* around him, hemming him in and pouring in broadside after broadside, he still disdained to surrender. In the very center of this fleet, covering him with a cloud of canvas, and drawing their circle of fire nearer and nearer every moment, he stood like a tiger at bay. For *four terrible hours* he had continued this unequal combat, and now a perfect wreck, he saw his vessel must inevitably be lost. But scorning to fall into the hands of the enemy, he put forth one of those great and desperate efforts for which he was remarkable, and breaking fiercely through the ships, run his galley and four gondolas ashore in a small creek and set fire to them. He then ordered the marines to leap overboard, musket in hand, and wade to the beach, and there fire on the small boats if they ventured to approach. For himself he remained all alone aboard his burning galley, with his flags flying over his head. Enveloped in smoke, he stood and watched the fierce flames as they gained on the vessel, until they had advanced too far to be extinguished, and then sprung into the water and joined his men on shore.

There never was a more gallant achievement performed than this, or a nobler exhibition of courage and daring. A more thrilling subject for the painter cannot be conceived than that galley presents amid the broadsides of her foes, or wrapped in flames with her flags flying and Arnold on her slippery deck, while the guns of the enemy are still thundering on her mangled form. With a smile of proud defiance on his lip as he gazes off on the baffled enemy, and his brow knit like iron in stern resolve, he presents a picture on which it grieves us he should ever have cast such a dreadful shadow. One third of the entire number he had on board his vessel had fallen, showing how severely he had suffered. The country rung with his praises, and his brilliant achievements were in every man's mouth.

Arnold had beached his boats within ten miles of Crown Point, whither he led in safety that night, by a

bridle-path, his weary, wounded, gallant band. If he had gone the more open road he must have perished, for a large party of Indians were waiting in ambush for him. From thence he proceeded to Ticonderoga; and Crown Point soon after fell into the hands of the English, but proved to be a barren prize.

A large portion of the troops at Ticonderoga were now ordered to the Jerseys to join the army under Washington. Arnold accompanied them, and arrived at headquarters a week previous to the battle of Trenton. But he had been only three days in camp before he was ordered to the eastern portion of the army at Providence. Here he passed the winter of 1777, making preparations with Spencer to raise militia and attack Rhode Island. At this time occurred an event that first made him speak in terms of bitterness of his country. Congress created five new major-generals without including him in the number. To make matters still worse, these appointments were all filled by officers who were his juniors in rank, and one of them, General Lincoln, was chosen from the militia. This was an outrageous insult on the part of Congress, and an act of the grossest injustice, the real excuse for which constitutes its greatest guilt. It fell like a thunderbolt on Arnold, who could not comprehend the motive for this public condemnation of him.

Washington was astonished and distressed when he heard of it, and immediately wrote to him, begging him not to do anything hastily, assuring him that there must be some mistake about it, which would be rectified. His reply was noble, and if we could separate it from his after treason, would appear so to every just mind. Said he: "Congress undoubtedly have a right of promoting those whom, from their abilities and their long and arduous services, they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it when I can no longer serve my country with honor. The person who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission

at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army, and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged." He then goes on to request a court of inquiry; and, though feeling the ingratitude of his countrymen, expresses a willingness again to bleed as freely in their behalf as he had already done.

He was right, and would have been perfectly justified in throwing up his commission and retiring from the army. Washington would have done it without a moment's hesitation. Arnold, however, refrained for a while, at the earnest request of the commander-in-chief, who promised that the wrong should be redressed, and immediately wrote to members of Congress for an explanation of this strange proceeding. The reason given was good for nothing, and Washington gave Arnold to understand that he regarded it so. The latter, chagrined and humbled—and then again in his reflecting moments, as he thought of the wilderness, of Quebec, and Lake Champlain, furious with rage—resolved to proceed in person to Congress and demand an investigation of his conduct.

On his way, he passed through Connecticut, just after the burning of Danbury by two thousand British troops under Governor Tryon. Instantly forgetting his wrongs and his mission, he joined Generals Silliman and Wooster, who, with six hundred men, were following after the enemy. With two hundred of these, Wooster was to harass them in the rear, while Silliman and Arnold, by a rapid circuitous march, should get in advance and give them battle. Wooster overtaking the enemy, began a furious attack, when a sudden discharge of artillery and musketry arrested his men. Hastening to the front, he cried out, "Come on, my boys! never mind such random shot"; but the words had scarcely left his mouth, before a ball entered his side, and he was borne off mortally wounded.

In the mean time Arnold, reinforced by a hundred militia, had gained the front, and posted himself at Ridgefield in a narrow part of the road, with a ledge of rocks on one side and a barn on the other. Across the road he piled carts and wagons and logs as a barricade, and placed his men behind them.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the rolling of drums

announced the approach of the enemy, and the next moment the head of the column appeared in sight, as it marched in close array along the street. As it advanced toward the barricade, the artillery opened, answered by the small arms of the Americans. It was five hundred militia against two thousand disciplined troops, but Arnold had fought against even greater odds, and aroused and encouraged his men to resistance with his wonted bravery. He held his untried militia to this unequal contest for a quarter of an hour, but at length seeing he was outflanked, allowed them to retreat. But he remained behind, with his accustomed recklessness, and was sitting on his horse watching the movements of the enemy, when a platoon of soldiers, who had climbed up the rocks, and now stood nearly over his head, deliberately fired on him. His horse sunk in his tracks, and he with him. But instead of springing to his feet and extricating himself, he quietly sat on his dying steed, which, after struggling vainly to rise, struck out convulsively in his last agony. One of the soldiers looked a moment to see him fall, and finding he did not, rushed down upon him with the bayonet. Arnold still sitting on his fallen horse, watched him with a cool and steady eye as he advanced, waiting till he was sure of his aim, then deliberately drew a pistol from his holster, and shot him dead.

He could have escaped before, but evidently enraged at the attempt to kill him, he determined to avenge himself before he fled; for, no sooner did the soldier drop, than he sprang to his feet and joined his troops. Rallying them anew, he hurried them on to the attack. All this and the next day, he hung like an avenging angel on the flying traces of the enemy. He would gallop ahead of his men to encourage them, and again and again rode amid the fire, as if he were impervious to bullets. Once as he pressed on in advance of his troops to animate their courage, his horse was shot through the neck, and fell under him. Nothing daunted, however, he mounted another, and again rode into the volleys, and never relaxed his efforts till the troops were driven aboard their ships.

This gallant conduct was better than all personal application, and Congress immediately conferred on him the

rank of major-general. But this extorted justice was only another means of irritating and maddening this strange and fiery-hearted being; for while with one hand Congress gave him the *title* of major-general, with the other it withheld his proper rank, and still kept him under his five juniors. This was one way of converting a promotion into a disgrace, and was insulting as it was unjust.

Washington viewed it in the same light that Arnold did, for it reminded him of a similar act of the Governor of Maryland, when he wished him to join Braddock's army as captain, with the rank of colonel. Congress placed Arnold precisely in the same position, and that too, directly after he had periled his life anew for his country. But for Washington he would have resented this insult by immediate resignation, but the former, anxious to retain so efficient an officer in the service, used every means to appease him, and finally, to show his condemnation of the act of Congress, gave him command of the army on the North river. He finally obtained a hearing at the Board of War, which pronounced all the accusations against him false, and declared that he had been "cruelly and groundlessly aspersed." Congress confirmed this report, yet still refused to restore his rank.

Soon after he was sent to command the army around Philadelphia. Having fulfilled the task assigned him, he was ordered, at Washington's request, to the north. The latter knew that a decisive battle would soon be fought between the northern army and Burgoyne, and though he wished Arnold near him, he felt that his services were still more needed by Gates. Said he, in his letter to Congress respecting the appointment, "He is active, judicious, and brave, and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence." This was true; by his daring and personal bravery he turned volunteers in a moment into veterans, and they would follow him joyously where no commander could drive them.

Arnold, still showing a moderation that exalted him, and a magnanimity which was thrown away on Congress, postponed still farther his resignation, and accepted the appointment, though it placed him under the orders of one of those same junior generals who had been promoted

over him. This must have been a great humiliation to one of his proud temper, yet he submitted to it, and generously said he would do his duty in the rank assigned him, and trust to the honor of Congress to grant him justice in the end. Vain hope; even though he shed his blood like water, his enemies were too powerful, and their influence was felt too near the head of government.

Joining the army at Fort Edward under Schuyler, he retreated with him to Stillwater. Here he received word that Congress had voted on the question of his rank, and decided against him by a large majority. This seemed like cold-blooded revenge, and coming as it did right on the top of his own magnanimous conduct and generous self-sacrifice, was too great an outrage to be overlooked, and he asked permission of General Schuyler to retire from the army. But the latter, like Washington, knew how to appreciate his services, and immediately began to persuade him to remain, and what now seems strange, used as the strongest argument the absolute *need* the country just then stood in of his aid. He appealed to his patriotism, and successfully, for Arnold consented to remain only till the immediate danger was over.

In the mean time, news arrived of the battle of Oriskany, the defeat and death of General Herkimer, and the danger of the garrison. Eight hundred men were hastily despatched to its aid, and Arnold volunteered to command them. Arriving at Herkimer Flats, he found that he could muster in all only about a thousand troops, while at least seventeen hundred British and Indians invested Fort Schuyler. In this strait he had recourse to stratagem. A man by the name of Cuyler was taken as a spy and brought before him, when, after ascertaining his guilt, he promised to pardon him if he would return to the enemy and give such an exaggerated account of the American forces as to frighten the Indians into a retreat. He accepted the proposal, and his brother was retained as hostage. The stratagem succeeded—the Indians took fright and fled, and the garrison was relieved. If this failed, he had determined with his little band to storm the enemy's camp, and cut his way through to the garrison.

Returning after an absence of twenty days, he joined

Gates's army a short time before the battle of Saratoga. He commanded the left division at this time, and Gates the right. On the 19th of September it was reported that portions of Burgoyne's army were within two miles of the American lines. Arnold immediately urged on Gates the necessity of marching out against them. The latter, after much importunity, consented, and a sanguinary conflict followed. The battle lasted from noon till night, and was fought, with the exception of a single regiment, by Arnold's division alone. He showed himself on this occasion an able officer as well as impetuous warrior, and met and baffled every maneuver of Burgoyne with a skill and courage that extorted praise from his enemies. While the latter was attempting, under cover of the woods, to turn his flank and fall on him in rear, he, endeavoring to execute a similar maneuver, met the detachment, and a fierce encounter took place. Mounted on a gray horse, he was everywhere seen encouraging his men and hurrying them on to the charge, and following up his success with such rapidity and energy that he threatened to cut the English lines in two. The impetuosity of the Americans bore down everything before them, and they were on the point of sweeping the field, when a reinforcement arrived and arrested their progress. Arnold, in the mean time, had hurried off to Gates, who never once rode on to the field of battle. While there, he heard that his troops were still unsuccessful. "I will soon put an end to it," said he, in his fierce determined manner, and put spurs to his horse. He would no doubt have kept his word had not Gates called him back. Night ended the conflict, and the two armies lay down to sleep.

After this a quarrel arose between the two commanders. Arnold complained, and justly, that a part of his division had been taken from his command without his knowledge, and that he had the mortification of giving orders without having them obeyed. This uncourteous treatment on the part of Gates, to please his officious aid, Wilkinson, was followed by an act equally unjust and infinitely more contemptible. In his official report to Congress, he refrained from saying one word in praise of Arnold or of his division, and represented the battle as having been fought by detachments from the main army. This roused the latter,

who declared that it was as ungenerous to the brave troops who bled that day as it was to their commander; and said, and justly, that had his division shamefully fled, Gates would have been very careful that his own division should not have borne the disgrace. High words passed between them, and a correspondence followed, full of pride and conceit on the part of Gates, and fierce and defiant on the part of Arnold.

There has been much said about this quarrel, and many explanations given, but it is evident that it grew entirely out of the envy and injustice of Gates. The whole army gave Arnold and his division all the credit of the battle of the 19th, and so did the country; which galled and soured the former exceedingly. To crown his injustice and meanness, he took Arnold's division away from him and gave it to General Lincoln, so that when the second battle of the 7th of October occurred, he, the best and bravest, and most successful general in the army, was without a command. This outrage was enough to madden a less stormy nature than his, and he immediately demanded a passport to Washington. It was granted, but on a second thought he concluded it would have an ugly look to leave the army on the eve of an important engagement, and resolved to remain. He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced, and listened, one may guess with what feelings, to the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, followed by the sharp rattle of musketry, his impatience and excitement could be no longer restrained. He walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now watching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging.

Ah! who can tell what gloomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in this maddened soul—it is terrible to drive the brave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain, and Ridgefield, to whom the headlong charge and perilous march were a delight, who panted like a war-horse for the conflict, was here doomed by an inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were rushing on death without him,

and sudden resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement at length amounted almost to madness.

FLIES TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Augereau for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him, burst on his ear. He paused a moment and leaned over his saddle-bow, then plunging his rowels up to the gaffs in his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He was mounted on a beautiful Spanish dark mare, named Warren, after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Colonel Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this, and determined not to be called back as he had been before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the volleys, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skilful officer, but the headlong warrior, reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the

highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed, except when too desperate for the bravest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him, shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword.

He was everywhere present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their intrenchments, the British rallied and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape-shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying everything before them.

The sun had now sunk in the west, and night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, enraged at the obstinacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last charge on the camp itself. "*You*," said he to one, "was with me at Quebec, *you* in the wilderness, and *you* on Champlain—Follow me!" His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crash into the very sally-port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.

This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame only to awaken to chagrin and disappointment. There is but little doubt, that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointments in a bloody grave. Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the curse of his countrymen and the scorn of the world!

This was his last battle in the cause of American freedom. All the following winter he lay at Albany confined to his room by his wounds. In the mean time Congress relented, and grudgingly gave him his rank. Washington made this known to him in a complimentary letter, and in the spring presented him with a sword and a pair of epaulettes. At this time he made a visit of a month or two to Middletown and New Haven, Connecticut; and in the latter part of May joined the army at Valley Forge. After the evacuation of Philadelphia he was appointed to the command of the city. He had been here only a month, when, finding himself unpopular, on account of measures which some esteemed arbitrary, he applied to Washington for leave to quit the army and enter the navy. Receiving no encouragement, however, in this project, he abandoned it.

At length he became so involved in difficulties with the President and Council of Pennsylvania, that they brought eight charges against him, the burden of which was, that he had abused his power, invaded the rights of the citizens, and interfered with the government of the State. These charges were sent to Congress, and referred by them to a committee of inquiry, who in their report cleared Arnold from all blame. Congress, however, for some reason or other, did not act on this report, and the subject came up again. After some trouble, the whole affair was referred to Washington, who called a court-martial and appointed the time and place of its sitting. The Council of Pennsylvania was not ready at the appointed day, and the trial was deferred, much to the vexation of Arnold, for he had resigned his command at Philadelphia to wait the decision of the court. This was in March, 1779. The trial finally came on the next December, but did not close till the latter part of January.

The charges were not sustained, though a general verdict was rendered against him, in which he was declared to have acted imprudently and unwisely, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Washington fulfilled his task as gently as possible, but Arnold was deeply enraged.

It was at this time he first came to a definite determination to betray his country. He had before made secret advances, under an assumed name, resolved to be governed in the future by circumstances. He now saw that his enemies would hunt him down in the end, and his wayward mind revolved a thousand different schemes. Relenting a moment from his purpose, he resolved to quit the army and establish a settlement in the western part of New York, with the officers and soldiers who had served under him. The project, however, fell through, and he remained in Philadelphia, maintaining a sumptuous style of living, wholly unequal to his means, and which involved him deeply in debt, and, still worse, drove him to very questionable, if not dishonest means of obtaining money.

In the mean time, he became enamored with the daughter of Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, and soon after married her. Pressed down by pecuniary embarrassments, withheld, as he averred, from his just dues by Congress, burning for an opportunity to revenge himself, he now became a lost man. His thirst for military distinction was extinguished, and he bent all his energies and used all his influence to obtain command of West Point—much to the surprise of Washington, who wondered at the sudden listlessness of such a man in the opening of a stirring campaign. He finally succeeded, and his base purpose began to assume a more definite form. He at first corresponded with Clinton, at New York, under a feigned name; but the latter suspecting, from the information given, that it was no common man to whom he was indebted, began to cast about for the author, and soon came to the conclusion that he must be Arnold. The negotiation then became more direct, and the contract was soon completed. Arnold was to surrender West Point for a certain rank in the British army and a certain amount of money. The plan, which had

been ripening for eighteen months, now drew to a close. Under the name of Anderson, Arnold had carried on a long correspondence, until finally, André was appointed to have a personal interview with him. After several unsuccessful attempts, they at length met, and concluded all the arrangements. A large British force was to ascend the river, on a certain day, and land at the most important points, which Arnold was to leave unprotected.

The hand of a kind Providence frustrated the design, the successful execution of which would have been most disastrous to the cause of American liberty. The inability of André to return on board the Vulture, on the same night that he left—the steady refusal of the man who brought him ashore, to take him back the next day—the sudden determination to change his route after the guide left him, and the loss of his presence of mind, and supreme folly, when arrested on the highway by the three Americans, are all a connected chain, with the links hung so precariously together, that he must be a madman who cannot trace an unseen power controlling the whole transaction.

I do not design to go into the particulars of this affair, they are known to all. By the folly of Colonel Jameson, to whom André and the papers he had on his person were committed, Arnold escaped. This officer sent on the prisoner to West Point, where he would safely have arrived, but for the interference of Major Tallmadge, who being told on his return from White Plains in the evening of the events that had occurred, urged his superior officer with such earnestness to bring André back, that he at length reluctantly consented, and the party was overtaken before it reached the river. He, however, stubbornly insisted on sending a letter to Arnold, and did so; Washington, in the mean time, was on his return route from Hartford, to headquarters by way of West Point. The messenger sent to him with the papers missed him, by taking the lower road, while he took the upper one. To complete the misfortune, Washington, who had arrived at Fishkill in the afternoon, with the intention to proceed to West Point that night, where Arnold still remained ignorant of André's arrest and his own danger, was

met, just out of town, by the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, on his way to Newport, to visit Count Rochambeau, and persuaded by him to turn back. The next morning early he started for West Point, having sent on word to Arnold that he would breakfast with him. But when he reached the river, opposite the fort, instead of crossing immediately, he rode down to visit some of the redoubts. He sent over two aids to tell Arnold not to wait, and so they sat down to breakfast. While at table, a messenger came in and handed a letter to him. He immediately broke the seal, and read, with consternation, the letter of Colonel Jameson. With wonderful self-possession, and without betraying any emotion, he rose hastily from the table, saying that urgent business called him away, and requested them to tell Washington so on his arrival. Ordering his horse to be saddled, he went up to his wife's room and sent for her. In a brief and hurried manner he confessed the whole affair, saying, that unless he reached the English lines without detection, he would lose his life. He told her, perhaps they would meet no more, but had hardly begun his farewell, before she sunk in a swoon at his feet. Leaving her pale and lifeless on the couch, a crushed and broken thing, he hastened down-stairs and sprang to the saddle. Galloping straight for the river, he entered a boat, and ordered the oarsmen to row, as for life, for the English ship Vulture. He reached it in safety.

Washington, in the mean time, arrived at Arnold's house, and after taking a hasty breakfast went to visit the garrison, where he expected to meet the latter. Disappointed in not finding him there, he remained for a while, and then turned back to the house. On his way he saw Hamilton walking rapidly towards him. The latter taking Washington aside, showed him the papers that had been in pursuit of him. Calm and unmoved, he instantly hurried off Hamilton to Verplanck's Point, to intercept, if possible, the traitor—it was too late, however; he had escaped, leaving his beautiful wife in a paroxysm of grief, and on the verge of madness.

Of the tragical fate of André, and the romantic adventure of Sergeant Champe to capture Arnold, I shall say nothing. The wretched man was made colonel in the

English army, with the brevet of brigadier-general, and received about thirty thousand dollars in money—a small reward for his treason. He soon after published "An Address to the Inhabitants of America," vindicating his conduct and calling on them to return to their allegiance. It was a mixture of impudence, bombast, and falsehood, from beginning to end. Soon after he was sent to the Chesapeake, and at the head of twelve hundred men laid waste the towns with the cruelty of one lost to every noble sentiment. Among the prisoners he took on this occasion was a captain, who, on being asked by him what the Americans would do if they captured him, replied, "They will cut off the leg which was wounded in fighting for liberty, and bury it with the honors of war, and hang the rest of your body on a gibbet."

After this he was sent against New London, and burned it to the ground; and there, around the very haunts of his childhood, committed enormities worthy of a traitor.

HIS TREASON AND CHARACTER.

That Arnold would ever have betrayed his country had Congress treated him with justice, there is no reason to believe. The traitor has now no advocate, and nothing can be said against him that is not readily believed. In every act of his life is found some lurking treason, and every trait of his character is blackened. This cannot be complained of—it is the just reward of his deeds; yet in the strict truth lies the whole benefit of the example. Finding his juniors promoted over him, he became deeply embittered, and wished at once to retire from the army, as every honorable man would have done. Had he carried out his intentions, he might have been perhaps in the end a Tory; for his restless, impetuous spirit would not have allowed him to remain quiet.

But the hopes held out by Washington induced him to remain at his post, and he fought bravely, nobly in the cause of freedom. Confidently trusting to the justice of Congress, he showed a magnanimity and patriotism unsurpassed by any officer in the army. But the more his great services gave him prominence in the eyes of his countrymen, the more public and galling became the

doubtful and annoying position in which he was placed. His best actions belied—his very success only bringing down on him fresh insults—beleaguered by powerful enemies, he became desperate and reckless. Mr. Sparks intimates that the injustice of Congress grew out of the stern integrity and virtue of the members, who, conscious of Arnold's moral defects, did not wish to place power in such dangerous hands.

But this apology for Congress casts a severe reflection on Washington. *He* knew more than it did of Arnold's character, and yet he steadily took sides with him thoughout. Was Washington less careful of moral qualities, less pure in his feelings, or more charitable to wickedness than the members who composed this body? Or was Stark, who resigned at once, and for the same cause that maddened Arnold, *also* a dangerous character? No; the truth is, the brilliant career, and incredible daring and gallant behavior of Arnold in battle, dazzled the people, and he obtained at once a prominence which some of his fellow officers thought undeserved, and so they endeavored to pull him down. His irritable, haughty nature and great moral defects unfortunately gave them too much ground on which to base their hostility. *Envy* and hatred combined sent the first arrow at his bosom, and organized the first opposition, which afterwards proved too strong for him.

About this time, too, Congress began to be divided by factions, which at length threatened by their violence to disrupt everything. Arnold became a prey to these also, which pursued him with such untiring animosity that Washington himself could scarcely obtain for him even partial justice. To selfishness, and madness, and folly, and not to patriotism, is to be ascribed the treatment which he received. His unbridled tongue, and open and fierce denunciations of men and measures which did not suit him, turned injustice into hatred, and neglect into persecution.

After the wound his feelings had received was partially healed by giving him his rank, it was opened afresh by the long-deferred court-martial, which finally sentenced him to be reprimanded. He was at last convinced that the career of military glory he wished to run must finally

be arrested by the untiring hostility of his enemies, and he resolved on revenge. The moment he seriously entertained this thought, his doom was sealed. Honor, generosity, and every noble feeling died at once in his bosom, and it is unfair to judge of his character by his conduct after his treason. It was natural he should become immediately demoralized, and utterly lost to all that becomes a man. His act was the very desperation of crime, and corrupted the entire soul. Had he retired from the army, his countrymen would in time have redressed his wrongs, and given him that place in their affections his great services merited. It is well for his enemies that his career terminated as it did, for had he remained true to his country, and survived the tumult and chaos of the Revolution, they would have cowered before the light which history would have thrown on their actions.

Arnold's treason has sunk in oblivion all his noble deeds—covered his career with infamy, and fixed a deep and damning curse on his name. Men turn abhorrent from his grave—friends and foes speak of him alike with scorn, and children learn to shudder at the name of Benedict Arnold. This is all right and just, but there is another lesson beside the guilt of treason to be learned from his history—that it is no less dangerous than criminal, to let party spirit or personal friendship promote the less deserving over their superiors in rank. The enemies of Arnold have a heavy account to render for their injustice, and our Congress would do well to take warning from their example.

That his character was radically defective no one can doubt. His betrayal of his country is sufficient proof that his principles were corrupt and his revenge unsparing and fiendish. Of a proud and determined spirit—full of resolution and will, he was never made to bend. The storm that struck him must leave him standing or utterly wrecked. Submission was a word he never learned and a virtue he never practised, neither in the battle-field nor in the State. This quality made him resistless in combat, but made him also desperate under restraints which he deemed unjust. He was a man of decided genius—sudden and daring in his plans, and brilliant in their execution. As an officer he possessed great

merit, and Washington knew it, and hence constantly interposed the shield of his person between him and his enemies.

Like Bonaparte he wanted *power and skill* at the head of his armies. Impelled by broader and nobler views than Congress, and governed by a juster spirit, he would, if left to himself, have bound Arnold to the cause of freedom with cords of iron. He would not have visited too severely on him his extravagances, or held him too closely accountable for the use of his power. Knowing him to be impetuous and headlong, nay, arrogant and overbearing, and often unscrupulous, he would have curbed him by remonstrance rather than by disgrace, and directed all those vast energies so eager for action on the foes of his country.

But with all Arnold's impetuosity, he was prudent and skilful. He laid his plans with judgment, then pressed them with a vigor and energy that astonished every one. He could be safely trusted with an army, for although he could scarcely resist the temptation to fight when battle was offered, he managed it prudently, and extricated himself from difficulties with wonderful skill. He would struggle with the most stubborn obstinacy to maintain his ground against an overwhelming force, and when compelled to retreat, do it with consummate address. One great cause of his success was his celerity of movement. His mind worked with singular rapidity, and what he resolved to do he urged on with all the power of which he was possessed. His blow was no sooner planned than it fell, and in the heat of a close fight, he was prompt and deadly as a bolt from heaven. "Shattering that he might reach, and shattering what he reached," he was one of those few fearful men in the world that make us tremble at ourselves.

His power over his troops, and even over militia, was so great that they became veterans at once under his eye, and closed like walls of iron around him. A *braver* man never led an army. He not only seemed unconscious of fear, but loved the excitement of danger, and was never more at home than when in the smoke of the conflict. Place a column of twenty thousand veteran troops under him, and not a marshal of Bonaparte's could carry it farther,

or hurl it with greater strength and terror on an enemy than he. Caught by no surprise—patient and steady under trials, energetic and determined amid obstacles, equal to any emergency, and daring even to rashness—he was a terrible man on the battle-field. But his pride and passions were too strong for his principles, and he fell like Lucifer from heaven. Placing his personal feelings above everything else, he sacrificed even his country to them. *Revenge was stronger than patriotism.*

He has been called avaricious and mean in money matters, and after his treason he doubtless was, for he had descended to a depth of depravity that left no room for any virtue to exhibit itself. He was unscrupulous both in the way he gained and squandered money, but he certainly never accumulated any fortune in the army. Several stories are related of him to prove that he was dishonorable, many of which are doubtless true; but there is one in his favor outweighing them all in my estimation. General Warren, when he fell so nobly on Bunker Hill—one of the first great offerings to liberty—left four destitute and orphan children to the protection of his country. When Arnold first took the command at Philadelphia, he learned to his surprise that the State of Massachusetts had neglected to provide for them. He immediately wrote to the lady under whose protection they were, expressing his astonishment that the State had done nothing, and begging her to continue her charge, and have the son well clothed and sent to the best school in Boston. In the mean time, he promised to bring the matter before Congress, and also to raise a private subscription in their behalf. Not content with doing this, he sent her five hundred dollars out of his own purse towards defraying the expense of their maintenance, and requested her to call on him whenever she needed aid. He kept his promise, and from time to time forwarded money, and finally prevailed on Congress to make provision for them. This noble and generous act offsets a thousand accusations of meanness. The story of having got pay two or three times over for the horse shot under him at Bemis' Heights, should be received with many grains of allowance, when it is remembered he spent ten times the sum in gratuitous, unsolicited charity.

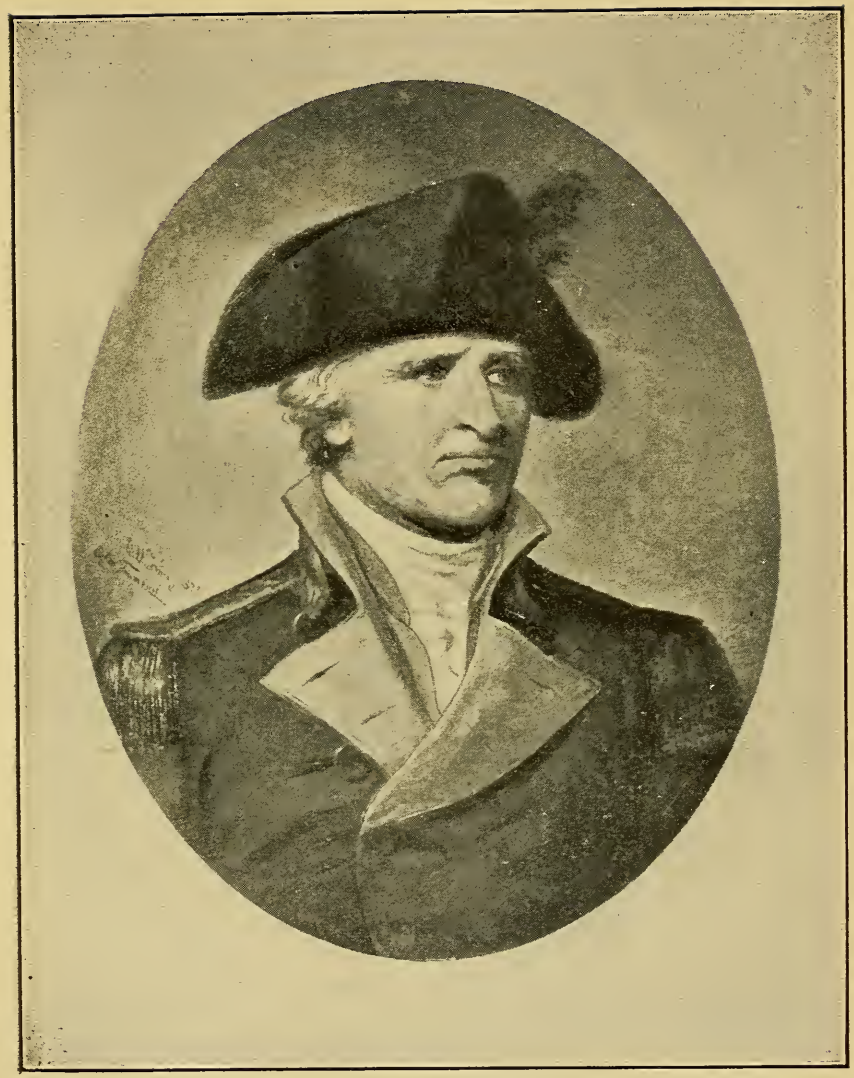
After the close of the war, Arnold went to England; and though he was shown some public favor, even those to whom he had sold himself detested him. After a while he removed to St. John's, New Brunswick, and established himself as a merchant. His trade was principally with the West Indies, and he rapidly acquired a fortune. He lived in an expensive style, and by his haughty bearing rendered himself obnoxious to the inhabitants. While on a voyage to England, one of his warehouses, on which there was a large insurance, took fire under rather suspicious circumstances, and burned up, which so increased the hostility, that the people burned him in effigy, which they named "*The Traitor.*" Not long after he returned to England, where he continued to reside till his death. He however made frequent voyages to the West Indies, in one of which occurred an adventure illustrative of his character.

The war had commenced between England and France, and he had solicited an appointment in the army, but the officers steadily refusing to associate with him, his request was denied. He therefore returned to his old commercial pursuits, and sailed for Guadaloupe. He was taken prisoner with others, when the island fell into the hands of the French, and placed on board a vessel in the harbor. Assuming the name of Anderson, he hoped to escape detection; but the sentinel told him he was known and was in great danger. With his usual promptness, he immediately laid a plan to escape. Putting his money in a cask and throwing it overboard, he let himself down after it on some planks, and floated off. Reaching a small boat, he rowed towards the English fleet and escaped. Soon after he died in London, June 14th, 1801, sixty-one years of age.

Thus passed away this powerful, yet fallen and lost man. He was married twice; first to a Miss Mansfield, of New Haven, by whom he had three sons, and afterwards to Miss Shippen, of Philadelphia. One of these sons came to a violent death in the West Indies, the other two took up their residence in Canada, where they received some lands from government.

Arnold is a striking example of the evils of an ungovernable nature. He started well, but his hasty temper

made him fly into the face of opposition instead of reasoning it down, and hence a host of enemies arose against him. The more these multiplied, the more untamed and furious he became, till perfectly entangled in difficulties, he threw himself headlong from the heights he occupied into an abyss of infamy and shame. Yet even this failed to subdue him, and he died an ungoverned and abhorred man. Still much charity should be extended to one endowed by nature with such terrible passions as he possessed. Unless arrested by the strong hand of parental kindness in early youth, they always wreck their victim at last.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK.

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK.

His Early Life—Taken Prisoner by the Indians and Runs the Gauntlet—Enters the Army—Battle with the French and Indians—Exhibition of Great Physical Power—Bravery at Bunker Hill—Battle of Trenton—Retires from the Army—Battle of Bennington—Close of his Career—His Character.

It was perhaps fortunate for us that the Revolution followed so close on the heels of the French War, for it found the people prepared for hostilities. Almost in every town, especially on the frontiers, more or less ammunition was stored, and companies were formed, while many effective officers stood ready to enter the service, for which their long experience in the bloody conflict that had just closed, admirably fitted them. Among these was John Stark. Born in Nutfield, now Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28th, 1728; he was forty-seven years of age when the Revolution commenced. His father was a Scotchman by birth, but had emigrated to Ireland, from whence he came to this country. In 1736 he removed to Manchester, then Derryfield, where John remained till twenty-seven years of age. A strong, athletic youth, full of fire and energy, self-reliant and fearless, he early gave promise of his after career. At this period, loving adventure, and capable of great endurance, he went to the northwest part of the State deep into the wilderness, on a hunting expedition. An elder brother and two young men by the names of Stinson and Eastman, were his only companions. While pursuing their vocation in these solitudes, they came one day upon a trail of ten Indians, which induced them to make preparations to leave. John, while collecting the traps, a little distance off, was suddenly surrounded and seized by the savages, who asked him where his other companions were. Forgetting himself, and thinking only of the safety of his friends, he pointed in a wrong direction, and suc-

ceeded in leading the Indians two miles out of the way. He would have entirely baffled their search, but for the signal-guns of his fellow-hunters, which they, alarmed at his long absence, fired for his return. Guided by the sound, the savages retraced their steps, and came upon them moving down the river—Stark and Stinson in a boat, and Eastman on the bank. The latter they immediately seized, and then ordered John Stark to hail the other two, and bring them ashore. He obeyed, but instead of asking them to share his captivity, he told them of his peril, and advised them to pull with all their might for the opposite shore. They immediately sprang to their oars, which the Indians no sooner saw, than four of them leveled their guns and fired. Young Stark, who watched their movements, suddenly leaped forward and knocked two of the guns in the air. The others then lifted their pieces and fired, but the intrepid arm of the young hunter again interposed, and struck the barrels aside from their aim. One shot, however, took effect, and young Stinson fell back in the boat dead. John called out to his older brother to fly, for the guns were now all unloaded. He did so and escaped. The Indians, maddened at their failure, fell furiously on Stark and beat him cruelly.

When the party returned to St. Francis, the two prisoners were compelled to run the gauntlet. Eastman passed first through the lines, and was terribly bruised, but Stark had no intention of being tamely flogged. No sooner did he approach the fearful avenue of warriors, with their uplifted rods and bludgeons, than he snatched a club from the nearest one, and sprang forward. With his eye glancing defiance, and his trusty club swinging in rapid circles about his head—falling now on the right hand, and now on the left—he cleared a terrible path for himself through the throng, scattering the warriors in affright, and dealing far more blows than he received, in his passage.

He remained three or four months with the Indians, who found him rather an impracticable captive. When ordered to hoe corn, he cut it up, and left the weeds standing; and when pressed still farther, threw his hoe into the river. Instead of being exasperated at this defiant spirit, his captors were pleased with it, and adopted

him as a young chief into their tribe. At length he was ransomed for one hundred and three dollars, while the savages asked but *sixty* for Eastman. The next year he went on a similar expedition to the headwaters of the Androscoggin, in order to obtain money to indemnify those who had ransomed him. He continued this adventurous life for two years—sometimes acting as a guide to exploring expeditions.

At the breaking out of the "French War," a corps of rangers was raised in New Hampshire, and placed under Robert Rogers. In this corps, which soon marched to Fort Edward, Stark is found as lieutenant of a regiment. He was at the fort when Colonel Williams fell in the attack on Baron Dieskau, and heard the uproar of the after-battle, in which General Johnson was victorious and the French and Indians defeated. This was his introduction into scenes of carnage; and around "*Bloody Pond*" he took his first lessons in war. Soon after his regiment was disbanded, and he returned home—to remain idle, however only for a short time, for he was again soon in a company of rangers, to be attached to the garrisons between Lake George and the Hudson. Bold, indefatigable, and hardy, he brought efficient aid to his corps, and was soon raised to the rank of first lieutenant.

PERILOUS EXPEDITION.

In mid-winter, 1757, an expedition, commanded by Major Rogers, was fitted out to go down Lake George toward Ticonderoga, in which Stark was one of the officers. Now on the ice, and now on snow-shoes along the shore, this party of seventy-four men marched for three days till they came to Lake Champlain. Seeing some sleds advancing over the ice in the distance, Rogers pursued them and took several prisoners, from whom he learned there was a large force of French and Indians at Ticonderoga. Knowing that those who escaped would carry the intelligence of his approach, and bring out an overwhelming force against him he ordered a retreat. In single file—Rogers ahead, and Stark in the rear—the whole company stretched away over the snow for more than a mile. Suddenly, on ascending a hill, they found

themselves face to face with two hundred men, drawn up in the form of a semicircle, awaiting their approach. So unexpected was this meeting, that the head of the straggling line of rangers was not twenty feet from the enemy, when they received the first fire. Staggered by the sudden volleys which blazed in their very faces, they were thrown into disorder, and fell back down the hill, leaving the snow red with their blood. Stark, however, who was on a hill about fifteen rods in the rear, immediately opened a fierce fire on the shouting pursuers, which allowed Rogers time to rally his men. This he did successfully, though wounded in the effort, by a bullet in the head. These two bold men now formed their little band in the order of battle and taking the center themselves, repelled every attack of the enemy. Keeping up a steady fire, they made that hill-top one blaze of light from two o'clock till sunset. Rogers had received another ball through his wrist, which disabled him from giving orders, and the command devolved on Stark. While sitting down in the snow, bleeding fast, a private, not much skilled in surgical operations, began very coolly to cut off his queue, in order to plug up the bullet-hole in his wrist.

As the sun went down over the wintry scene, some proposed a retreat, but Stark, who knew that their safety depended on maintaining their ground till after dark, sternly threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to fly. Standing where the shot fell thickest, he was cheering on his men, when a bullet struck the lock of his gun, and shattered it in pieces. Casting one glance at his disabled piece, he sprang forward on a Frenchman, who was reeling back in the snow, shot through the body, and wrenching his gun from his dying grasp, renewed the fight. Thus he stood and fought in *snow four feet deep*, until the cold January night came on, when the enemy ceased firing and withdrew. He then ordered a retreat, and this wounded and bleeding company dragged their weary line all night through the woods, and in the morning halted on Lake George. It was impossible for the wounded to proceed farther on foot, and so Stark offered, with two men, to push on to Fort William Henry, forty miles distant, and get aid. This bold, hardy, and generous ranger had marched all the morning over the snow,

fought from two o'clock till dark a vastly superior force, retreated all night, and now in the morning, offered, without rest, to go on foot, forty miles, after sleds for the wounded.

Nothing can show more strikingly the prodigious energy of the man than this expedition. Wearied as he was, and not having had any sleep the night before, he set out and accomplished the forty miles, on snow-shoes, by evening. Without waiting to rest himself, and too noble to send others in his stead, he immediately started back, and traveling all night, reached his companions next morning. Hastily placing his wounded on the sleds, he set out again, and in his anxiety to relieve their sufferings, pushed on with such rapidity that he reached the fort again that night. Few men of our day could stand such a prodigious strain on their physical energies as this. After having marched and fought all one day, then retreated all night, he traveled on foot, without stopping to rest, a *hundred and twenty miles in less than forty hours.* Out of the seventy men that entered the battle, only forty-eight unwounded soldiers reached the fort again, while more than half of the enemy sunk in the snow to rise no more.

The winter after the massacre at Fort Henry, he was stationed at Fort Edward. In 1758 he was with Lord Howe, in his approach to Ticonderoga, with an army of sixteen thousand men, and accompanied that magnificent array as it moved in all the pomp and pride of war over the beautiful waters of the Horicon. As Howe approached Ticonderoga, he despatched Rogers and Stark with two hundred rangers in advance. Rogers led the van, and Stark brought up the rear, just as they had moved years before near the same place, when met so suddenly by the French and Indians. As they appoached a small creek, Rogers seeing the bridge filled with Canadians and Indians, immediately came to a halt; but Stark not knowing the cause of the delay, kept firmly on and drove the enemy before him. There Lord Howe soon after fell, and the command devolved on Abercromby. In the fatal attack on the fort, Stark's rangers were in advance, and received the enemy's fire till the army could form in the rear. For four hours did he and his rangers stand side by side with regular troops, exposed to a terribly wasting

fire, and again and again move up with the intrepid columns to the breastwork, from which they were steadily hurled back, till over two thousand fell at its base, and the retreat was sounded. He covered the rear in its headlong flight, and saw that mighty disordered mass roll back in the gloom, with feelings of inexpressible chagrin.

Soon after he returned home, and married Miss Elizabeth Page of Dumbarton. In the spring, however, he was again in the field, though he spent most of his time in constructing a road eighty miles through the wilderness, from Crown Point to Number Four. This task being finished, he again sought his home. The next year he was engaged in very little active service; and the war ending soon after, he retired to his peaceful occupations, at which he remained till the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. From the first he was a staunch patriot, and boldly denounced the oppressive acts of Great Britain.

His older brother entered the English service and was promoted to the rank of colonel; but the bold ranger would listen to no overtures from friends or relatives, and entered soul and heart into the cause of the colonists. A member of one of the committees of safety, he used all his influence to unite the people and rouse them to resistance. Within *ten minutes* from the time the news of the battles of Concord and Lexington reached him, he was in the saddle and galloping away towards Boston. The volunteers he had ordered to assemble at Medford hastened on, and he was elected colonel of one of the regiments. His station was at Medford; but on that eventful day, when the storm was gathering over Bunker Hill, and the eagle of liberty was taking his first flight heavenward, he was sent for in hot haste. Marching his regiment through the cannon balls that swept Charlestown neck, he led them with shouts up to the American lines. Badly provided they were, it is true, with the munitions of war, but bearing brave hearts in their bosoms.

It was high time they had arrived, for the massive columns of the enemy were already forming on the shore below—their burnished arms glittering in the sunlight, while the artillery was slowly moving upwards like a wall of fire. Addressing his men, he told them the eyes

of the nation were on them, and the cause of freedom intrusted to their hands, and roused them by his fiery language, till loud huzzas rent the air. His station was behind the rail fence filled with hay, between the Mystic river and the road, and thither he led his men. Side by side with the troops under the brave Knowlton they reposed on their arms and coolly waited the approach of the enemy. Some one had asked General Gage, in the morning, if he thought the rebels would stand fire. "Yes," said he, "if one John Stark is there, for he is a brave fellow." He had seen him fight on the shores of Lake George, and knew a truer and steadier man never trod a battle-field.

He was right—one John Stark *was* there, with his stern eyes scanning the proud array, while his brief command to reserve their fire till they could "*see the enemy's gaiters*," was repeated along the lines. And when the sheet of fire burst from that dark redoubt, and ran in a torrent of flame down those intrenchments, nowhere were the volleys steadier or more deadly than where Stark and his followers lay. Whole companies sunk at every discharge, and his regiment was one of the last to leave the field of battle; and with Knowlton's troops, by the steady and determined manner in which they retired, saved the rest of the army. In the midst of the fight some one told him that his son had fallen. "It is no time for private griefs when the enemy is in front," was the stern reply,* and he passed on.

After the battle he took post on Winter Hill, and while there performed one of those independent acts for which he was so remarkable. The paymaster at Medford—the old station of the New Hampshire troops—did not like Stark, and so when his men marched by companies to receive their pay, he refused to give it, on the ground of informality in the making out of their pay-rolls. The soldiers, indignant at the treatment, returned to the camp, and the next day fortified, as they supposed, with correct papers, again marched to Medford, but with no better success. The same was done the third day, till the men lost

* The report proved untrue, and this son served as a staff officer throughout the war.

all patience and gathered tumultuously around their commander, demanding redress. The latter, now fairly roused, exclaimed, "The regiment has made him three visits, he shall now make them one in return," and immediately despatched a guard to bring him to camp. They performed their mission, and brought him along to the tune of the Rogue's March, while the whole regiment received him with laughter and shouts of derision. A court of inquiry sat on Stark's conduct, but the poor paymaster having proved untrustworthy, the whole affair dropped through.

The next year he went with his regiment to New York, but was soon after ordered to Albany, to join the army in Canada, and while on his way met it at St. John's in full retreat. Opposed to the attack on Three Rivers, which proved so disastrous, he nevertheless took part in it energetically when it was resolved upon. The whole army, forced to retreat, then fell back to Ticonderoga. In December, his regiment constituted a part of the troops sent to reinforce Washington, on the Delaware. Before the battles of Trenton and Princeton took place, the time for which his men had enlisted expired, but he persuaded them to remain six weeks longer and thus had the honor of taking part in those brilliant victories. Full of energy and action, he did not like the prudent and cautious course pursued by Washington, and bluntly told him so, saying, "You have depended a long time on spades and pickaxes, but if you wish ever to establish the independence of the country, you must rely on fire-arms." Washington replied, that was just what he was going to do. "To-morrow we march on Trenton, and I have appointed you to command the advance guard of the right wing."

ASSAULT OF TRENTON.

Washington, as stated before, had retreated before the enemy, with his diminished force, till despair began to settle on the country, and the most confident had lost all hope. It was now mid-winter, and it would be impossible to keep his destitute, disheartened troops much longer in the field. But to go into winter-quarters with such a cloud on our prospects, and in the midst of such general despondency and gloom, was almost like giving up the contest, and he

dared not do it. The time had come for desperate action —the gulf he had struggled so nobly to avoid, at length opened dark and dreadful before him, and he turned, in all the might and terror of his great soul, for one last fearful effort. The angry Delaware was rolling between him and the foe, and once over its current, he must gain the victory or be lost. Yet he resolved to place his little army in a position so decisive of its fate.

Fifteen hundred Hessians lay at Trenton, while several detachments were stationed at Bordentown, Burlington, Black Horse, and Mount Holly. On these last, Cadwallader, crossing near Bristol, was to advance—Ewing was to cross a little below Trenton, while Washington, with two thousand four hundred Continentals, and twenty cannon, was to effect a passage nine miles above.

On the night of the 25th of December, just at dusk, Washington was seen standing, with a whip in his hand, on the shore of the Delaware. His horse, saddled and bridled, was near him, while all around were heard the rumbling of artillery-wagons, and the confused sounds of marching men and of hasty orders. The deep, sullen stream went swiftly by, and the angry heavens betokened a cold and stormy night. As he thus stood and watched the hurried movements, there stole over his majestic countenance a look of inexpressible solemnity. Before morning the fate of that gallant army would be fixed, and the next rising sun would shine down on his country lifted from its depth of despondency, or sunk still deeper in ruin. A thousand forebodings, like grim shadows, came stealing over his soul, saddening his heart, but not shaking the unalterable purpose he had taken.

There is but little doubt that he had resolved never to survive defeat. In that last throw of the die he had cast his life, and meant to save the vessel or go down with the wreck. As he thus stood wrapped in thought, Wilkinson approached him with a letter from Gates. This roused him, and fixing on the officer a stern look, he exclaimed, "*What a time is this to hand me letters!*" what a flood of light does this single expression throw on the state of his mind at that moment. Events big with the fate of the army and the nation were crowding to their development, and his soul was absorbed in their contemplation.

At length the boats were launched amid the floating ice, and were soon struggling in the center of the stream. The night was dark and cold—the wind swept by in gusts, and amid the roar of the water and crushing of the ice were heard the loud words of command, and shouts and oaths of the men. The boats forced back and downwards by the icy fragments, became scattered in the gloom and thrown into confusion, and would scarcely have effected a landing in time, but for Knox, who, standing on the farther shore, kept shouting through the darkness with his stentorian voice, thus indicating the point for which they were to steer. There too stood Washington, hour after hour, with that same strangely calm, yet determined face, while his soul was racked with anxiety as the night waned rapidly away, and his distracted army still struggled in the midst of the icy stream. All night long did he stand there on the frozen shore urging on his weary stoops—now looking anxiously at his watch, and now striving to pierce the gloom that covered the water.

At length, at four o'clock in the morning, the columns got under way and pressed rapidly forward. Sullivan, with one column, took the road beside the river, while Washington, with Greene, led the other along a road a little farther from the shore. Their plan was to enter Trenton at different points at the same time. It was still dark, and just then, as if in harmony with the scene, a storm of snow and hail arose, driving full in the soldiers' faces. Their clothes were soaked with wet, and the muskets, many of them, rendered unfit for use. When Sullivan discovered this, he turned in alarm to St. Clair, and asked what should be done, and immediately despatched an aid to Washington, with the disheartening intelligence. "*Advance and charge!*" was the stern and only reply of the chieftain, and the silent columns pushed resolutely onward. Captain Forest was in advance with the artillery, and Washington rode by his side.

At daylight they approached Trenton, when the latter, seeing a countryman chopping wood in front of his door, asked him where the Hessian picket lay. The man replied, he did not know. Said Forest, "You may tell, for it is Washington who addresses you." Overcome by his feelings, the poor man suddenly lifted his hands and

exclaimed, "*God bless and prosper you, sir.*" He then pointed to the house, some distance off, in which the picket was placed, and to a tree near by it, where the sentry stood. Washington immediately ordered the guns to be unlimbered, and the whole column to advance. Still riding in front, where the first volley must fall, his friends became alarmed for his safety, and again and again besought him to fall back to a place of greater security. But he took no notice of their appeals, and with the storm beating furiously on his noble brow, and every lineament of his countenance revealing the unalterable purpose of his soul, rode sternly forward amid the guns.

The thunder of cannon was now heard through the storm from Sullivan's division, and Stark, with the advance guard, had already broken into the streets, and with his battle-shout waked the Hessians from their dream of security. Captain Forest's artillery then opened and swept the streets. The smoke of the guns curled around the form of Washington, as still beside them he moved on, and calmly pointed out to the artillerists the different objects on which the fire should be directed. All now was confusion—the clattering of flying horsemen sounded through the streets, officers hurried to and fro to rally their men, and shouts and cries rung through the air in every direction. Just then the enemy wheeled two cannon into the street up which the column of Washington was advancing. Young Monroe, afterwards President of the United States, and a Captain Washington immediately sprung forward with their men; and though the lighted matches were already descending on the pieces, charged up to the very muzzles and took them. When the smoke lifted, these two gallant officers were both seen reclining in the arms of their followers, wounded, though not mortally.

All this time Stark was dealing death around him. Bearing down all opposition, he kept on his terrible way, shouting as he went, till the enemy, confused and terrified, struck their flags. Washington had just ordered his column to push on more rapidly, when one of his officers cried out, "Their flags are struck." Looking up in surprise, he exclaimed, "*Struck! so they are,*" and spurring

into a gallop, dashed forward. He had conquered; and with a brightened brow he turned to one of his officers, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "*This is a glorious day for our country.*"

A thousand prisoners, six brass field-pieces, and a thousand stand of arms were the fruits of this victory. The divisions under Cadwalader and Ewing had both been unable to effect a passage, on account of the ice, or else the overthrow would have been complete, and Washington been able to have pushed on. As it was, the hazard was too great, and so he recrossed the Delaware the same day with his prisoners, and returned to his camp.

Stark was beside Washington in the short but terrible conflict at Princeton, and he remained with him till the army retired to winter-quarters at Morristown, and then returned to New Hampshire on a recruiting expedition. Having filled his regiment, he repaired to Exeter to receive orders, where he learned that several junior officers had been promoted, and himself left out of the list. Indignant, like Arnold, at this act of injustice and outrage upon his feelings, he threw up his commission and retired from the army. Efforts were made to induce him to postpone his decision, but he indignantly rejected every offer, declaring that an officer who would tamely submit to such indignity, was not fit to be trusted. Here, at the outset, Congress by its partiality, favoritism, and gross injustice, offended two of the best officers in the American army, and it is a wonder it did not carry its blindness and folly to such an extent as to ruin the cause of freedom.

But, though indignant with Congress, Stark lost none of his love for his country. His patriotism and integrity were above the reach of insult, and though his honor forbade him to serve in disgrace, it did not prevent him from sending his sons, one after another, into battle. His noble spirit would not submit to wrong, yet it was superior to revenge. Neither did he bury his disappointment and chagrin in moody indifference, but was alive to every thing that touched the welfare of his country; so that when Burgoyne's army began its invasion of the States, and Ticonderoga was evacuated, we find him at the head of the New Hampshire men, a general of brigade. The

militia of the whole State was divided into two brigades. one of which Whipple commanded, and the other Stark, Portions of both of these forces were selected to march to the frontier under the latter. But he, still cherishing the remembrance of his wrongs, refused to accept this command, except on the condition he should not be compelled to join the main army; for he was fully resolved not to serve under the orders of a Congress which had treated him with such injustice.

Rallying around their favorite leader, the militia came pouring in from every quarter. Concentrating his forces at Manchester, twenty miles north of Bennington, where Colonel Warner with his Massachusetts men was posted, he immediately set about the work assigned him. General Schuyler ordered him to lead his troops to the Hudson, to be placed under general orders. This he stubbornly refused to do, declaring that he had accepted the command on condition that he should operate independently. His reply was sent to Congress, and that body condemned emphatically his course, declaring it destructive "of military subordination, and prejudicial to the common cause." This they should have thought of before, and remembered also that one wrong always engenders another, and that the present "insubordination" was wholly owing to their meanness and folly, back of which they must come before they could expect harmony and success. All this condemnation Stark had foreseen and despised. Stubborn and independent, he would not yield one jot from his purpose; and although, in a military point of view, he was right in the course he took, and as the event proved, acted with the soundest judgment, yet it is very doubtful whether he would have done differently had it been otherwise. It is a favorite policy with public bodies to place men in such a position that they must either subject themselves to censure or sanction injustice. But Stark was not the man to be thus buffeted about.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

About the time that he arrived at Bennington, Colonel Baum, in accordance with the instructions of Burgoyne, had commenced his march through Vermont. On the

14th of August Stark set out in search of the enemy, and had advanced but four or five miles when he met Colonel Gregg, whom he had sent forward in advance to attack some Indians, in full retreat, and Baum with six hundred men close at his heels. He immediately ordered a halt, and formed in order of battle. Colonel Baum, seeing the American troops prepared to receive him, also came to a halt, and choosing out a strong position began to intrench himself. Stark perceiving this, fell back to wait for reinforcements, and arrange his plan of attack. The next morning it rained, and all day long the dark and heavy clouds discharged themselves on the earth in such torrents that the army could not move. Baum improved this respite to complete his intrenchments and sent to Burgoyne for aid, which was immediately despatched under Colonel Breyman.

On the morning of the 16th the clouds broke away, and the warm August sun began to climb the heavens. Before daylight, a clergyman, who had accompanied the militia of Berkshire to the scene of action, came to Stark, telling him that the people of Berkshire had often been summoned to the field without being allowed to fight, and that if he did not now give them a chance, they had resolved never to turn out again. "Well," said Stark, "do you wish to march now, while it is dark and raining?" "No," replied the sturdy and fearless divine. "Then," said the former, "if the Lord will once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again." The Lord did give them sunshine, and the morning drum roused up the soldiers to as beautiful a day as ever blessed the world, and the worthy minister had his wish gratified. The fields were smiling in summer verdure, while the green trees glistened with the rain-drops, that lay like a shower of pearls on their foliage. The gentle stream that wound away from their encampment, sparkled in the early sunbeams, and the birds sung along its banks. But the roll of drums and the marching of men soon drove every tranquil thought from the heart, for that sweet summer day was to end in blood and carnage.

The British troops were encamped on a hill in a bend of the Wollmsac stream, on whose banks Stark and his

band of patriots stood. A part of their forces was intrenched on the further side of the stream, opposite the hill, the same side on which the Americans had been encamped, only a mile distant. A battery had been erected on the hill, and there too stood, in stern array, the heavy-armed German dragoons. Stark having resolved on his plan of attack, sent Colonel Nichols with two hundred men to the rear of the enemy's left, and Colonel Herrick with three hundred to the rear of their right, with orders to join their forces as they came up, and rush furiously to the assault. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney, with three hundred more, were directed to move down and make a demonstration in front, in order to distract the enemy's attention till the other troops could perform their circuitous march in the rear, and be upon them. Stark, with the rest of the forces, kept slowly down the stream, towards that portion of the British intrenched on the flat opposite the battery. The little stream which murmured on, all unconscious of the bloody strife that was to darken its waters, flowed in such a serpentine course that the line of march crossed it twice, though the point of attack was on the same shore from which the army started.

Soon after midday the troops were put in motion, and the columns moved off to their respective destinations. That which Stark commanded in person followed the stream—now winding along the banks, and now splashing through its shallow bed, while the thrilling strains of martial music filled every bosom with excitement and daring. Stark, slowly riding along, suddenly turned his head as the report of a heavy volley of musketry broke over the columns, and then the fierce command, "Forward!" ran along the ranks. He knew that his brave troops were upon the enemy in rear, and his whole command was hastened forward. As he reined in his steed, and cast his eye along the column, its movements seemed tardy to his impatient spirit, and he could hardly restrain his eagerness. Soon a bend of the stream revealed the whole scene to his view. The solitary hill on which the enemy were intrenched was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, while below, in advance of him, stood the remaining troops in battle array. As soon as his eye fell upon them, his countenance kindled up, and leaning forward in his

saddle, with his brow sternly knit, he pointed them out to his soldiers with his sword, saying, "*See there, men! there are the red-coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark's a widow.*" A loud and cheering shout was the reply, and the whole column pushed rapidly on. The next moment the cannon opened on the dense ranks, but nothing could stop the now thoroughly excited troops. Pressing close after their intrepid leader, they poured a destructive volley into the enemy, and then rushing forward with terrible impetuosity, swept the whole detachment across the stream behind the batteries.

Then commenced one of the hottest fires of musketry ever witnessed among the same number of troops. Stark had not a single cannon and scarce a bayonet, and yet his men charged up to the mouth of the battery, and rushed on the intrenchments with the steadiness of veterans. That little hill was wrapped in flame, and the two armies, now within a few yards of each other, delivered their fire with such "constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there." The incessant volleys were, for two dreadful hours, like the ceaseless roll of a thousand drums, or as Stark said in his despatch, "*like a continued clap of thunder.*" The smoke fell like a mighty mantle over the hill and over the combatants, while in its bosom rung that incessant explosion, telling of the mortal struggle there. Stark's horse sunk under him, but with his drawn sword in his hand, he still strode steadily through his thinned ranks, cheering them on to the final assault.

The heavy German dragoons, tried in many a conflict, still stand with unbroken array, and their intrepid leader, who has fought worthy of a better cause, has placed himself at their head, to make one more desperate effort for victory. Those veterans have thrown away their muskets, and with drawn sabers rush in one unbroken mass on the foe. A wasting volley receives them, and shattered to pieces, with their leader left mortally wounded on the field, they break and fly. Over the cannon and over the breastwork the excited, maddened, shouting Americans go in one overwhelming stream, and the field is won.

But no sooner was the hill cleared of the enemy, than the soldiers dispersed on every side in search of plunder.

While in this disordered state, word was brought that a large British reinforcement, under Colonel Breyman, only two miles distant, was rapidly coming up. The rain which had kept the Americans in camp, had also retarded his march—his cannon had stuck in the mud, and the roads been rendered so bad, that he could not arrive in time for the battle. In this critical juncture Stark endeavored to rally his men. He hastened hither and thither over the field, but before he could restore order, the army of Baum, finding help at hand, wheeled about and advanced to the attack. The sound of cannon operated like an electric shock on the disbanded troops and they rallied with wonderful alacrity to their respective standards. The sun was now just sinking in the west, and his farewell beams fell mournfully on that lonely hill-top, over which cannon, drums, broken muskets and neglected sabers, and bloody uniforms were scattered thick as autumn leaves.

The fresh troops of the British having now arrived on the field, rushed, with furious shouts, to the combat, and pressed the disordered Americans with such vigor, that the day, so nobly battled for and won, seemed about to be lost. They were driven from one hill to another, and post after post was carried, till symptoms of disorder, and a sudden flight, were visible in the ranks. But at this critical moment the Berkshire militia, who had arriued that morning before daylight, and till now stayed behind to dry their ammunition and prepare for battle, came up. Hastening to those fresh troops, Stark bade their colonel lead them instantly to the attack. The brave fellows charged, almost on a run, and the British ranks were again broken, and the discomfited troops became a herd of fugitives, fleeing through the twilight. The fire of the pursuing Americans for a while lighted up the gloom, and then darkness and silence fell over the scene. For a time stillness reigned through the American camp, and the shout of victory, which there rung on the night air, was only the prelude to a still loftier one, that was soon to ascend from the plains of Saratoga.*

* A curious anecdote is related of this battle, so characteristic of our revolutionary struggle, that I give it. When the Berkshire militia reached the scene of action, Stark rode up to the regiment in hot haste, and ordered the captain to lead his men to the attack.

The militia behaved nobly this day, and the spirit of resistance was strengthened in every bosom. One old farmer had five sons in the battle, and when it was over a friend came to him and said sorrowfully, "I have sad news for you." "What is it," replied the father; "have my sons run away from the fight?" "No," replied the friend, "but one is dead." "Bring him to me," said the old man, without changing his countenance. The youthful, athletic form of his boy was laid before him. Not a tear dimmed the parent's eye, as he wiped the blood from the ghastly wounds, and the dust from his pallid face. "It was the happiest day of his life," he said, "to know that his five sons had fought nobly for freedom, even though one had fallen on the altar of his country." A country filled with such fathers and sons the world could not conquer.

This victory did not make Stark forget his wrongs, and as Congress had treated him with utter neglect, he would not deign to make any report of the battle to it. That body, at length forced by circumstances, as in the case of Arnold, to acknowledge its injustice, sent him the appointment of brigadier-general in the Continental army. Honor conferred so grudgingly, and rendered only on compulsion, adds no glory to the donors. Previous to this, however, Stark—after remaining a month at Bennington, receiving reinforcements of militia—had joined Gates at Saratoga. But the men were discontented, as they had enlisted under the condition they were to have no commander beside Stark, and their term of service expiring on the 18th of September, they started for home. Stark finding his peruasions of no avail, departed with them. He had not yet heard of his promotion, and as he would be without any command in the Continental army, soon as his own troops left, he had no motive to remain.

But he very coolly replied, "Where's the colonel? [Colonel Warner] I want to see him first." The colonel was immediately sent for, when the captain exclaimed, in a nasal tone, "Well, colonel, what do you want I should do?" "Drive those red-coats from the hill yonder." "Well," said he, "it shall be done"; and the last that was seen of them till they shouted victory was their long, awkward coat-tails, sticking straight out behind as they disappeared, almost on a run, in the smoke of the volley that received them.

But the next morning, as the thunder of the artillery that opened the first battle of Bemis's Heights, came rolling by, many turned back. The firing, however, ceasing again, they continued their march. Everywhere Stark was received with acclamations, and the militia were ready, in any numbers, to enroll themselves in his army. Soon after he received his commission of brigadier-general. This took off the weight which had lain so long on his brave heart, and he entered, with all the energy and resolution that distinguished him, into the service. He raised a large force, and threw it in rear of Burgoyne, so that he he could not retreat towards Canada; and thus rendered efficient aid to Gates.

In 1778, he was appointed over the northern army, and stationed at Albany. During the summer he was ordered to Rhode Island to join General Gates, and took up his quarters at East Greenwich. In the winter he returned to his native State to raise recruits. The spring found him again at his post, where he discharged his duties with ability and promptness. In the fall both he and Gates were ordered to join Washington in New Jersey. While the army was in winter-quarters, he was again sent to New England to hasten on the new levies. Having rejoined the army in the spring, he soon after returned to New England to obtain reinforcements for West Point. Having accomplished his business, he proceeded to New Jersey, from whence he was sent in September to West Point to relieve St. Clair. While here, he sat in court-martial on André. He asked for a furlough during the winter, in order to recruit his health, which began to give way under the tremendous strains he had made so long on his constitution. The next spring, 1781, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the northern department, and made Saratoga his headquarters. During these four years, though engaged in no attle, his duties were complicated and onerous, and often very annoying, yet he performed them all with that integrity which had characterized his eventful life.

He was at Saratoga when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis went in one protracted shout over the country. He remained quiet after this, till called, in 1783, to headquarters, by order of Washington, and then threw

the whole weight of his character against those divisions and incipient conspiracies among the officers, which threatened seriously to overthrow the fabric erected at the cost of so much blood and treasure. After the disbanding of the army, he returned to his home, and at the age of fifty-five became a sober farmer and quiet citizen. Here he lived in retirement, and like a good ship which has long braved the storm, and at last is left to crumble slowly away in a peaceful port, gently yielded to the pressure of years and the decay of age. With his white locks falling around his strongly-marked visage, he would while away many a long winter evening in relating to his children and grandchildren the adventures of his early life. The roar of the blast without would remind him of his wild bivouacs when a bold young ranger, amid the snow in the wilderness, and the strange events of his stormy career come back like an ancient dream on his staggering memory. Eighty-four years of age when the Last War commenced, he listened to the far-off roar of battle like an old war-horse whose spirit is unbroken, but whose energies are gone.

When he was told that the cannon he had taken at Bennington were among the trophies surrendered by Hull in the capitulation at Detroit, he evinced the greatest emotion. He mourned for "*his guns*," as he was wont to call them, as if they had been his children. They had become a part of his existence, associated in his old age with one of the most brilliant events of his life, and it was like robbing him to take away the monuments of his fame. He longed once more for the energy of youth to take the field again, but the thread for life was drawing to its last span, and his battles were all over. Still he lived ten years longer, and at the age of ninety-four rested from his labors.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Stark was a man of strong character, frank even to bluntness, and both stern and kind. Independent, yet fearless, he yielded neither to friend nor foe. In youth, an adventurous woodsman—in manhood, a bold ranger, and in maturer years an able and skilful commander, he passed through his long career without a spot on his

name. Few lives are marked by greater adventure, yet amid all his perils—through two long wars, and in many battles, though exposing himself like the meanest soldier in the fight *he never received a wound.*

He was a good commander, and showed himself in every position equal to its demands. He loved action, and was at home on the battle-field. Charles XII. was his favorite hero, and he always carried his life with him in his campaigns. The stern and resolute character of this chivalric king harmonized with his own, and he made the history of his deeds his constant companion. He possessed, to a great degree, one of the most important qualities of an efficient and successful officer—wonderful power over his troops. We never hear of the militia fleeing from him in battle. At Bunker's Hill, at Bennington, at Trenton, and Princeton, they followed him without hesitation into any danger, and were steady as veterans beneath the most galling fire. This moral power over troops is the battle half gained before it is fought, and shows a character possessed of great strength, or some brilliant, striking quality. His eccentricities and bluntness no doubt pleased his men, but it was his determined courage, confidence in his own resources, and amazing power of will, that gave him such unbounded influence over them. But his greatest eulogy is, he was an incorruptible patriot. No neglect or wrong could swerve his just and noble soul from the path of duty, and though honor forbade him for a while from serving in the army, he fitted out his sons, one after another, and sent them into the field. How different from the conduct of Arnold!

He was borne to his grave with military honors, and now sleeps on the shores of the Merrimac, where the river takes a long and steady sweep, revealing his tomb for miles up and down the quiet valley. He was buried here at his own request, and it seems a fit resting-place for the bold and independent patriot. As his glance was free and open in life, so his grave is where the winds of his native land have full play, and the vision full scope. A plain granite obelisk stands above his remains, on which is inscribed simply,

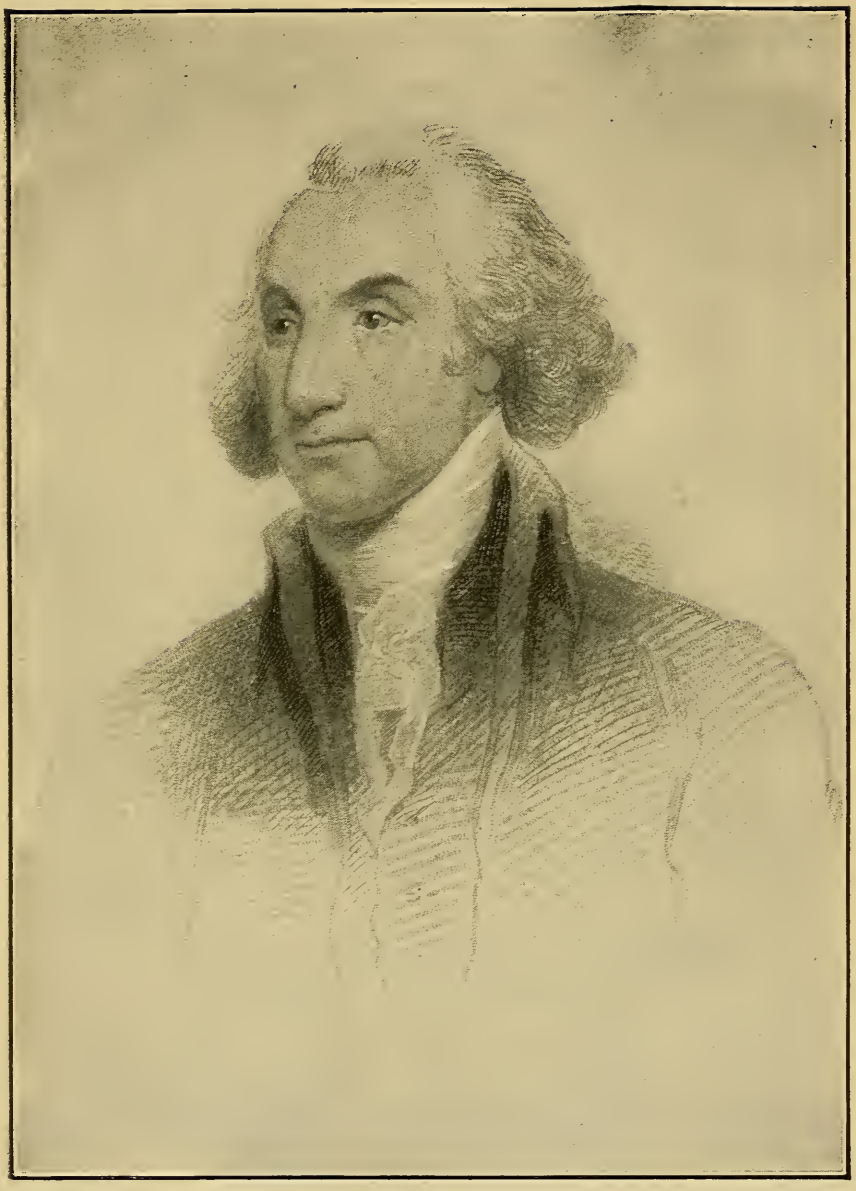
MAJOR-GENERAL STARK.

MAJOR-GENERAL SCHUYLER.

His Early Life—Noble Conduct as Member of the Provincial Assembly of New York—Appointed over the Expedition to Canada—His Complicated Services—Evacuates Fort Edward—Murder of Jane McCrea—Battle of Oriskany—Relief of Fort Schuyler—Is Superseded by Gates—His Noble Conduct under it—Resigns his Command—His Political Career—His Death and Character.

Philip Schuyler was the son of John Schuyler, and born at Albany, in 1733. He was a branch of the Dutch family by that name, so conspicuous in our early history. His early education was good, and he excelled in knowledge of the exact sciences, especially mathematics, which afterwards rendered him so useful as a civil and military engineer. He was elected captain in the New York levies, at Fort Edward, in 1755, and was with Lord Howe in his ill-fated expedition against Ticonderoga, and after the death of that gallant nobleman was commissioned to bear the body to Albany. In 1764 he took a decisive part, as member of the Assembly, against the encroachments of English tyranny. Bold, determined, and full of integrity and honor, he denounced oppression without fear; and though he and his friends were a minority in the house, they defended their position with such spirit and eloquence and truth, that they fairly broke down the majority.

Schuyler and Clinton were the chief props of the cause of the colonies, and right nobly did they maintain it. The former moved and carried resolutions declaring that the oppressive acts of George III. were great grievances. In that momentous crisis, when everything depended on the union of the different States, and it was of the highest importance that Now York should take sides with her sister provinces, Schuyler's voice was loud, and his appeals resistless for the right. In the very commencement of



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

that tremendous struggle for principle, when it required more courage and more patriotism to take the part of the colonists against the government, and involved greater losses and greater disgrace than ever afterwards, Schuyler was firm as a rock. His reputation and his fortune he considered as nothing in the scale. It was owing to his influence and that of Clinton and Woodhull, that New York wheeled into the rank with Massachusetts and Virginia, and thus consolidated forever the glorious Union.

Everything now tended towards a revolution; yet Schuyler did not falter in the course he had taken. One of that immortal band who seemed borne up by some hidden energy, and carried forward by an irresistible impulse towards the daring attitude we finally assumed, he fixes himself in our affections, and binds us to him with that reverence that no time nor circumstances can change. A member of the second Continental Congress, he is found on the committee with Washington to prepare rules and regulations for the army. Appointed by that body one of the first major-generals, he immediately took the field, and prepared to defend with his sword what he had asserted with his tongue. Placed at the head of the northern department, he bent all his energies to the task before him. In September he was ordered to invade Canada, but being taken seriously ill, the command devolved on Montgomery. While the army in Canada was passing the dreary winter around Quebec, Schulyer was ordered to quell the disturbances in Tryon county. He marched in the depth of the winter along the Mohawk, and having settled the difficulties and made a treaty with the hostile tribes, returned to Albany.

Knowing that his abilities were something more than those belonging merely to a military chieftain, Congress taxed them to the uttermost. His duties, "were so various, multiplied, and incessant, as to require rapid movements, sufficient to distract and confound an ordinary mind. Thus on the 30th of December, 1775, he was ordered to disarm the tories in Tryon county; on the 8th of January, 1776, he was ordered to have the river St. Lawrence, above and below Quebec, well explored; on the 25th of January he was ordered to have the fortress of Ticonderoga repaired and made defensible, and on the

17th of February he was directed to take command of the forces, and conduct the military operations at the city of New York." * To fulfil all these requirements within the six weeks allotted to them, required no common powers of body or mind.

In March, 1776, he established his headquarters at Albany, and bent all his efforts to raise supplies for the army in Canada. This employment, though equally necessary, was not so brilliant as that of conducting a campaign or battle. He brought all his skill and industry into this department, and infused new life in it. So pressed was the government for want of specie, that he himself raised over $14,000 on his personal security. In June he was ordered to hold a conference with the Six Nations, and, if possible, form a treaty with them, by which our frontiers along the Mohawk should be secure. Three days after, however, he was ordered to Lake Champlain, to superintend some engineering where Whitehall now stands, and also build vessels with which to resist the approach of an English armament fitting out at St. John's. This was the fleet Arnold commanded. Thus, flying from point to point—met at every turn by fresh and often contradictory orders, every moment of his time was crowded to its utmost limit.

In the mean time his various business transactions, necessary to carry out the orders of government, had brought him in collision with a great many men, causing much ill-will against him. This, together with his own disgust at the partiality of Congress in appointing junior officers to separate commands within his proper jurisdiction, prompted him to send in his resignation to that body. But Congress feeling that the country could not do without his powerful aid, prevailed on him to continue his command. They declared their high confidence in his attachment to the cause of freedom, a compliment he could not reciprocate to all of them.

The next year, 1777, opened with sad presages to the nation, and not the least of these was the invasion of Burgoyne with 10,000 men, by way of Lake Champlain. Schuyler still held command of the northern department,

* Vice-Chancellor Kent's Address before the New York Historical Society.

and began to prepare for the coming storm; but not all his resources and strength could avail against this splendid army, which bore down everything in its progress. He was stationed at Fort Edward, and soon saw the fugitives of St. Clair's army emerge from the forest, hastening from Ticonderoga and Fort Anne. Unable to hold his ground, he immediately commenced his preparations to retreat south through the wilderness.

In the mean time occurred one of those tragical incidents which characterized our border war. Jane M'Crea, the daughter of a clergyman in New Jersey, was engaged to a young lieutenant in the British service, who, it is supposed, sent some Indians to her, then on a visit north, to bring her to him. Quarreling over their prize, they finally settled it by killing her. There are various versions to this story; but the mere fact that a young, accomplished, and uncommonly beautiful woman should be thus massacred in cold blood by the allies of the English army, created a tremendous sensation. Her body was stripped naked and tied to a tree, her long and flowing hair was torn away with the scalp—and there, with the blood running in rivulets over her marble form, she stood an awful monument of savage cruelty. This event afterwards called forth a letter from Gates to Burgoyne, and the story, with every variety of coloring, sent a thrill of horror through the land.

The murderers of this lovely woman were the advance party of Burgoyne's army, on the march for Fort Edward. Schuyler, with his feeble force, immediately retreated across the wilderness to Stillwater. He, however, did not leave his path open to the enemy. He destroyed the nagivation of Wood Creek, which he had labored so hard to open—he cut down trees in the defiles, piling them in every possible direction to obstruct the passage—tore up the bridges, and made that dreary wilderness still more dreadful by the wreck he strewed over the few paths through it. As he emerged on to the upper waters of the Hudson, where the country was settled, and brought the news of the progress of that invading army, consternation seized the inhabitants.

No man can imagine the picture the country presented. Houses were deserted almost instantly, and the inmates,

taking with them only the clothes they had on their backs, and a few necessaries of life, moved in a confused throng southward. The Indians were known to be with Burgoyne, and the murder of Miss M'Crea had gone before them to announce the manner in which the war would be carried on. Whole families, piled together into ox-carts, with a few loose articles of furniture about them, men on horseback, and sometimes two on the same animal; fathers leading their children on foot, and pale affrighted mothers, were seen fleeting along the roads, combining to render it a scene of dismay and horror which we at this time cannot appreciate. Schuyler saw it all, and his heart was moved with anguish, but there was no help. Still falling back, he called on the country to arouse and defend its own firesides and altars; and the hardy yeomanry heard his call, and answered it with shouts from their mountain homes. Mothers put the firelock in the hands of their youthful sons, and, Spartan-like, bade them go and do their duty; old men clutched tremblingly their trusty muskets, and enthusiasm, as noble as it was fearful, animated every bosom. All along the rivers, from every sweet valley and hill slope, the farmer, turned into a soldier, hastened forward. Casting one look on his waving fields, all ripe for the harvest, he left them unreaped and descended to the greater harvest of men.

Schuyler's army, from a few thousand men, swelled rapidly, and began to present a formidable appearance. Fighting as he went, retreating slowly southward, he passed his own estate, soon to be the prey of the spoiler. Cast down at first, as his troops deserted him in his march through the wilderness, leaving him only a feeble, disheartened band, with which to meet the shock—he now took courage as the militia flocked around him, and wrote to Washington full of hope and confidence. In those gathering thousands which answered his call, he saw the presage of final victory. The wilderness had closed on the magnificent army of his enemy, and already an ominous murmur was heard along the hills of Vermont, soon to swell into a deafening shout from the field of Bennington. The gathering storm filled the heart of Schuyler with delight; for while the wave from New Hampshire

and Vermont was rolling darkly over the Briton's pathway behind, an adamantine wall of freemen was rising in front.

As the elements were thus gathering slowly for the final explosion, there occurred within the jurisdiction of Schuyler one of those events which the historian cannot pass; I mean

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

While Burgoyne was moving down through Lake Champlain, Barry St. Leger, who had been despatched for the purpose, was hastening up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, to Oswego, from whence he was to descend on Fort Schuyler, situated where Rome now stands. The British army from New York was to force our forts on the Hudson—Burgoyne those on Champlain and Lake George—while St. Leger was to seize Fort Schuyler and march down the Mohawk, and thus the three armies form a junction at Albany. The invasion was well planned and promised success, but it is one thing to beat an army and quite another to conquer the inhabitants. Though Schuyler had his hands full with Burgoyne, he did not leave Fort Schuyler to its fate. He called on the settlers of the Mohawk valley to rise in defense of their homes. At first a general apathy followed his proclamation; and, offended and anxious, he wrote bitterly of the want of patriotism among the inhabitants of Tryon county. At length, however, General Herkimer issued a call, which broke the spell, and the people flew to arms. St. Leger's army, consisting of British, tories, and Indians, numbered in all about seventeen hundred men. Their order of march—the wild warriors in five columns far in front, and the dense masses of English troops behind—presented a most picturesque appearance as they passed through the forest.

Schuyler had sent Colonel Gansevoort in the summer to repair the fort, and a constant correspondence had been kept up between them on the matter. The latter drew a gloomy picture of the state of the garrison, of the want of provisions, of bullets and firelocks, and ammunition and men, affirming it would be impossible to carry out

the repairs and execute the works required in his order without reinforcements. Still he declared, like a brave man as he was, that he would give a good account of any force that should be brought against him. During the summer reinforcements were sent him with military stores, without which scarce the shadow of a defense could have been made. They arrived just in time, for scarcely were they within the fort before the enemy closed around it, and the forest rung with the war-whoop of the savage.

This fort, formerly a strong one, was now in a very imperfect state, but within it beat seven hundred brave hearts; determined to bury themselves in its ruins, before those seventeen hundred tories and savages should sweep over its ramparts. Blocked in on every side, they went to work with a determination and skill that cover their names with honor. They had no flag to wave over them and stand as a signal of defiance, and so cutting some ammunition shirts into white stripes, while a camlet cloak captured from the enemy furnished the blue, and various other materials the red, they *made* a banner, which they hoisted, with shouts, to its place. As it floated off in the breeze, three cheers went up from the garrison, telling that wild work would be done before it should be struck.

On summing up their means, they found they had but six weeks' provision on hand and but very little ammunition for the cannon—and thus supplied they commenced their heroic defense. On the third of August, St. Leger sat down before the fort, and sent a flag to the garrison, demanding its surrender: but not the humane offers, nor the threatened vengeance of the savages, if resort should be had to storming, could shake their firm determination to hold out to the last; and the next day the siege commenced. The rifles of the Indians picked off every man that showed himself above the works, while shells were ever and anon thrown over the ramparts. The next day passed in the same way, but at night that multitude of Indians, one thousand in number, surrounded the walls, and covered by the deep shadows of the forest, commenced at a given signal the most terrific yells that ever froze the heart of fear. The savage cry rung round the entire fort—a circle of dis-

cordant cries and screams that could be heard for miles Suddenly it ceased, and death-like silence fell on the scene; again it commenced, making night hideous with horrid echoes. Again it died away, and again commenced, and thus the livelong night did these demons scream their war-whoops, and death songs, and threats, in the ears of the listening garrison, filling the soul with visions of blood and massacres. Many a dark tale was that night told, and each one knew from that moment what their fate would be, if, overpowered by numbers, they should be compelled to surrender.

In the mean time, General Herkimer, having raised nearly a thousand men, determined to march to their relief, and sent an express to Gansevoort, announcing his approach to within eight miles of the enemy's camp. If the express arrived safely, three cannons were to be fired as a signal, which he supposed he should be able to hear at that distance. The next morning Herkimer, who was listening, heard those three guns as the echo slowly traversed the forest down the valley of the Mohawk. The plan was to cut his way through the enemy's camp, while Gansevoort, in order to assist him, should send half his garrison forth to attack it on the other side.

Herkimer having reached this point, doubted the propriety of advancing on an enemy so much superior, and proposed waiting for reinforcements. But his officers overruled him, declaring to his face that his hesitation arose from cowardice. The brave old veteran told them they would be the first to run when the battle commenced, and his words proved true. All his remonstrances were of no avail, he was met at every turn by accusations and insults, until, enraged at their obstinacy and abuse, he thundered out "MARCH ON!" A loud shout was the response, and the troops pushed tumultuously forward. In files of two deep, with flanks thrown out on each side, and an advanced guard to clear the way, they moved rapidly on. St. Leger had heard of their approach, and fearing to be attacked in his camp, had sent out a portion of Johnson's regiment of Greens, some rangers, and a large body of Indians under Brant, to intercept them.

The road by which Herkimer was advancing dipped into a deep ravine about two miles west of Oriskany (eight

from Whitesboro'), and crossed it by a causeway of logs. This ravine was somewhat circular, bending away towards the fort. The ground in and beyond this half elbow or bend was slightly elevated. On the west side the Indians had arranged themselves, extending their files along the ravine on each side of the line of march. The flanking detachments could not move outside of this defile, and so the whole army pressed vigorously across the causeway, and began to ascend the high grounds beyond. Instantaneously the savages closed around their rear, thus separating them from the rear-guard and the ammunition and baggage wagons. Herkimer was on horseback, moving quietly along, when a sudden yell, that seemed to rise out of the very ground, swept in one terrific echo entirely around his army, followed by a flash of rifles and a gleam of tomahawks that made the woods inherent with light. The surprise was complete, and the whole army was thrown into disorder that no after effort could restore.

Herkimer, calm and collected, sent his voice over the din and tumult to steady the ranks, and with his sword over his head, sat for a moment the rock of the battle-field. The next moment a musket-ball pierced his horse, shattering his leg in its passage, and he fell amid his followers. His aids immediately took the saddle from the dying steed, and fixing it against a tree, placed the wounded general upon it. There, bleeding and helpless, he calmly issued his orders, while the rattle of musketry, the yells of the savages, and death-shrieks of the fallen, made a scene of uproar and confusion terrific and indescribable. His officers were dropping like leaves around him, and whole ranks of his soldiers melted away in his sight, while, far as his eye could reach, was one fierce death-struggle. Here two powerful forms were rolling on the earth with their hands on each other's throats, and beside them two others wrestling for the mastery, while their muskets swung to and fro in the air. Here a tomahawk crashed into a skull, and there a knife descended like a flash of light into the bosom. Still not a ray of excitement or a shadow of fear passed over his iron countenance. In reply to his officers, who wished him to remove to a place of greater safety, he said, "*I will face the enemy!*" and coolly taking out a pipe, he

filled it, and lighting it with some tinder, commenced smoking as quietly as if he were in his own house. Neither his mangled leg, nor the dusky warriors around him, nor his own utterly broken troops, could disturb his equanimity.

But that circle of fire and death kept gradually contracting, forcing his disordered ranks into a denser mass. Seeing that this would complete the ruin, he ordered his men to form into distinct separate circles, and thus prevent themselves from being crushed together. Having done this, their fire began to tell with terrible effect. It searched the forest on every side, and the reeling forms of the Indians and British soldiers showed that the hour of retribution had come. Just then a dark cloud swept rapidly over the heavens, turning day into night, and filling the forest with gloom. The English commander now saw that a desperate effort must be made to dislodge the Americans, and in the midst of this gathering of the elements he ordered the troops to cease firing and charge bayonets. Amid the deep hush that fell on the scene, the rush and tramp of charging ranks were heard; and the next moment the clashing of steel points against each other, as bayonet crossed bayonet in the close conflict, sounded like the ringing of a hundred anvils. Never did troops charge braver than they, and never was an onset more firmly met. It was a deadly hand to hand fight, and, many lay side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosoms.

But nothing could shake the steady courage of the Americans, and they were on the point of rolling back the foe, when that heavy cloud emptied itself on the battle-field in a perfect deluge of rain, and the combat ceased. The sudden silence that succeeded was more awful than the loudest uproar. There sat Herkimer, drenched with rain, while the two armies around him seemed suddenly to have been turned into stone. The pattering of the huge drops on the leaves was distinctly heard, and low groans and cries for help resounded on every side. During this suspension, the wounded general ordered his men to occupy an advantageous piece of ground, and form themselves into one great circle, two men behind each tree. Previously an Indian, whenever

he saw a flash from behind a tree, would spring forward and tomahawk the American before he could reload his piece; but afterwards, when two were together, the moment he uncovered himself he was dropped.

At length the cloud rolled away, and the combat opened with tenfold fury. At this moment another detachment of Johnson's Greens was seen marching rapidly up, and soon opened their fire. The Americans had now become perfectly maddened by the prolonged conflict, and the murderous work that had been made with their ranks. Pouring in volley after volley, as the steady troops advanced, they at length burst away from their cover, and with a terrible shout fell on them with the bayonet. Neither party gave way, and they mingled together in the embrace of death. Now transfixing a poor wretch with the bayonet, and now crushing in a skull with the butt-end of their muskets, or, in closer conflict, throttling their antagonists, and plunging the knife into their sides; they raged through the fight more like unchained demons than men, and presented one of the most terrific scenes ever furnished by human passion. At that moment a firing was heard in the direction of the fort, sending joy through their hearts, for they knew their friends were sallying forth to their rescue, and they sent a loud shout through the forest.

Butler, who commanded the English rangers, now formed a plan that well-nigh proved fatal to the Americans. Sending around a detachment of Greens with American hats on, to make them appear like reinforcements from the garrison, he suddenly came upon Captain Gardenier's company. The lieutenant immediately cried out, "They are friends." "No, no," replied the captain, "don't you see their green coats?" Coming steadily on, Gardenier hailed them, and one of his men recognizing an old acquaintance among their ranks, ran up to him and held out his hand, when he was immediately dragged within the lines, and made prisoner. He struggled manfully, however, to escape, and Gardenier, who saw the movement, sprang forward, and with one stroke of his spear transfixed the perfidious friend, and freed his man. Others immediately rushing upon him, he struck one dead at his feet, and wounded the second, and was turning to flee when

three others sprang upon him. Struggling desperately to clear himself, his spurs got entangled in their clothes, and he tripped and fell. Two bayonets immediately pierced his thighs, pinning him to the earth, while a third was descending in his bosom. Seizing this with his left hand, he wrenched it aside with a sudden effort, and bringing his foe, an English lieutenant, upon his breast, held him firmly there as a shield against the thrusts of the others. His thighs were pierced, his left hand cut to the bone by the bayonet, which had been drawn through his grasp, yet he held his enemy, locked in his embrace.

In this perilous position, some of his troops called out, "Hold, for God's sake, Captain, you are killing your friends." He shouted back, "They are enemies—fire away!" One of his men, seeing his danger, rushed forward to the rescue; and no sooner was the wounded hero released, than he leaped to his feet, and seizing his lance, laid his antagonist dead beside him, then fled back to his company.* Pouring in one volley, they rushed upon each other in that dreadful hand to hand fight which distinguished the warriors of old. Gardenier shouted on his men, and deeds of valor and personal prowess were performed, never surpassed on any field of blood.

A Captain Dillenback, who had declared he would never be taken alive, suddenly found himself opposed to three English soldiers. Turning like a lion upon them, he wrenched away his musket, which one of them had seized, and felled him at a blow; the second he shot dead, and the third bayoneted; but scarcely had the frown of rage given place to the smile of triumph, before a more distant shot struck him, and he fell amid his victims, to rise no more. For six long hours now had this murderous conflict raged, and nearly half of the entire army lay dead or wounded on the field; yet the remnant, weary and exhausted, had no thought of retreating. Closing sternly on their foes, they pressed on, while the distant firing every moment grew nearer, sending hope to their hearts. Suddenly, over the the tumult of battle rung the shout "*Oomah, Oomah!*" the Indian's cry of flight, and the whole turned and fled. The Americans gave them one

* *Vide* Colonel Stone's Life of Brant.

last volley, and then made the woods ring with their loud hurrahs. A more bloody battle, considering the numbers engaged, was never fought, and the Americans remained victors.

The garrison had made a brave effort for their friends. Soon as the heavy shower passed by, Colonel Willett at the head of a detachment sallied forth with such impetuosity, that the enemy had not time to form before he was upon them, carrying Sir John Johnson's encampment, and capturing all his papers, equipage, stores, and five standards. But finding himself exposed to be cut off by St. Leger, he was compelled to retreat into the fort. The captured flags were hoisted on the flag-staff, beneath their own extemporaneous banner, and as they drooped there in disgrace, the soldiers mounted the parapets and together gave three hearty cheers.

Thus ended the battle of Oriskany, to stand forever as a monument of American valor. But what a bloody field it was—there they lay, white man and savage, near a thousand of them scattered around through the forest—part pale in death, others reclining on their elbows, or sitting up against the trees, moaning piteously for water. The bright uniform of the officer glittered beside the naked body of the Indian; and all around, thick as the leaves, were strewn shivered spears, broken muskets, and neglected swords. Here lay a pile of fifty together, and there a solitary warrior stretched where the death shot had struck him. Two would be found side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosoms, and near by "a white man and Indian born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hands clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in a grip of death the knife plunged in each other's bosoms—*thus they lay frowning.*"

Days after the battle, the bodies still lay unburied, many of them torn to pieces by wild beasts. The Americans, though victors, had suffered too severely to think of cutting their way through to the fort, and precipitately retreated, leaving their dead unburied and carrying their wounded general with them. They bore him to his own house near Little Falls, where death soon put an end to his sufferings. His leg was amputated, but the operation being unskilfully performed, he bled to death. Like

Moreau, who smoked during the amputation of his legs after the battle of Dresden, Herkimer sat up in his bed smoking his pipe as deliberately as he did on the field of battle. Towards night the old veteran saw that his hour had come, for no effort could staunch the blood, which in its steady flow was rapidly draining the sources of life, and he called for the Bible. Opening at the thirty-eighth psalm, he read it with a steady, unaltered voice to the end, and then resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker.

The fate of Fort Schuyler seemed now to be fixed. The army sent to its relief had been compelled to retreat; and beleaguered by foes, starvation, if nothing else, threatened to reduce the strength of the garrison, and force it to surrender. In the mean time two American officers, who had been taken prisoners in the battle of Oriskany, were compelled to write to Gansevoort, exaggerating the numbers of the enemy, stating that Burgoyne had arrived at Albany, and declaring finally that longer resistance would be his ruin. The officer who bore this letter made a verbal demand of surrender. Gansevoort coolly read the letter through, and in answer to the summons said, that he would give no reply to a verbal communication but at the cannon's mouth. The officer then went into a statement of the case; and, among other things, intimated that the Indians would be let loose on the defenceless settlements if he persisted in this defense. Gansevoort, looking him full in the face, replied that his long speech, stripped of all its superfluities, amounted to this simple declaration—that if he did not deliver up the fort he would send the Indians to murder the women and children. Throwing all the sarcasm in his tone he was master of, he hurled his withering scorn at the proposition and its author, and wound up with—"*After you get out of the fort, you may turn round and look at its outside, but never expect to come in again unless you come a prisoner. I consider the message you have brought a degrading one for a British officer to send, and by no means a reputable one for a British officer to carry. For my own part, before I would consent to deliver this garrison to such a murderous set as your army, by your own account, consists of, I would suffer my body to be filled with splinters*

and set on fire, as you know has, at times, been practised by such hordes of women and children killers as belong to your army."

There spoke out the true hero—no fear of future revenge, should he fail at last, could check the indignation of his noble heart, and he hurled defiance and scorn on the merciless enemy in whose power he might soon be. St. Leger, finding what metal the American commander was made of, sent, on the 9th of August, a written summons to him to surrender, concluding with the declaration that the Indians were becoming very impatient, and longer delay would be fatal to the garrison and the whole valley of the Mohawk. To this formal and haughty summons Gansevoort deigned only the following stern reply: "Sir: Your letter of this day's date I have received, in answer to which I say, that it is my determined intention, with the forces under my command, *to defend this fort to the last extremity in behalf of the United States, who have placed me here to defend it against all their enemies.*" Finding all other resources failing, St. Leger began to make regular approaches, for the purpose of sapping the fort.

In the mean time Colonel Willett, he who had headed so gallantly the sortie to aid Herkimer, proposed to pass by night through the enemy's lines, and hasten to Tryon county to raise another army for the relief of the garrison. Taking with him only one other officer, Major Stockwell, armed like himself with nothing but a spear; and supplied with a few crackers, some cheese, and a canteen of whisky, he started. Leaving the sally-port after dark, these two brave men crawled on their hands and knees to the river, over which they crept on a log, and then plunged into the forest. Becoming entangled in the woods, they lost their way, and stumbled about; till suddenly they heard in the distance the barking of a dog, telling them they were approaching the Indian camp. Stopping immediately, they stood for hours in the gloom, speaking only in whispers, until at length the morning star began to sparkle over the forest, lighting their path. They then pushed on; at times wading along streams, to throw the Indians from their trail, and never halted once or slacked their speed till night. Unable to find their way in the darkness, they were compelled to remain where

they were till morning. But they dared not kindle a fire, and so eating a few of their crackers, they threw their arms around each other and like "brother warriors, true and tried," stretched themselves upon the damp earth and slept, locked in fraternal embrace. Two braver hearts never beat against each other. Next morning they resumed their journey, and having exhausted their slender stock of provisions were compelled to pick berries, they reached Fort Dayton. Here they heard, to their great joy, that Arnold was on his way with an army to relieve the fort, and Colonel Willett immediately mounting a horse, started to meet him.

Gansevoort's situation, in the mean time, was becoming more and more critical. St. Leger had advanced to within a hundred and fifty yards of the fort, into which he constantly threw shells, while the Indians picked off those who exposed themselves to view. Nothing had been heard of Willett, and it was not even known whether he had made his escape. In the midst of this uncertainty and distress, Gansevoort, who never thought of surrendering, determined as a last resort to issue forth at night and cut his way sword in hand through the enemy's camp. He was ,however, saved from executing this desperate and bloody resolve. Schuyler, then at Albany, had heard of the defeat of Herkimer, and his noble heart was wrung at the thought of what would befall that brave garrison if relief were not sent. He immediately called a council of officers and stated the situation of Fort Schuyler, and the necessity of relieving it.

But Burgoyne was now moving rapidly down, and it was deemed unsafe to send away any of the troops—it would need all the force they could muster to meet him. Schuyler would not listen to a refusal—he reasoned, he urged, but still could not overcome the opposition of the officers. In this dilemma, he walked about the room in great agitation, and as he heard some remarks fall about his "weakening the army," his teeth closed so angrily over his pipe that it crumbled in his mouth. Turning fiercely round, he exclaimed, "*Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself; where is the brigadier that will take command of them? I shall beat up for volunteers tomorrow.*" Arnold, ever ready to go where danger pointed,

or brave men needed his help, sprung to his feet and offered to head the expedition.

The next morning the drum beat for volunteers, and enough were found ready to start. Arnold and Larned were immediately despatched with three regiments and ordered to raise other troops on the way. Schuyler now felt relieved, and wrote to Gansevoort, saying, "*Dear Colonel—A body of troops left this place yesterday, and others are following, to raise the siege of Fort Schuyler. Everybody here believes you will defend it to the last, and I strictly enjoin you so to do. General Burgoyne is at Fort Edward—our army at Stillwater—great reinforcements coming from the eastward, and we trust all will be well and the enemy repulsed.*"

At length, on the 22d of August, after having been closely besieged for three weeks the garrison noticed a great movement in the enemy's camp, and in a short time not a soldier was to be seen. Indians and English, all had fled, leaving their tents standing, and their artillery and baggage behind. They looked with unutterable surprise on this sudden flight, unable to give any conjecture of the cause. I have before spoken, in my sketch of Arnold, of the stratagem he practised, with so much success, to frighten the Indians from their allies, and which caused this hurried abandonment of the siege.

As the head of Arnold's column emerged from the wilderness, and marched up to the ramparts, a salute of cannon was fired, and the brave, overjoyed garrison made the forest ring with their cheers.

Thus was saved Fort Schuyler—and while Stark had struck Burgoyne a staggering blow at Bennington, Gansevoort had broken up his plans with regard to St. Leger; so that instead of hemming in the American army, as he anticipated, he found himself locked in on every side, and the heavens gathering blackness over his head.

The energy and determination with which Schuyler labored to save the fort named after him, rescued the American army from the threatened attack in that quarter. Had he acted with less resolution it would have fallen, and the result of that whole campaign, very likely, been different. With St. Leger reinforced by the tories, moving down the Mohawk, and Burgoyne down the Hudson,

our position would have been harassing in the extreme. The army, instead of concentrating, would have been compelled to divide its strength, and thus lessen the prospect of success.

Schuyler had conducted throughout with consummate ability, and though the country had been filled with clamors against him, for abandoning Ticonderoga and Fort Edward, it could not have been helped, and a few days would show the soundness of his views, and the correctness of his calculations. But at this critical moment, just as he was about to clear himself before the country, and wipe out, by a glorious victory, the remembrance of his former defeats, Gates was appointed to supersede him. The excuse for this was, that the former was unpopular in New England, from which large reinforcements were expected, while the latter was very much liked.

This may have been the sole reason, and if so, the act is defensible on the ground of policy, yet deserving the deepest condemnation on the score of justice. No doubt it is better that a man should be sacrificed than his country. Personal reputation is of small moment compared to the salvation of an army; and if it was *necessary* to remove Schuyler, no matter how ridiculous the grounds on which the demand was based, it should have been done. Our prospects were gloomy enough, and the difference the success or defeat of Burgoyne would make in them was incalculable. The whole matter then turns on the simple question of necessity, or of *supposed* necessity.

But there is great reason to believe that no such necessity existed; and that the clique in Congress, which wished to put Gates in the place of Washington, lay at the bottom of this great wrong. The whole country looked upon Burgoyne as doomed—he must retreat or fall—and the appointment of Gates, there is cause to fear, was made in order to give him laurels which were already prepared for another. What if the Eastern States had clamored against Schuyler? the reinforcements were rapidly coming in—it was a matter of self-defense, and they could not withhold their aid. Interest, if nothing else, prompted them to respond to the call which he issued, and there is no doubt but that the campaign would have been conducted

to as glorious an issue under his management, as it was under that of Gates. The battle of Bennington, and defeat of St. Leger, fixed irrecoverably the fate of Burgoyne, unless some blunder was committed by the American commander, which would have disgraced him forever. To advance was ruin, whoever might command the American army.

It is sad to think, that a so much nobler, abler man than Gates—one who had done all the drudgery of the campaign, exerted himself to the utmost, spared no effort, and shrunk from no hardship, endured complaints and murmurs without anger or retort, should, in the very moment when his labors were to be crowned with complete success, be compelled to stand aside, and see another receive all the honors. To prepare the ground, sow the seed, and, just as the harvest is ripe, to see it fall into the arms of one who has put forth no effort, is a bitter task; yet Schuyler had to bear it. Said he, in his noble grief, "*I am sensible of the indignity of being ordered from the command of the army at a time when an engagement must soon take place.*"

He was with Gates when Burgoyne surrendered, and beheld, one may easily imagine with what feelings, the British host, as prisoners of war, file off before the American army. He heard the shout that rocked the nation in honor of Gates, and saw the laurels belonging to *his* brow twined round the temples of his successor. Still no low indignation or envy stained his spotless character, for his patriotism was of that lofty kind, which could exult in the triumph of his country, though it sprung from his own disgrace.

After the surrender, he behaved with all that magnanimity which one is led to expect from him. When the Baroness Reidesel approached the American tents, a stranger stepped forward and assisted her from the carriage—kissing and caressing the children so affectionately that the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes. "You tremble," said he; "do not be alarmed, I pray you." He then led her to the tent of Gates. After a moment, this same stranger came and said it might be embarrassing to remain the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen, and invited her to come with her children to his tent, and

take a frugal meal. She did so, remarking, that he must be a husband and a father, to show her so much kindness. That stranger was General Schuyler, thus helping to add grace and true glory to the victory of Gates.

Not content with these trifling attentions, he urged and prevailed on the Baroness to make his house at Albany her home, and sent an escort to accompany her there, where she was received by Mrs. Schuyler, more like an old friend than a stranger. He made Burgoyne his guest also, and treated him like a prince, though without provocation he had ordered Schuyler's house at Saratoga, together with mills and other buildings to the value of nearly twenty thousand dollars, to be burned to the ground. The British general was so much struck with this generous behavior, that he once said to him, "You are too kind to me, who have done you so much injury." "Oh, that was the fate of war," replied the noble man, "pray think no more of it."

What a contrast do the characters of the two American generals present under the different circumstances in which they are placed! Gates, made dizzy by his success, commences plotting against Washington, and in his supercilious pride refuses, as a subordinate officer, to make any report to him; while Schuyler, unchanged by misfortune or unjust treatment, renders freely and nobly to Congress the knowledge he possesses of the northern department, and offers his advice and counsel as to the best mode of securing the greatest benefits from this victory. But time, which "sets all things even," has put these two commanders in their proper places. Gates lived to see the laurels wither on his brow, and discover that his great triumph only made more prominent the defects and weakness of his character; while Schuyler's apparent disgrace served to illustrate him, and show to the world the transcendent qualities he possessed. Gates on the field of Saratoga a victor, and Schuyler there without command, seemed very unequal candidates for immortality; yet who would not now prefer the fame of the latter to that of the former.

In 1778 his wish to have his conduct, in evacuating Ticonderoga and Fort Edward, tried before a court-martial, was gratified. The court acquitted him with the "highest

honor," and Congress approved the decision. Washington was anxious that he should then resume the command of the northern department, but he steadily refused all requests of this kind, and resigned his command in the army. In this he did right; self-respect, his own honor and reputation, demanded that he should no longer be under the control of a body which underrated his services, disregarded his reputation, and stamped him with public odium.

He, however, did not retire from the service of the country, though he left the army. In 1778 and 1779 he exhibited his zeal as member of Congress, and in 1781 was elected member of the New York senate, which seat he held for several years. In 1789 he was elected member of the first senate under the Federal constitution, which he had supported with the whole weight of his character and ability. In 1796 he is seen in the New York senate, urging a plan for the improvement of the revenue of the State. In 1797 he was again elected senator in Congress, but was soon compelled, from ill health, to resign, and ever after lived in retirement. Honors clustered around his declining years, and the country for which he had periled so much, at last appreciated the labor he had performed, and the patriotism with which he had borne his misfortunes.

When Washington died, the good old man clad himself in deep mourning, and wept like a son for the "father of his country." Domestic afflictions gathered around him at the close of his life, but he found consolation in the Christian religion, of which he was a firm believer. In 1801 he lost his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer; in 1803 he laid his noble wife in the grave, and the next year his son-in-law, General Hamilton, of whom he was justly proud, was killed in a duel. The aged veteran did not long survive these successive blows, and in November of the same year, 1804, he also, at the age of seventy-one, departed to a better world.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Schuyler was one of those men who honor our race. Rich and prosperous at the outset of the Revolution, he cheerfully embarked his fortune and his life in the

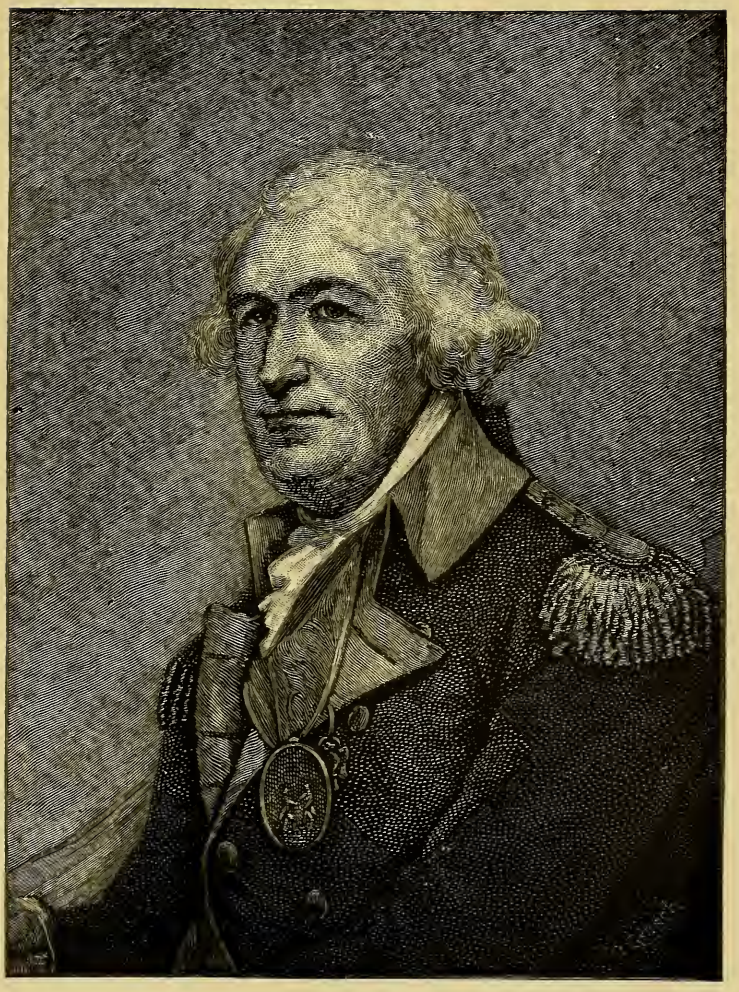
doubtful struggle on which we entered. A life of ease was surrendered for the toilsome one of the camp, and amid embarrassments and difficulties we cannot now appreciate, he bore up with a fortitude and energy worthy the friend of Washington. Full of energy and industry, of great knowledge and great resources, he brought incalculable aid to the cause of freedom. Possessed of solid rather than brilliant qualities, he was better fitted to shine in the cabinet than in the field. Not that he was deficient as a commander, but that the love of military glory, and adventurous deeds, and the deadly conflict, were not so much suited to his tastes as the more peaceful career of the statesman. Yet his services while in command of the northern department were invaluable—nothing escaped his attention, and he effected as much by preventing as by conquering difficulties. The Indians, whom he held in such constant check on our northern and western frontier, felt that he was the strongest enemy they had to encounter. They made two attempts to assassinate him, illustrating equally their fear of his power and their respect for him as a man. The first attempt was frustrated by the presence of mind of a female servant. In the other instance, two men, an Indian and a tory, lay in ambush together near his house, to shoot him as he passed. As Schuyler approached on horseback, they took deliberate aim, and his death seemed inevitable; but at this critical moment the Indian knocked up his associate's gun, saying, "*I cannot kill him, I have eaten his bread too often.*" Thus respected, even by his enemies, for the nobleness of his character, he passed through his trying career without a spot on his name.

There was not a mean trait in Schuyler's character, and though of a quick temper, he was one of those magnanimous, high-souled men, whose virtue can be touched neither by rewards nor disgrace. His conduct, when superseded by Gates, was one of the noblest triumphs of patriotism and virtue over envy, jealousy, and the consciousness of being wronged. His domestic and social qualities were of the highest order, and endeared him to his family, and made him beloved by a wide circle of friends, whom his large hospitality never wearied of entertaining.

One of his last acts was to manumit all his slaves,

leaving each of them sufficient property to relieve them from want.

A truer sword was never drawn in defense of human liberty, and a more untarnished blade never returned to its scabbard when the conflict was over.



MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

MAJOR-GENERAL GATES.

His Early Life—Is Wounded at the Battle of Monongahela—Appointed Brigadier-General of the American Army—Commands the Northern Army—First Battle of Bemis's Heights—Second Battle of Bemis's Heights—Scene after the Battle—Gates's Vanity and Meanness—Plots against Washington—Battle of Camden—Bravery of De Kalb—Gates's Character.

ALTHOUGH at the commencement of the Revolution the country was so largely supplied by emigration, there were but few native-born English found in the army. The commanding officers especially, who proved most efficient, were Americans by birth. Their early training amid the difficulties and dangers of our new settlements, gave them enterprise and daring, while their hardy and independent life rendered them stern republicans and enduring soldiers. Montgomery, and Gates, and Conway, and Lee, were the only exceptions; all being Englishmen, and all having served as officers in the British army. The former fell gloriously before Quebec, while the rest, one after another, came very near affecting our ruin.*

Horatio Gates was born in England in 1729, and at an early age entered the English army. At the capture of Martinico by the English he acted as aid to General Monkton, and after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, sailed for Halifax under under Cornwallis. He was in the bloody battle of Monongahela, and while striving manfully, side by side with Washington, to stem that dreadful slaughter, received a shot through the body and was hurried from the field. After the conclusion of the war he bought an estate in Berkeley county, Virginia, and settled down as a planter. In the quarrel which soon after commenced between the colonies and the parent country, he proved true to the land of his adoption, and

*St. Clair was born in England, but never served in the army there.

so strenuously maintained its rights, and advocated resistance, that he was looked upon as one of the prominent leaders in the approaching struggle. When hostilities commenced, among the first appointments made out by Congress was one constituting him adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier. The next year he was appointed to supersede General Schuyler in the command of the northern army, and took post at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. A short time after, Schuyler was reinstated in his old rank, but gave way the next spring to Gates, who held his place as commander-in-chief till the surrender of Burgoyne.

The invasion of Burgoyne was one of the important events in the history of the war. Accompanied by more than seven thousand veteran troops and three thousand Canadians, and supported by a train of forty cannon, the plan of cutting the country in two, and stretching a cordon of fortresses from the British provinces to New York city, seemed to promise complete success. This large army, with its splendid train of artillery, its picked engineers and secondary officers of renown and experience, was the finest that ever attempted an invasion of the country. Driving everything before them, crushing our strongest forts in their passage, the heads of the menacing columns were already almost within striking distance of Albany. Crown Point, old Ticonderoga, Forts Anne and Edward, those keys of the Union, had fallen, one after another—the dreary wilderness had been passed, and a feeble retreating army seemed the only obstacle between Burgoyne and the object of his wishes. But the eighteen miles of forest between Lake George and the nearest navigable part of the Hudson, through which he had to carry all his baggage, stores, and artillery, had caused delays that gave time to rouse the militia, so that when he emerged into the open country a vast army met his astonished gaze. The sudden upspringing of this host of freemen in his path, sent a chill to his heart; and those visions of glory which beckoned him on began to grow dim, and sad forebodings fill the future.

As we have seen, Stark's victory at Bennington had roused Vermont and New Hampshire to throw a strong force in his rear, threatening his very garrisons; while

Fort Stanwix, on the fall of which he had calculated so much, had been relieved, and thus destroyed all hopes of assistance from that quarter. And here he stood on the banks of the Hudson, in the heart of an enemy's country —a wilderness behind him, and a determined foe before him. It was a sad spectacle, that noble army, thus cut off from all relief, casting about for some way of escape, and finally resolving to cut its way onward or fall in the effort. This was the state of affairs when Gates took command of the army. Burgoyne waited for provisions, which had to be brought from Ticonderoga, and at length, after incredible efforts, collected enough for thirty days, and pushed on to the plains and heights of Saratoga, within three miles of the American camp.

FIRST BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

Immediately forming his troops in order of battle, he rested one extremity of his army on the bank of the Hudson, while the other stretched across the country, and up to the high grounds, some distance from the river. This latter constituted the right wing, and around it, flanking it, hovered the light infantry and grenadiers. Here too, amid the broken ground and trees, were posted the Canadians and Indians. Over the left wing, resting on the river, Phillips and Reidesel were placed, with the immense train of artillery. Parallel to this, stretching in the same manner from the Hudson to the high ground, Gates drew up his forces, though the flats in that place were narrower than where Burgoyne was posted, being only about forty rods wide. He himself commanded the right wing, resting on the river, and Arnold the left, on the heights. With a steady movement the whole British line swept forward, when Arnold, eager for the combat, urged Gates to advance and meet it. He consented that Morgan should be sent forward with his riflemen, and his attack, if necessary, be supported. Arnold gladly took advantage of this permission, and the battle of the 19th of September opened. The two wings of the two armies, in the meadows upon the river, were separated by a deep ravine and two streams, and hence came to no engagement during the day. With the exception of one regi-

ment taken from a brigade, Arnold's division did all the fighting.

At noon the firing commenced. Morgan with his light horse, and Major Dearborn with his light infantry, rushed against the Canadians and Indians on the hills and routed them. The sharp crack of Morgan's rifles made the woods ring; but in the hurry and fury of their charge the men became scattered, and their leader was seen riding around almost alone, making the woods echo with his turkey-call —the signal-whistle for their return, while with tears in his eyes, he swore that he was ruined. But soon the brave fellows came rushing back in every direction, and the loud voice of their leader was again heard cheering them to the onset. As he and Dearborn were following up their advantage, reinforcements of the enemy came up and forced them back to the line. Burgoyne immediately stretched his right up the hills, and pushed his left wing still farther on, in order to outflank Arnold, who had now arrived on the field, and was leading his division into action. But the latter was endeavoring to execute a similar maneuver on him, and the lines again met, and the conflict at once became furious.

At this moment reinforcements, under General Phillips, approached. His position was in the meadows below, and a piece of woods separated him from the combatants. But the rapid and continuous roll of musketry, with ever and anon explosions of artillery, and clouds of smoke that rose over the tree-tops, told him that a fierce battle was raging with those two wings of the army, and with rapid steps he led his column up the heights, and emerged on the field just as Arnold was driving everything before him, and threatening to cut the entire wing asunder. The latter struggled desperately to bear up against the overwhelming numbers which now arrested his progress, but in spite of all his efforts he was pushed back to the lines.

It was now about three o'clock, and a sudden cessation of arms took place, while the two divisions prepared for the final encounter. An oblong clearing, about sixty rods in extent, and entirely surrounded with woods, separated them, as they stood out of musket-shot of each other, kile the opposite sides of a parallelogram. This clearing sloped down from the northern side towards the southern,

on which the Americans were posted. A deep wood sheltered them, while the British were drawn up in an open pine forest. The scene now became one of thrilling interest. As the Americans looked out from their leafy covering, they saw amid the dark pine trees on the farther side, long rows of brass cannon shining through the green foliage, and beside them the gunners, with lighted matches, while still farther on gleamed the solid lines of steel bayonets. Nought broke the silence that wrapped the heights, save the hurried orders as regiment after regiment wheeled into its place; while the sun shone sweetly down on the springing grass, gently waving in the mild September breeze.

Thus slept that quiet clearing on the top of the hills, with the long shadows of the trees stretching across its bosom—and all around it lay that slumbering volcano, soon to move into its midst, and make it tremble as if in the grasp of an earthquake. The Americans could hear distinctly the orders given in the English army, and waited, with beating hearts, the shock that was preparing for them. At length the word "fire" rang through the woods—the lighted matches descended like a flash on the guns, and the next moment the balls came crashing through the trees, followed by an explosion that shook the hills, and the battle commenced. The Americans stood firm before that iron storm, watching the shattered boughs that were hurled about their heads, but not a shot replied. Finding that the cannonade produced no impression, the English commander ordered the woods to be cleared with the bayonet.

In perfect order and close array that veteran infantry emerged from the pine trees into the clearing, reddening the whole extent with their scarlet uniforms. In double-quick time, with their standards streaming in the wind and the drums beating their wildest notes, they swept over the open ground, and steadily moved up to the farther margin. All there was still and motionless, though thousands of flashing eyes were on the advancing battalions, and thousands of sinewy hands were clutching convulsively their trusty muskets. At length those steady troops approached the American lines; when suddenly halting, they poured in one deep volley—the next moment

their leveled bayonets gleamed through the smoke, and, with deafening shouts, they rushed to the charge.

A single order echoed along the concealed ranks, and in an instant that silent wood was a mass of flame rolling on the foe. The firm-set ranks staggered back before it, like a strong ship smitten by a wave, then with a noble effort closed up the huge gaps in their line, and again rushed shouting to the charge. But that same astonishing fire mowed them down, till torn and rent into fragments, they turned and fled. Then, like a tiger springing from his covert, the Americans leaped from their concealment, and poured in one wild torrent upon them. Over their dead and dying enemies, across the clearing, up to the very British lines, and over the guns, they went in one black, resistless wave. The artillery was captured, and the exulting victors, seizing the drag-ropes, attempted to carry it away, but the pieces were too heavy, and the wood too dense. They cannot turn them on the enemy, for the artillerists have carried off the matches. One only is seized, and Colonel Cilley has mounted it, and with his sword adminstered the oath of allegiance, and thus in triumph is borne over the field.

The British rallying in the woods, made a desperate charge to recover their guns, and finally drove the brave militia-men back down the slope to their covert. But here again they were met by those destructive volleys—whole companies sunk at once on the field, and the solid formation which is necessary to give terror to the shock of the bayonet, was utterly broken. Falling back, they attempted to reform in the clearing, but the Americans were upon them with such fury, that they broke, and fled to the protection of their guns. But up to the very muzzles the maddened patriots rush, and bayonet the gunners at their pieces, and hurl the whole British line back into the woods. Here Burgoyne again rallied his men, and with leveled bayonets they advanced to the charge. Forced slowly back, the Americans again retreat, while those cannon pour a perfect storm of round and grape-shot into their ranks, and all over the field are seen wounded men crawling away to the wood. But rallying behind their covert, they present the same wall of fire on which the bravest grenadiers dash in vain.

Thus the battle swayed to and fro arcoss this clearing for three fearful hours. It was one continued thunder-clap and driving mass of flame over its bosom, while the cries and shouts of maddened men added still greater terror to the scene. Now closing in with the bayonet, now retiring before the destructive discharges of grape-shot, and now sweeping with loud huzzas over the cap-tured guns, they fought with an energy and desperation that perfectly astonished their adversaries. The oldest officers declared they had never witnessed such destruc-tive work with small arms, or such terrible firing from in-fantry. Before their onset, the firmest troops went down, and again and again did they charge those strong bat-teries home, and wrench them from the grasp of the enemy. Out of forty-eight men who commanded one battery, thirty-six were killed—the dead lay in heaps amid the wheels of the carriages, while the blood stood in pools over the clearing.

In the midst of this carnage the sun went down—his farewell beams just gleamed a moment through the sul-phurous cloud that curtained in the field, and then twi-light slowly settled over the landscape. Through the deepening gloom, bright flashes were seen as the dark columns still rushed to the encounter ; but at length deep night came on, and the battle ceased. Here and there de-tached parties still maintained the fight, lighting up the forest with their volleys, but the great struggle was over, and night and death remained sole masters of the field. On that single clearing were piled nearly a thousand men, covering it with a perfect carpet of corpses, and all around was scattered the wreck of the fight. Here lay a tram-pled plume, there a neglected sword, further on a rent banner, while the blue frocks of the American militia-men and the scarlet uniforms of the British soldiers were mingled together in inextricable confusion. Arms raised an hour before in hate and rage, now lay across each other in the repose of death, and over the still scowling brow the dews of night slowly gathered. But even this deso-late scene was soon rendered more appalling ; for the soldiers, in search of spoil, stripped the bodies and left them, naked corpses, ghastly and white in the cold star-light. Kind fathers were there, and noble sons, who had

left their hearth-stones to battle for freedom, and thus they had fallen before the stroke of the oppressor. There they still sleep, and no monument, alas rises over their dust to tell of their deeds.

Both parties claimed the victory; but the English remained masters of the field, and lay all night under arms, and Gates retired behind his intrenchments. The next morning Burgoyne pitched his camp within cannon-shot of the American lines, and began to intrench himself, throwing up strong defenses both on the meadows and among the hills. Gates also strengthened his position, and thus the two armies lay within cannon-shot of each other for sixteen days.

It was at this time the quarrel commenced between Gates and Arnold, mentioned in the sketch of the latter. Arnold had been a great favorite of the former, while under his command at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and he had defended him constantly against his enemies. He had even stretched his power to cover up some transactions which were looked upon at the time as of rather doubtful character. But vanity and selfishness now stepped in, and prompted him to commit an act of injustice, and they became open enemies. Gates deemed his enemy secure, and so cared not whether Arnold stayed or left; but war has many chances, and the removal, on the eve of battle, of a victorious general, in whom the troops have confidence, and who is a host in himself, often makes a wide difference in the result.

During the interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, constant skirmishes took place between detached parties, resulting from the efforts of the Americans to prevent the enemy from foraging. Burgoyne, though taught a sad lesson, by the battle that had been fought, of American valor and steadiness, still clung to his first dream, and looked long and wistfully for aid from New York, and refused to retreat. At length, his provisions becoming nearly exhausted, he resolved to make another desperate effort to cut his way through the American lines, and push on to Albany.

SECOND BATTLE OF BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

To understand the general plan of the battle-field, imagine the American camp pitched on a branch of the Hudson, and extending back about half a mile from the shore. Almost directly in front, and within cannon-shot, is the British camp, similarly situated. A little to the north and west of the British encampment, was a large redoubt occupied by the Hessians, and the one which Arnold entered. Between the two armies were two creeks running nearly parallel to each other, along which the American pickets were stationed. These presented serious obstacles to the advance of an army, while toward their sources, and to the left of Gates, the approach was easier. It was on this account Burgoyne resolved to make his attack in that direction. Accordingly, on the 7th of October, moving his troops in three columns, he advanced to the American left, and taking up his position in an open wheat field, displayed his line. The fierce and rapid roll of drums in the American advance guard, beating to arms, announced their approach, and Gates immediately sent out Morgan with his riflemen to open the battle.

Burgoyne, sustained by his best officers, occupied a rising ground, and Morgan took a wide circuit to fall on his right, while General Poor was to march straight up the hill against the left, and if possible separate it from the main army. Burgoyne had with him twenty cannon; and with these, at half-past two in the afternoon, he opened on the advancing column of Poor. But this gallant officer led his brigade steadily forward up the hill; and with the orders not to fire till the summit was reached, pressed rapidly on through the storm of grape-shot. With the same coolness he entered the deadly volleys of musketry; then, as he gained the brow of the height, opened to the right and left, and poured in a close and rapid fire with terrible effect. Moving resolutely forward upon the dense masses of the grenadiers, the Americans mowed them down with volley after volley, and stood within close musket-shot of the artillery, and let it play upon their ranks. But nothing could long withstand those murderous batteries, and the Americans, excited to madness by the galling, devouring fire, rushed with terrific

shouts up to the very mouth of the guns, and swept them like a storm. But met by those resistless grenadiers, they were rolled sternly back to their position.

Again they rallied and charged with such impetuosity, that everything went down in their passage: but that same steady valor reclaimed the victory, and hurled them back to their first position. On one gun they rushed five successive times, and captured it in each onset, and as often were forced to relinquish their prize, until at length they carried it off in triumph. Major Ackland, who commanded the grenadiers, held them to the shock with a firmness that baffled every effort. Galloping fiercely amid the disordered ranks, he rallied them again and again by his voice and example, until at last he himself was struck to the ground by a ball, when they broke and fled. Morgan, in the mean time with his deadly riflemen had poured down with resistless strength on the left wing, carrying everything before him. Rallying bravely behind a fence, the shattered troops attempted to stay his progress; but reinforcements coming up under Dearborn, and rushing with shouts and headlong fury to the attack, they again broke and fled.

The whole English line now began to shake, and Burgoyne was just forming a second line with his right wing, when Arnold, maddened with excitement, and stung with rage, burst in a headlong gallop on the field and plunged into the thickest of the fight. His practised eye soon saw that General Frazer was the chief support of that tumultuous battle, as on his splendid gray horse he moved amid the chaos, bringing order out of confusion, and courage out of despondency, wherever he passed. Dashing up to Morgan he told him not to let him see that officer long in the saddle. The latter, selecting a few of his best marksmen, said, pointing to Frazer: "That gallant officer is General Frazer: I admire him, but it is necessary he should die. Do your duty." The first shot cut the crupper of his horse, the second pierced the mane, the third the gallant rider himself, and he fell back mortally wounded. Arnold had no sooner given this order, than he placed himself at the head of three regiments of Larned's brigade, and with a shout those who heard it never forgot to their latest day, led them fiercely on. The Hessian troops

threw themselves in his path, and for a moment broke his charge. The next moment, with a mere handful of men, he burst like a falling rock through their midst and scattered them from his path. Nothing could exceed the terror and fury of his charges: before such onsets the firmest troops in the world must sink. He shook terribly the whole British line, and Burgoyne, now thoroughly alarmed, put forth a desperate effort to maintain his ground.

But in vain did he expose himself to the hottest of the fire to animate his men—in vain did his bravest officers again and again lead his devoted troops to the attack—nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. Their rapid tread shook the field—their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, as pressing hard after their intrepid leader, they closed steadily on the shrinking line. No charge of bayonets could break their firm array, no blaze of the close and deadly batteries check their lofty enthusiasm, as moving amid the horrid carnage, they gathered with brows of wrath closer and closer on their foes. Those shattered veterans labored a moment as if about to bear up in the storm, then swung and rent asunder, and rolled heavily to their camp. Morgan and Dearborn and Ten Broek following up their advantage with the same impetuosity, the whole army took refuge behind the intrenchments.

Nothing could now arrest the victorious Americans, as, with shouts that were heard above the din of battle, they rushed forward and stormed the camp itself. But behind their intrenchments and under cover of their heavy guns, which bristled in fearful rows along the ramparts, the British fought with the energy of desperation itself. On the uncovered ranks of the impetuous Americans they opened all their batteries, and hailed a leaden tempest from the small-arms, while bombs, hissing through the atmosphere darkened with dust and smoke, added tenfold horror to the fight. They were no longer struggling for victory but for life, and therefore summoned all their energies to check the progress of the victors.

But neither formidable intrenchments with the abatis in front, nor the hotly-worked batteries exploding in their faces, nor the close and destructive volleys of musketry, could stay the excited patriots. Through the tremendous

fire, and over the ensanguined field, now covered with a sulphurous cloud, amid which incessant lightnings played, and one continuous thunder-peal rolled, they charged up to the very muzzles of the guns. The camp itself was shaken throughout its entire extent, and trembled like a reed in the blast; while Arnold, enraged at the abatis, which baffled all his efforts in front, called around him a few brave fellows, and taking a short circuit, made that desperate charge into the sally-port, where he fell. One hour more of daylight, and that camp would have been swept as with a hurricane; nay, one hour more of safety to Arnold on his steed, and that darkness would have been filled with the flying enemy, and a routed camp ended the day.

At length the thunder died on the field, the conflict was over and the American columns slowly retired, and marched triumphantly back to camp. The scene within the American lines was now one of intense excitement, though of quite another kind. At the opening of the battle, Gates had ordered all the baggage to be loaded and the teams attached, ready, in case of disaster, to retreat. These teams, with their drivers, stretched more than a half a mile back into the country. During the day, when the firing seemed to gain on the Americans, they would move on in alarm, and when again it retired, they would halt. At length, as the news was brought that the whole English army was retreating, a loud joyous "huzza! huzza!" ran the whole length of the line of teams, carrying in exulting accents to the people the news of victory. From every farm-house and hut in the whole region, the excited inhabitants came streaming forth, and hurried to the American camp, shouting like mad creatures in their frantic joy. In the mean time the columns, one after another, returned from the field of battle, playing triumphant music as they came, making the night echo with the roll of the drum and the shrill tones of the fife. As they approached the camp, "VICTORY! VICTORY!" went up in shouts, and was echoed from rank to rank, then the long, loud "huzza!" from those who watched their coming, rent the heavens.

In the outskirts, sentinels hailed each other through the gloom, and lights danced to and fro in the darkness,

while the groans of the wounded, borne slowly past, added still deeper interest to the scene. The dead lay in piles on the field—and amid them also were found men and women, who, like the crowds which follow in the wake of an European army, were so lost to humanity as to plunder and strip the bodies. Next morning, naked corpses were scattered around in every direction—in the edges of the forest, on the meadows and hillocks, with their limbs flung out upon the dewy grass, they lay cold and white in the October sun.

The British army abandoned their camp during the night, and took post on the hills, and in the morning the American troops marched into it with colors flying and drums beating, and a long shout went up from the abandoned intrenchments. During the day a scattered fire of artillery was kept up, and ever and anon was borne back to the camp the rapid discharge of musketry, as small detachments from either army came in collision.

Frazer, who had died early in the morning after the battle, had requested to be buried at sunset in the chief redoubt. The procession was formed, and at six o'clock was seen moving slowly up the hill to the place of interment. General Winslow observed it, and not knowing its object or character, ordered it to be cannonaded; and while they were laying the chieftain in his grave, a solitary cannon kept booming at intervals on the evening air, and the heavy shot tore up the earth in their midst. Throughout the solemn burial-service, the voice of the chaplain was ever and anon interrupted by that solitary peal of thunder, and his priestly robes were covered with dust, which the ball, as it smoked past, threw upon him.* The sun had now gone down, and twilight drew its mantle over the scene. The American officers, discovering at length that it was a funeral procession, ceased playing upon it, and in sympathy with the brave who had fallen, fired minute guns till the solemn ceremony was over. It was a burial worthy of the chieftain who had thus fallen on his last battle-field. Amid the thunder of artillery, he was borne from the disastrous fight—the enemy's guns pealed over his grave, and when the mute procession

* Vide Burgoyne.

turned away in the gathering shades of evening, their cannon gave his last salute, and the sullen echo, as it rolled over the hills, was his only requiem.

Burgoyne, now convinced that he could not cut his way through the American army, took the only alternative left him, and began his retreat, hoping to retrace his steps to Lake George, and from thence to Canada. This he should have done sooner—now it was too late—for the American army, extending itself on every side, baffled all his efforts, and soon well-nigh completed a circle about him. In every direction the roar of cannon told that the avenues of safety were cut off. Even the last desperate effort, to abandon all his artillery and baggage, and by a rapid night march reach Lake George, was seen to be useless. Still Burgoyne lingered—his proud heart refused to yield to the stern necessity which bound him. What! that splendid army, on whose success he had staked his reputation, be surrendered, and all his bright visions sink at once? The thought was too bitter, and he still clung to hope, and dreamed of escaping by some accident from the perils that only thickened as he advanced.

For six days he turned and turned, like a scorpion girt with fire, as every moment the devouring element rages nearer—his camp was uncovered, and cannon balls were continually falling into it, while from every height the artillery played upon him, and the sharp crack of the rifle was heard along his lines. He could not enter a house without its becoming in a moment a target for the batteries. Through the hall of council, and through the apartment in which they sat at their scanty dinner, the cannon balls would crash, and it was a constant and steadily increasing storm of iron around him. At length all hope was abandoned, and a council of war was called to deliberate on the terms of capitulation. Their consultations were interrupted by the whistling of bullets and roar of artillery, and the very tent in which they sat was pierced by the American marksmen. Pride and ambition at length yielded to inevitable fate, and that splendid army, the relics of ten thousand men, laid down its arms. Forty-two brass cannon, five-thousand stand of arms, and all the camp equipage fell into the hands of the Americans.

Gates received the vanquished commander with courtesy, dressed in a plain blue frock, while the soldiers, on marching out to pile their arms, found not an American in the field. The brave fellows were spared the mortification of grounding their arms in the presence of their enemies. But afterwards they were formed in line, and, escorted by a light company of dragoons, bearing the stars and stripes over their heads, were conducted through the American army, drawn up in parallel lines. This avenue of victorious soldiers extended nearly a mile; and as the vanquished troops filed off between them, the American bands struck up Yankee Doodle, till the hills rung again with the exultant strain.*

Thus ended the tragedy, and hope and joy filled the land. Gates had been successful; still he had not shown the highest qualities of a commander, for he had fought both of these battles like a European gentleman—in his camp. With such troops as ours he should have been in the field, especially where so many obstructions required the near oversight of the commander-in-chief. The chieftain whom he disgraced really gained for him the battle; but he did not look on it in that light, and became inflated beyond measure, thus showing himself to be radically a weak man. In his sudden importance and supreme self-conceit, he never deigned to let Washington know of his victory, much less report to him, as commander-in-chief of the army, what he had done.

After this, Gates entered soul and heart into the conspiracy which had been set on foot to displace Washington, and put him at the head of the army. The faction which supported his views in Congress created a Board of War, and placed him at the head of it. He then began to enact those follies, and show that disrespect of Washington and that unbounded vanity, which make us despise him beyond measure. He planned an invasion of Canada, and prevailed on Congress to adopt it, without consulting Washington in any particular. Lafayette was appointed

* It is said it was amusing to see the pet wild animals which the Hessian soldiers lugged along in this sad march. Here one tugged away at a grizzly bear, another led a tame deer, a third a fox, a fourth carried a raccoon under his arm—presenting a most comic spectacle to the American soldiers.

to command the expedition, under the expectation that the honor would bring him over to the views of the conspirators. The infamous Conway was made second in command, but Lafayette stubbornly refused to accept him, and chose De Kalb in his place. This chagrined Gates deeply, but another act of Lafayette mortified him still more. Previous to his starting for Albany to superintend preparations for the projected invasion, the marquis visited him at Yorktown, and at a public dinner in which great conviviality prevailed, and many toasts were given, arose, and said that one toast had been omitted, which he would propose: "The commander-in-chief of the American armies." It was received coldly, and even the besotted Gates could see that Lafayette was not to be reckoned on in carrying out his mad designs.

The expedition was abandoned, and probably because it would not further Gates's ambitious plans. While at Yorktown, "his table was filled with plotting civilians, discontented officers, and favor-seeking foreigners; and never was this giddy man more happy than when he saw assembled around him a little court basking under the sunshine of his new fortunes." * But with all his plottings and falsehoods he could not shake the army; true to their glorious leader, they exclaimed, "No Washington, no army!"

In 1779 Gates was stationed at Providence, in command of the eastern section of the army, but was engaged in no important military service until he was placed by Congress over the southern army. The fall of Charleston had opened the south to Cornwallis, and he was fast overrunning the whole country. Baron de Kalb had been sent forward from the main army to relieve Lincoln, but before he could reach him he had been compelled to surrender, and the former was therefore left in sole command of the forces opposed to Cornwallis. To retrieve these heavy losses Gates had been hastily despatched south, and arrived at the camp on Deep River the twenty-fifth of July. He immediately issued his proclamations, and called on the militia to rise in defense of their homes. His reputation, gained at Saratoga, kindled the expiring

* Vide Life of Hamilton.

hopes of the people, and soldiers came flocking to him from every quarter. Assembling his troops, he marched towards Camden, where Lord Rawdon was posted with the British army. The latter immediately concentrated his forces on Lynch's Creek, near the town, and took a strong position, while he despatched a letter to Cornwallis in great haste, informing him of the storm that was about to burst on his head. Gates, hurrying on, would neither stop for provisions nor to let his army rest. For five or six days at a time the soldiers were without meat, bread, or flour, and lived entirely on green apples, corn, and whatever vegetables they could lay hands on.

At length he arrived in front of Rawdon's position, where his haste seemed suddenly to leave him, for he consumed four days in skirmishes from which he gained nothing. Afraid to force the passage of the creek and attack the English commander in his quarters, he seemed to be waiting for some turn of fortune, he scarce knew what. In the mean time Cornwallis arrived in camp, and Gates saw that his dilatoriness had not been unproductive to the enemy if it had been to himself. Attempting neither to flank his adversary, and thus overwhelm him with his superior force or drive him into a less favorable position; nor to cross the creek higher up and make a descent on Camden, which would have insured the victory, he waited four days in front of a strong position till his enemy could be reinforced, then made a rash attack. There was indeed, at last, some demonstration made of a flank movement, which caused Rawdon hastily to retire to Camden; but Cornwallis in the mean time had arrived. His energy and skill soon changed the state of affairs—though he was still too feeble to contend with the American army if it had been commanded by an able general. The odds were indeed against him, but he knew that to retreat was to give up both South Carolina and Georgia, for which he had struggled so hard; and so he resolved to hazard a battle. He could not have had a very high opinion of the conqueror of Burgoyne, or he would not have risked so unequal a contest; for he not only determined to hazard an engagement, but also to advance on Gates, posted strongly at Rugely's Mills.

BATTLE OF CAMDEN.

At length, on the 11th of August, at ten o'clock at night, the English army began to advance in two columns. Not knowing this plan of the British commander, Gates had resolved also to move against the English, and at the same hour left his position, and in dead silence came hurrying on through the gloom. The muffled tread of the advancing battalions, the stifled words of command, and the low rumbling of artillery wagons, as the two unsuspecting armies rapidly approached each other, were the only sounds that accompanied their march. They thus toiled silently on for four hours, when suddenly, at two o'clock in the morning, the advance guard of the British found themselves on the head of an American column. The dark mass wound backward till lost in the gloom, but the British boldly advanced to the attack. The midnight was suddenly illumined by flashes of musketry, and in their transient light, as far as the eye could see, the fields were filled with marching columns and squadrons of cavalry. Flash followed flash in quick succession, and those two armies looked like huge black monsters in the gloom, spitting forth fire from their mouths on each other. Suddenly, as if by mutual consent, the uproar ceased, and darkness again mantled the hosts, and silence rested on the scene. Both generals, unwilling to hazard a nocturnal combat, had resolved.to wait for daylight to uncover their respective positions, and the troops stood to their arms through the night.

In a council of war called by Gates, the brave De Kalb wisely advised a retreat to their position at Rugely's Mills, and there await the attack of the enemy. Gates overruled this opinion, and, carried away by some strange infatuation, resolved to give battle in his present position, though hemmed in between two swamps, where his superiority of numbers would give him no advantage in flank movements, and everything must depend on the firmness of the opposing columns. The road ran between these two marshes; and Cornwallis, dividing his army into two portions, stretched one from the road to the swamp on the right, and the other from the road to the swamp on the left, the artillery forming the connecting link.

Behind each of these masses stood a battalion as a rear-guard, while Tarleton's legion sat on their horses a little to the right of the road, to take advantage of circumstances.

Gates divided his forces into three columns, the center one, commanded by Caswell in the road, and the other two, led by Stevens and Gist, on either side. The Continental troops of Delaware and Maryland composed the reserve, while Armand's cavalry were placed opposite to Tarleton's legion. Thus the two armies stood when the warm August morning broke over the scene. A death-like calmness rested on the fields, not a breath of air was abroad, the leaves hung motionless on their stems, and a summer haze veiled the sky and gave to the sun a blood-shot appearance as it rolled slowly into view.

The Americans looked calmly on the dense masses of scarlet uniforms before them, and would doubtless have met the shock firmly, but for the downright madness of their general. Not exactly liking his order of battle, he endeavored to change the positions of the left and center columns. Right in the presence, and within striking distance of his wary foe, he opened his columns and began to execute a maneuver with his undisciplined militia. A smile passed over the face of Cornwallis when he saw it, and he immediately ordered the right division to charge. Those undisciplined troops were undulating on the field in their slow effort to close up their ranks again, when the artillery opened upon them, and the rapidly advancing column poured a most destructive fire into their very faces. They made a feeble effort to rally, when the Virginians broke and fled. In a moment the field was in an uproar—the artillery on both sides began to play furiously, while from swamp to swamp it was one flash and peal of musketry as the two armies advanced on each other. The smoke of battle would not rise in the dull air, but settled down on the field, and folded heavily in the contending columns. The separate portions of the armies thus became hid from each other, and shouted and charged through the smoke, ignorant of the state of the conflict about them.

Amid the intervals of the thunder of artillery, and over the rattle of musketry, strains of martial music struggled

up through the sulphurous cloud, and all was confusion and uncertainty. But these two columns, assailed in the process of formation, could not recover their order, and rapidly crumbled away, and at last began to stagger back in a broken mass over the field. Tarleton, seizing the favorable moment, ordered the charge to sound. The blast of those bugles sent terror through the disordered ranks—and the next moment the fierce riders were among them trampling down the dead and dying, and sabering the fugitives without mercy.

All was now lost; the ruined army rolled backwards and uncovered the reserve of Continental troops standing firm as a wall of iron in their places. Letting the disordered tide of battle flow past them, as the rock the waters, they closed sternly on the advancing battalions. De Kalb, the brave, the noble De Kalb, towered on foot at their head, with his drawn sword in his hand, while his hoarse shout was heard even above the uproar of the conflict. Over the piles of dead bodies that obstructed his way—through the terrible fire that wasted his ranks, he led his gallant band to the charge, and fell in such desperate valor on the enemy, that inch by inch they were forced back. The British rushed on at the point of the bayonet, mingling in rapid intermediate volleys; but those resolute troops never shook, though rapidly crumbling away before the overwhelming fire that smote them.

Again and again did the calm, stern voice of De Kalb carry them to the charge with terrible impetuosity, and three times in succession did they close sternly in with the bayonet. But the whole right wing of the English, now leaving the pursuit of the fugitives, turned suddenly upon him and his brave Continentals. Enveloped in fire and smoke, fast melting away, that heroic band could not save the battle, but they could save the honor of the flag that waved over them. Turning furiously on those fresh battalions that crowded upon them, they cleared a terrible path for themselves, and stood a blazing citadel on the lost and bloody field. But amid their thinned ranks Tarleton's cavalry now came on a fierce gallop, and De Kalb saw that his hour had come. Shot after shot had struck him, and the blood was pouring from his side in

streams; yet, animated by that spirit which has made the hero in every age, he rallied his men for a last charge, and led them at the point of the bayonet on the dense ranks. Striking a bayonet from his breast, and laying the grenadier that held it dead at his feet, he pressed forward, and, in the very act of cheering on his men, fell with the blood gushing from eleven wounds. His aids immediately covered him with their bodies, exclaiming, "Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!"

This ended the fight, for that noble band, disheartened at the fall of their leader, broke and fled. De Kalb was taken prisoner, but lived only a short time. He spent his last breath in dictating a letter of thanks to his brave troops, who had stood so nobly by him. While this stirring scene had been enacting on the field, Gates was miles away, endeavoring to arrest the fugitives—but round a man who never exposes himself in battle, broken soldiers never rally. The rout was utter, the chase continuing for twenty miles, and the "hero of Saratoga" saw, with inexpressible chagrin, his laurels wither in a moment. Lee, when he met him on his way to join the army, said, "Beware, your northern laurels will turn into southern willows"; and his words had proved true.

This man, who had thought to step into Washington's place, was speedily recalled, and the command given to Greene. When the order to this effect reached him, he was filled with the deepest mortification—he walked the room in great agitation, while his countenance revealed the emotions that struggled within. He showed, however, in this painful position, a better spirit than could be expected of him; he indulged in no recrimination, no petty revenge, but furnished to his rival all knowledge and aid in his power. Washington, ever noble and magnanimous, forgot, in his disaster, the conceit and rudeness that had marked his prosperity, and wrote to him a kind letter, assuring him of his continued confidence, and condoling with him on the loss of a son the news of which, just then received, helped to swell the load of sorrow that weighed him down.

But there is no excuse for the management of Gates in this campaign. He committed blunder on blunder, and seemed to be in a desperate hurry as if he had only to see

his enemy in order to capture him. His previous success had intoxicated him, and made him, as it did Marmont in Spain, lose his head. But every one commits blunders, and mistakes are inevitable. These are never thought of in victory, while they are carefully discussed and pointed out in defeat. In this way Gates has been accused of more errors than he really ought to be held accountable for; and even the palpable one of remaining four days before Rawdon, instead of marching on Camden, *may* have its excuses Refusing to retreat to a strong position, when he found himself hemmed in between two marshes, was a worse error; but this too *may* have its apologies, and might, under certain views and information, be defended.

All these may be mistakes in judgment, arising from causes we cannot fully appreciate; but he committed one error for which no apology can be rendered—the fatal one of executing a difficult maneuver—difficult, at least, to the troops he commanded—just when the battle was to be thrown upon him. It would have been a hazardous experiment with veteran soldiers, and sanctioned only in a case of the most urgent necessity. He knew what was the discipline of the raw recruits under him, and he was perfectly aware of the confusion they would be thrown in by the movement he attempted to make; and to suppose that a vigilant enemy, drawn up in order of battle, within striking distance of him, would not take advantage of it, argued a lack of common sense perfectly unpardonable in a commander.

Marmont lost Spain to Napoleon, and well-nigh ruined his own fame, by a similar error, though not half so gross He had out-maneuvered Wellington, and opened his communications with the reinforcing army, so that the English commander had no other resource but a rapid retreat. In his eagerness to cut this off, he executed a bad maneuver in the presence of the enemy. Wellington, though thinking only of retreat, took advantage of it, and won a signal victory. Yet Marmont had veterans under his command, subject to the most rigid discipline; while Gates had raw militia, whom he had no right thus to rob of their strength and confidence, and open to the charge of well-trained soldiers. The militia fled shamefully; but it is not an easy matter for untried troops, while in a state of disorder,

to stand firm before the onset of those which are disciplined and steady.

Gates's command was afterwards restored to him, but not till 1782, so that this ended his military career. After the war was over he settled on his old estate in Berkeley county, Virginia. From thence, in 1790, he removed to New York and was elected member of the legislature. He died April 10th, 1806, seventy-seven years of age.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Gates was a thorough gentleman in his manners, and a good scholar. Possessed of a handsome person, and elevated to the highest rank in the army, he needed only a stronger character and intellect to have finished his career as he commenced it. He seemed, however, to have before him the example of those European generals in former times, who fought battles as gracefully as they would dance a cotillion. The impulse of the brave warrior rushing into danger to arrest a disaster, or by his example carry his men where they dare not go alone, he did not possess. The bare fact that he never stirred from his camp during the two bloody battles that gave him his fame, is enough to condemn him. An emperor could not have acted with more dignity, or set a greater price on his life, than he did at Saratoga. This would hardly be excusable in a commander on an open field, where his observatory commanded the whole scene of action, much less where none of it was in view, and he had to depend entirely on the report of his aids. While the bullets were whistling round Burgoyne as he galloped over the field, Gates sat quietly in his camp, prepared, not to restore a lost battle by his presence and personal bravery, but to order a decent retreat.*

* During the hottest of the battle, Gates was in camp, discussing with Sir Francis Clark the merits of the Revolution. This gentleman had been wounded, and taken prisoner, and was lying on Gates's bed, talking with him, when one of the aids of the latter came galloping from the field. The latter, to his surprise, found his general very much excited, though not about the battle, but because his antagonist would not allow the force of his argument. Walking out of the room he called his aid after him, and asked him if he had "*ever heard so impudent a son of a b—h.*"—Vide Wilkinson's Memoirs.

One can never think of him with patience in this listless attitude, when it was of such vital importance to our success that the militia should be encouraged and sustained by the sight of their officers. He had none of the spirit of Arnold, who would rather die a thousand deaths than suffer a shameful defeat; nor of De Kalb, who believed a great example was more valuable than his life. That he was not a skilful tactician the battle of Camden is sufficient testimony. His fame rests on the capture of Burgoyne, but here we find that he was not on the field in either battle. The first was fought entirely by Arnold's division and at his urgent request; and with the issue of it, Gates had no more to do than one of his aids. The second was directed, after the first few minutes, chiefly by Arnold, who did not receive a single order the whole day; while the last brilliant maneuver that gave such decisive character to the conflict was his entirely. Arnold gave him the victory at Saratoga, yet he quarreled with him; and De Kalb saved the American arms from utter disgrace at Camden, yet he scorned his counsel, and seriously wounded his feelings. Our country should honor her defenders, but no examples of spurious greatness ought to mislead those who come after.

With all Gates's good breeding, he was often wanting in that noble spirit which belongs to a true man. His reception of Burgoyne was gentlemanly and refined, but his neglect to report his actions and his victory to Washington, mean and contemptible. It showed not only a weak pride, but an ignoble spirit. Puffed up by his success, and considering himself already commander-in-chief of the American army, he could not condescend to give an account of his actions to any one but Congress. The mild rebuke which Washington administered him contrasts beautifully their characters, and shows the immeasurable distance between them as men. His neglect of the brave Morgan, too, because he would listen to no proposals to overthrow the commander-in-chief—bluntly declaring he would serve under no one but Washington, is another evidence of the ambitious, weak man. Even he and his favorite Wilkinson finally quarreled, and when the latter challenged him he accepted it, and then burst into tears when they met to fight, declaring he would as soon think

of shooting his son. This sudden burst of sentiment, after all the preliminaries had been gone through with, and they had arrived on the field, *some* will be so uncharitable as not to appreciate. Gates never betrayed his country, and was doubtless very much shocked at Arnold's treason; but in his efforts to undermine Washington he laid a train which, if it had exploded, would have shivered the Union into fragments. One, selfish and revengeful, offers to surrender a strong fortress for a bribe—the other, equally selfish, shakes our political fabric to its foundations to gratify a mean ambition. Both were doubtless patriotic at first; but both fell through ambition.

MAJOR-GENERAL STEUBEN.

Wrong Views in the Country respecting Discipline—Steuben's Rank in Europe—Arrival in this Country—Joins the Army at Valley Forge and is appointed Inspector-General—His Mode of Discipline—Changes he Introduced into the Army—Effect of Discipline—Retires to his Land near Utica—His Death and Burial—His Character, with Personal Anecdotes.

The name of this generous foreigner is introduced here not for the battles he fought, but for the real benefit he conferred on the country. Though a warrior of tried ability and capable of managing any army, he unfortunately was unable to speak our language, and hence could not be trusted with a command in the line; but to him, and almost to him alone, were we indebted for that discipline and order which finally made our troops effective. The benefit of his constant drills and instructions to the officers was seen in a few months after he arrived—order sprung out of disorder, and instead of a confused though patriotic throng, we had the basis, at least, of a well-disciplined and powerful army.

There is no error more common or more fatal to republican governments, than that raw recruits are as good as regular troops. The wrong impression which the country received on this subject from the battle of Bunker Hill was soon removed. The battle of Long Island and the retreat to Harlem, and still later, the battle of Brandywine, showed how little reliance could be placed on raw militia in the open field, when opposed by disciplined soldiers. To fight well behind ramparts, where no maneuvers are to be executed or met, and steady courage and sharp-shooting are the only requisites, is one thing; but to march into the open field, where more or less evolutions are necessary, in order to check those of the enemy, is quite another. The difficulty was not that our troops lacked bravery, for individually they were full of cour-

age; but that they become disordered even from their own motion, and, in changing their form or position, passed from the firm array of soldiers into the confusion of a crowd of men.

Firm order not only awes the enemy, but imparts confidence to the soldiers themselves—while on the other hand, they lose all heart when they find their own ranks unsettled and confused. Enthusiasm will frequently compensate for want of discipline, nay, overcome it in a single battle; but it will not keep an army together through long campaigns, fatiguing marches, and protracted sufferings. The power of an enthusiastic people is immense, and men frequently point to Switzerland and Vendée as evidences that determined men, though undisciplined, are always equal to their own defense. But this depends very much on the kind of country in which the warfare is carried on. There is no doubt but that any army which had attempted to advance into our interior, would have shared the fate of Burgoyne's. A land filled with mountain gorges, and channeled by deep rivers, furnishes a thousand battle-grounds where undisciplined men can make a successful stand.

Thus the lofty passes and narrow defiles of Switzerland render the march of an immense army into it fatal. The more formidable the mass the larger the mark for the sharp-shooters, and the greater the destruction when rocks and trees are hurled from the precipices upon it. Vendée, too, was an inland country, furnishing no point of safety on which an invading army could fall back in case of defeat, and no great key, the occupation of which would secure the conquest at once—the *soil* had to be conquered. We could have done equally well away from our seaboard. Had the Alleghanies and hills of New Hampshire and Vermont been our rallying points, and their dark gorges and fastnesses the places where we made our stand, no army in the world could have overcome us. But to defend our seaports, and keep possession of the open and level country, bulwarks of men were necessary —men who were accustomed to all the subtle movements of war. Physical force is but half, even when everything depends on hard blows. Mind and skill are needed, and the discipline which puts that force under their control.

A single false movement is often fatal in battle. Washington found it useless to drill his men; for the moment they began to exhibit the benefit of their instructions their term of enlistment expired, and they shouldered their muskets and marched home. Besides, our officers were almost entirely ignorant of military tactics, and had no books from which to instruct themselves. Hence, in open field fight, our army was unwieldy, unmanageable, and could not be thrown steadily, or with half the force it really possessed, on the enemy.

At Almeida, Wellington could swing his army in perfect order, as on a pivot, across a plateau four miles in breadth, while artillery, cavalry, and infantry thundered upon it with a fierceness that threatened to bear away the very plain itself. The French infantry at Wagram could stand for a whole hour before the Austrian batteries, and let the heavy balls tear through their ranks without returning a shot: and the young Guard at Krasnoi could march into a semicircle of Russian cannon, and there remain till nearly half of their entire number sunk to the earth, in order to save the army. Undisciplined troops never do such things. To prevent an enemy from penetrating into the interior of a country, where every ravine and gorge and river furnishes a rallying place for brave men, is comparatively an easy task; but to protect seaports without ships, and without a thoroughly organized army, is altogether another affair; yet this was what the nation expected of Washington.

The state of our army the second year after the war commenced, shows the result of this reliance on mere enthusiasm. A few thousand of half-naked men at Valley Forge constituted our main force, and but for the discipline and oversight of Steuben, and other foreign officers, it is difficult to say what the next two years would have been.

It is very singular that Steuben ever consented to come to this country. Aide-de-camp to the King of Prussia—having learned the art of war under the renowned Frederick, he finally resigned his place, and was presented with the canonry of the Cathedral of Havelburg, and a salary of twelve hundred florins. Returning to his estate at Wilheim, between Baden and Wirtemburg, he was

there made grand-marshal of the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, with an additional salary of twelve hundred florins. He was also appointed knight of the order of Fidelity, by the Prince Margrave of Baden, who soon after made him chief of all his troops, with emoluments amounting to some two thousand florins more. He had received before brilliant offers from the King of Sardinia, to enter his service, and also was sought by the Emperor of Austria. With a salary of nearly three thousand dollars, the baron was well settled, and on that sum could live like a prince; and yet he resigned it all and came to this country a soldier of fortune. Not an exile,—not a man like Pulaski or Kosciusko who suffered from oppression at home,—but high in honor and rank, he hastened to share our struggles and our sufferings.

At the urgent request of some English noblemen, who had been passing some time with him in Germany, he, in 1777, set out to visit England, stopping on his way at Paris. Here Count St. Germain, then French minister of war, endeavored to persuade him to go to America and join the army. The wary French minister knew that our great weakness lay in our want of discipline and ignorance of military tactics; and fully resolved on depriving England of her colonies, he wished to get experienced officers among us. He knew also there was no one better fitted to render us aid in this department than Steuben, and he therefore held out flattering promises to him. The latter, however, spoke of his age, his lucrative situation, and the risk he ran in throwing it away in an uncertain struggle, and also of his ignorance of the English language. Still he gave the subject serious consideration enough to see the American envoys, Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane, then in Paris. They were anxious to secure his services, but could make no offer of funds or position. This decided him, and he returned home. But on reaching Rastadt, he found a letter from St. Germain, informing him that a vessel was about to sail for America, and urging him to return and embark in it—adding that a satisfactory arrangement should be made. He did so, and relying entirely on the promises of the French Court for remuneration, and fortified with letters of introduction from our envoys to Congress and Washington, set sail; and at

length, on the 1st of December, 1777, arrived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Congress received him with every mark of distinction, and appointed a committee to confer with him. He proposed, of his own accord, to enter the army as a volunteer; and if his services were not satisfactory, or if the United States should not succeed in obtaining their independence, he was to receive nothing. If, on the contrary, they were successful, and he was retained in the service, he expected that the money he was compelled to lose, in order to take up arms in their behalf, would be refunded, and a fair compensation given him. These certainly very generous terms Congress accepted, and forthwith the baron departed for Valley Forge. A more sorry introduction to our army, for one who had served in Europe, could not well be conceived. He had found our cities in possession of a powerful enemy, and when he came to look for the force that was to retake them, he saw only a few thousand famished, half-naked men, looking more like beggars than soldiers—cooped up in miserable log huts, dragging out the desolate winter amid the straw. As the doors of these hovels opened, he beheld men destitute of clothing, wrapping themselves up in blankets, and muttering complaints against Congress, which could treat them with such injustice and inhumanity.

He was astonished; and declared that no European army could be kept together under such sufferings. All discipline was gone, and the troops were no better than a ragged horde, with scarcely the energy to struggle for self-preservation. There was hardly any cavalry, but slender artillery, while the guns and accoutrements—a large portion of them—were unfit for use. Our army had never before been in such a state, and a more unpropitious time for Steuben to enter on his work could not have been selected. Nothing daunted, however, and with all the sympathies of his noble nature aroused in our behalf, he began, as soon as spring opened, to instruct both officers and men. His ignorance of our language crippled him at first very much; while the awkwardness of our militia, who, gathered as they were from every quarter, scarcely knew the manual exercise, irritated him beyond measure. They could not execute the simplest

maneuvre correctly, and Steuben, who was a choleric man, though possessed of a soul full of generosity and the kindliest feelings of human nature, would swear and curse terribly at their mistakes, and when he had exhausted all the epithets of which he was master, would call on his aid and ask him to curse in his stead. Still the soldiers loved him, for he was mindful of their sufferings, and often his manly form was seen stooping through the doors of their hovels, to minister to their wants and relieve their distresses.

It was his practise to rise at three o'clock in the morning, and dress his hair, and smoke, and take a cup of coffee, and at sunrise be in the saddle. By that time also, if it was a pleasant day, he had the men marching to the field for their morning drill. First he would place them in line, then pass along in front, carefully examining their guns and accoutrements, and inquiring into the conduct of the subordinate officers. The fruit of his labor soon appeared in the improved condition of the men —and so impressed was Washington with the value of his services, that he wrote to Congress, requesting a permanent appointment for him. He was, in consequence, made inspector-general, with the rank of major-general. This branch of the service now received the attention it deserved, and sub-inspectors were appointed throughout the army; and discipline, before irregular, or practised only under particular leaders, was introduced into every portion. All the arrangements, even to the minutest, were planned and perfected by Steuben, and the vast machinery of an army began to move in harmony and order. His labors in this department were incessant. He had one company which he drilled to the highest point of discipline, as a model by which to instruct the others.

The result of all this was seen in the very next campaign, at the battle of Monmouth. Washington there rallied his men while in full retreat, and brought them into action under the very blaze of the enemy's guns. They wheeled like veteran troops into their places, and then moved steadily on the foe. Steuben, during the action, was employed in reconnoitering the enemy and in forming the troops, and so accustomed had the soldiers become to his orders, that they obeyed them, in the very

heat of the engagement, as accurately as they would have done on drill. Hamilton, who had often had the opportunity of seeing our militia manœuvre on the battle-field, was struck with the change, and was afterwards heard to say that he never before had any conception of the value of military discipline. The taking of Stony Point and Paulus Hook, at the point of the bayonet, without firing a single shot, pleased Steuben amazingly, and he said, " We are beginning to walk."

At Monmouth, while reconnoitering, he came very near being taken prisoner; and the report he made to Washington, of Lee's retreat, provoked the latter into such harsh expressions against him, that the old veteran promptly called him to account for them, and compelled him to withdraw the offensive language.

He now wished to take command in the line, and claim his rank as major-general, but our officers made such a clamor the moment a foreigner was promoted over them, that Washington dare not gratify him, and the Baron, seeing the embarrassing position in which the commander-in-chief was placed, had the generosity not to press his request.

In the fall of 1778, he was engaged in writing a sort of manual for the army, containing the rules of discipline and inspection. He undertook it at the request of Washington and the Board of War, and having no work from which to compile it, was compelled to rely entirely on his own knowledge and remembrance of the Prussian system. Being comparatively ignorant of the English language, he wrote it first in French, and afterwards had it translated. This, though a small work, caused him much annoyance, especially in getting it through the press. It was adopted by Congress, approved by Washington, and became the standard, indeed the only work on discipline in the army, and continued to be so till the close of the war; and even after that, was selected by several of the States as the guide for the discipline of the militia. Steuben had the good sense to perceive that our people were not in a state to receive benefit from all the minutiæ and detail of the European system; and hence rejected many things he himself had been accustomed to practise.

In August, the next year, he was sent to Providence, to

introduce among the troops under Gates the rules which had been adopted by the main army, and from thence went to Boston to conduct the French minister, Chevalier de la Luzerne, to headquarters. The February of 1780 he spent in Philadelphia, to aid the Board of War in putting the army in the best state for the approaching campaign. His accurate and extensive knowledge of our forces, the means in their power, and their state of discipline, were of invaluable service. He then went to West Point, to give his counsel respecting the best means of defending the fortress against the threatened attack of the British. Here he often reviewed the troops, and the French officers, who frequently visited him, were surprised at the perfection of discipline he had secured in so short a time. General Montmorency was especially struck at the silence with which the troops performed all their evolutions, and remarked upon it, saying he was surprised to hear so little noise. "*Noise!*" exclaimed the Baron, "I do not know where the noise should come from, when even my brigadiers dare not open their mouths but to repeat my orders." At another time, one of them was mentioning some difficult evolutions performed by the Prussians, in Silesia, and added that they could not yet be expected from Americans. Steuben replied that he would save the gentlemen present the trouble of going to Silesia to witness them, for he would have them gone through with the next week, at Verplanck's Point; and true enough, at the appointed time they saw, to their amazement, those very evolutions, which they deemed so intricate, performed with the utmost precision. The Baron was proud of his men, for they improved rapidly under his instructions; and scarcely a review passed in which he did not distribute rewards to some of the soldiers, who had shown uncommon quickness in mastering their lessons. In 1780, he was selected as one of those who were to try André—and possessing the soul of honor himself, had no hesitation in pronouncing sentence of death on that unfortunate officer.

After the rout of Gates at Camden, he was sent with Greene to defend the South. The latter, passing over into North Carolina to measure his strength with Cornwallis, left him to command in Virginia. The Baron now unex-

pectedly found himself acting in the capacity of major-general, but as he was compelled to forward all the troops he could raise to Greene, he was scarce ever in command even of a single regiment. His duty was an odious one, for, besides the harassing business of raising recruits, he was exposed to the complaints and clamors of the people, who no sooner saw an army furnished, than it disappeared over the borders to protect a sister State. Steuben, who was not remarkable for the virtues of forbearance and patience, often spoke out his sentiments rather bluntly, even to the authorities of the State; but Jefferson, who knew and appreciated him, bore all in good part.

In the mean time, Arnold's sudden irruption into the State excited the greatest alarm, and all eyes were directed to Steuben for relief. But he had only a hundred and fifty men under his control, and could do nothing. It chafed him dreadfully to find himself thus fettered and crippled, while the traitor, whom he abhorred, marched unmolested through the country. When Arnold sent a flag to him, offering not to burn Richmond if he would allow the vessels to ascend the river without molestation, and carry off the tobacco, the old soldier gave an indignant refusal; and so the former, having set fire to the public buildings, and plundered the private ones, retreated. Steuben immediately collected what force he could, and followed after—making a demonstration wherever there was the slightest chance of even partial success. He felt the successful invasion as keenly as if it had been a personal insult, and strained every nerve to fetch his enemy a blow. Like Ney in the retreat from Moscow, he descended to the duties of the commonest soldier, and did all that could be done by any man with his means.

At length the four thousand militia voted by the State were raised, but before they could be brought into the field Arnold was safe in Portsmouth; and so, three-quarters of them, for the sake of economy, were despatched again to their homes. With the remainder Steuben closed around Portsmouth, hoping for a favorable opportunity to harass the enemy. While here, he and Jefferson concerted a plan to get possession of Arnold, but the constant watchfulness of the latter frustrated it.

Another plan was laid, however, which promised greater

success, and which would not only have destroyed Arnold, but his entire army. A portion of the French fleet was despatched to the Chesapeake to hem him in seaward, while Lafayette was sent with a division of the army to surround him by land. His orders were positive, not to grant the traitor any terms which should secure him from the punishment he deserved. He reached his destination, and joined Steuben; but while they were looking anxiously for the arrival of the vessels with which they were to co-operate, an English fleet came sailing up the bay, and thus released Arnold from a position from which it would have tasked even his extraordinary genius to extricate himself.

With a heavy heart Lafayette turned his footsteps north, and Steuben was again left alone. In April, however, a new invasion of the State, under General Philips, with twenty-five hundred men, being planned, Lafayette was ordered to retrace his steps and save Richmond. While yet on his way, the British had ascended as far as Petersburg, where Steuben, with only a thousand militia, defended himself so bravely that the enemy advanced only one mile in two hours. With twenty-three hundred regular troops against him, he still contested the ground with such stubbornness that he retarded their progress and killed and wounded sixty of their soldiers. By forced marches Lafayette succeeded in reaching Richmond and saving the place.

Soon after Cornwallis entered Virginia and effected a junction with Arnold, who, on the death of General Philips, had succeeded to the command. Washington hearing of it, despatched Wayne with reinforcements, who, with Lafayette and Steuben, pressed Cornwallis so vigorously that he was compelled to intrench himself at Yorktown. In the siege that followed, by Washington, the Baron was gratified by receiving a place in the line, and did good service. He was in the trenches when the proposition to surrender was under discussion, and at the relieving hour Lafayette came up with his division; but the former stubbornly refused to be relieved, saying that European etiquette required that the officer who receives the overtures should keep his post till the capitulation is either signed or broken. During the siege a shell fell near

him, when he suddenly threw himself in the trench to escape the explosion. He had scarcely struck the bottom before Wayne, leaping from the same danger, fell upon him. The Baron, looking up, very coolly remarked that he was an excellent officer, for he covered the retreat of his general admirably.

It is difficult to sum up the full value of Steuben's labors, but his arrival among us formed one of the epochs of our Revolution. The discipline he introduced wrought such wonders at Monmouth, and made such veterans of those who stormed Stony Point, that the eyes of government and of the officers were opened at once, and a complete revolution was effected in the army. From that time on our regulars were never beaten in a fair fight. At Camden, where the militia fled almost at the first fire, how bravely the Continentals met the whole shock of the battle, and saved the honor of our flag on that disastrous field. Greene, in his southern campaign, relied entirely on the regulars. At Guilford a single regiment broke two regiments, each larger than itself, to pieces, without stopping to breathe. At Eutaw Springs, although the militia fought nobly, the finishing blow was given by the Continentals, who swept the field with the bayonet, and, to the utter amazement of the English troops, beat them with their favorite weapon.

Just after the close of the war, Steuben was sent to Canada, to demand of the commander of that province the surrender of the posts on the frontier. Not succeeding in his mission, he returned to headquarters, and in a short time the army was disbanded. Washington, on the day he resigned his commission to Congress, wrote him a letter, expressing the high esteem and affection he bore him. Failing to obtain the office of Secretary of War, he retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length, through the instrumentality of Hamilton and Washington, he obtained a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year—only half of that which he had surrendered fourteen years before to risk all in our service.

How Congress could thus coolly violate its own contract, the witnesses to which were still living, and had

given in their testimony, is not easily reconciled with justice or national integrity. Steuben, however, had to be satisfied with it; though some of the States generously made him grants of land as testimonies of the high value they placed upon his services. Virginia and New Jersey gave him small tracts, while the New York Assembly voted him a whole township, near Utica.

Here the old aide-de-camp of Frederick, having built himself a log-house, and cleared off sixty acres of land, sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants, and some few friends, who still clung to him with romantic attachment, around him, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the courtly splendors he had left behind him in the Old World. Notwithstanding the injustice with which he had been treated, he never seemed inclined to leave his adopted country. Its free institutions suited well his bold and independent spirit, and he loved it like a father to the last.

His life was passed in acts of generosity, and, beloved by all, he was enjoying a vigorous old age, when, on the 25th of November, 1797, he was suddenly struck with paralysis, and lived but three days after. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in a forest near his house, in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants, and a few rustic neighbors, formed the procession that bore him to his solitary place of burial; and there in the still woods, with his martial cloak around him, and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down. His stormy career was over, and he who had passed his life on the battle-field, had not a flag to droop over his hearse, or a soldier to discharge his farewell shot above his grave. He was left alone in the forest, with the tall stems of the trees standing like sentinels about him, and the wind sighing through their tops his only dirge.

HIS CHARACTER, WITH PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

Steuben was eccentric in his habits, frank, blunt, and irritable, and always expressed his sentiments without regard to friend or foe. Having spent his life in camp,

he was frequently rough in his manners, and when excited, rash as a storm. Still, the soldiers and officers loved him, for a generous act would always repay a sudden wrong, and under that stern military exterior beat as kind a heart as ever dwelt in a human bosom. He was prodigal to a fault and an appeal to his sympathies he never could resist—consequently, as objects of charity were plentiful enough during our Revolution, he was never long in possession of money.

Whenever he had anything to eat, his table was crowded with officers, and often with those of inferior rank. Once, in directing some the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they have field officers' stomachs, without their pay or rations." On one occasion, he sold a part of his camp equipage in order to give a dinner to some French officers, at whose table he had often been a guest. "I can stand it no longer," said he, in his blunt manner. "I will give one grand dinner to our allies, should I eat soup with a wooden spoon forever after." After the surrender of Yorktown, he sold his horse to be able to give a dinner to the British officers. Every major-general in the army had extended this courtesy but him, and, distressed at the reflection this neglect cast upon his hospitality, he parted with his horse in order to raise the funds he needed. His watch had been pawned before under some generous impulse, and, as he could not borrow the money, this was his last resort. When the army was on the point of leaving Virginia, he went to Major North, who was lying sick with a fever, and told him that he was to be left behind; "but," said he, "the instant you are able, leave this unhealthy place; I have left my sulky for you, and here (handing him a piece of gold) is half of all I possess in the world. God bless you, I can say no more."

Of the strictest integrity and honor himself, he scorned meanness or treachery in others, and hence never could hear Arnold mentioned without an expression of indignation. Once, in reviewing a regiment, he heard the name of Benedict Arnold called in the muster roll. He immediately ordered the private bearing this detested cognomen to advance out of the line. He was a fine-looking fellow—every inch a soldier—and the Baron, after sur-

veying him a moment, said, "Change your name, brother soldier; you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, general?" inquired the young man. "Take any other; mine is at your service." He accepted it, and immediately had his name enrolled Frederick William Steuben. The Baron settled upon him in return a pension of five dollars a month, and afterwards gave him a tract of land.

With all his strict notions of discipline and subordination, he was prompt to redress the slightest wrong done to the meanest soldier. Once, at a review near Morristown, he ordered a Lieutenant Gibbons to be arrested on the spot for a supposed error, and sent to the rear. The latter was, however, innocent, and felt the disgrace keenly. The colonel of the regiment saw that he had been wronged, and waiting till the Baron's wrath had subsided, advanced and told him that the young officer was not in fault, and was suffering keenly under the mortification inflicted upon him. "Ask Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front, colonel," said the old veteran. He was brought forward, when Steuben said aloud, before the whole regiment, "Sir, the fault which was made, by throwing the line into confusion, might have been fatal in the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its supposed author; but I have reason to believe I was mistaken, and that you were blameless. I ask your pardon; return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable." "All this passed with the Baron's hat off, the rain pouring on his venerable head." *

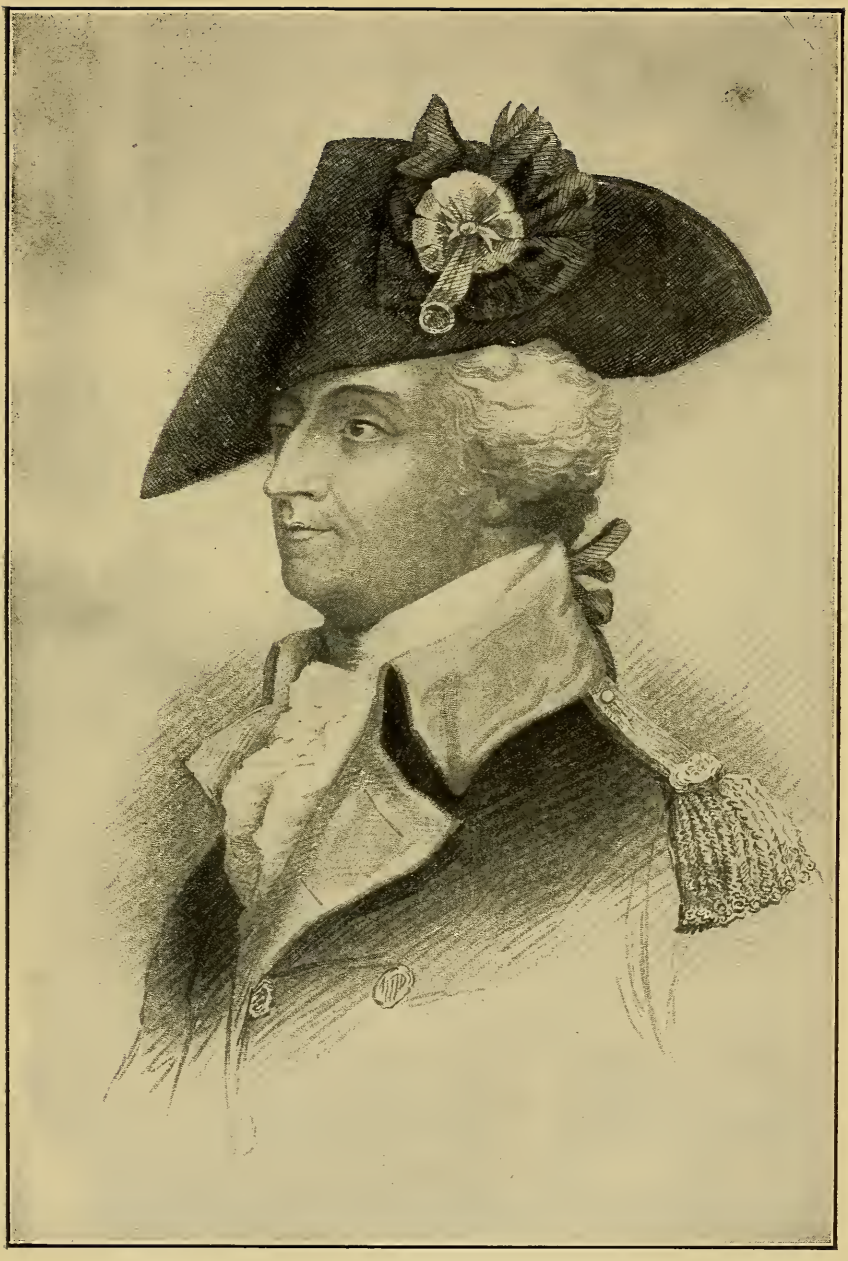
His acts of kindness were innumerable. In passing from New York to Virginia, on one occasion, he heard a constant wailing in the fore part of the vessel, and on inquiring the cause, and being told that a little negro boy, who had been purchased by a Southern gentleman, was crying for his parents, he immediately purchased him and carried him back to his home. Soon after the little fellow, while out a fishing, fell into the water and was drowned. When the Baron heard of it he evinced the deepest emotion, saying, "I have been the cause of

*_Vide_ Thatcher's Military Journal.

his death; if he had followed his own destiny all would have been well."

The disbanding of the army at Newburgh was a distressing scene—officers and men were required to lay down their arms, and poor, unpaid, and destitute, to return to their homes. Steuben, though he had no home, nor relative in the country, and was a stranger in an impoverished land, still endeavored to cheer up the desponding officers and throw a little sunshine on the gloom. Seeing Colonel Cochrane standing alone, the picture of sorrow, he tried to comfort him, by saying that better times would come. "For myself," replied the brave officer, "I can stand it. But my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have nowhere to carry them, nor even money to remove them." "Come, come," said the Baron, whose kind nature this reply had completely overcome, "I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochrane and your daughters, if you please"; and away he strode to the tavern. He was not absent long, but he left happy hearts in that lonely garret. He had emptied the entire contents of his purse on the table, then hastened away to escape the tears and blessings that were rained upon him. As he walked towards the wharf, he came upon a poor negro soldier, whose wounds were yet unhealed, bitterly lamenting that he had not the means with which to get to New York. Touched with his sufferings, the Baron's hand immediately sought his pocket, but the last cent had been left in the garret; so turning to an officer, he borrowed a dollar, and, handing it to the negro, hailed a sloop and put him aboard. As the poor fellow hobbled on deck, he turned, and with tears streaming down his face, exclaimed, "God Almighty bless you, Master Baron!" The old veteran brushed a tear from his eye, and turned away. Thus did this stern warrior heart, which had moved without flinching through the storm of so many battles, melt like a child's at the call of sympathy.

Steuben was a firm believer in the Christian religion, and a constant attendant on divine worship when in the city. He sleeps well beneath the soil of the land he helped to free; and though the nation refuses to erect a monument to his worth, when we cease to remember his deeds we shall be unworthy of the heritage he left us.



MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.
From the painting by Colonel J. Trumbull.

MAJOR-GENERAL WAYNE.

His Early Life—Appointed Brigadier-General—Conduct at Brandywine—Battle of Germantown—Is Surprised by the British—Bravery at Monmouth—Storming of Stony Point—Bravery at Green Spring—Wounded by a Sentinel—Is Sent to Georgia—Defeats the Choctaws—Surprises the English—Storming of his Camp by the Indians—Returns to Private Life—Expedition against the Indians in 1793—His Character.

NOTHING tends so much to perpetuate the brilliant deeds of a man as some sobriquet indicative of his character. Thus Lannes was called the "Ajax" of the French army; Junot, "the tempest"; Murat, "the preux chevalier"; and Ney, "the bravest of the brave." Wayne was known the country over as "Mad Anthony." The fierceness of his charge, and the fury with which he stormed through a fight, gave him this appellation. Such an epithet, by its familiarity, endears the brave officer to the people, and they love to call him by it alone.*

ANTHONY WAYNE was born in the county of Chester, Pennsylvania, the 1st of January, 1745, and a better new year's gift fortune could not have presented to the nation. Sent to school at an early age to his uncle, he passed from thence to the Philadelphia Academy, where he remained till seventeen years old, devoting most of his time to mathematical studies. Having completed his education, he returned to his native place and opened a surveyor's office.

Such was his reputation as an energetic and careful man, that though only twenty years of age, he was sent

* This name was originally given by a witless fellow in the camp, who used always to take a circuit when he came near Wayne, and shaking his head, mutter to himself, "Mad Anthony! Mad Anthony!" It was so characteristic of Wayne, however, that the troops universally adopted it.

by some gentlemen of Pennsylvania to Nova Scotia, for the purpose of locating a grant of land to be obtained from the crown. He fulfilled his task so well that he was chosen superintendent of the settlements, and retained this honorable post until 1767. At this time he married the daughter of Benjamin Primrose, of Philadelphia, and returning to his birthplace, resumed his former business of land-surveyor. Here he continued till the question of taxation began to agitate the colonies. He not only took firm ground against the aggressive acts of the mother country, but from the outset declared that the difficulties would end in open hostilities. Leaving politicians, therefore, to discuss the question of right, he went to work organizing a volunteer corps, and in six weeks had a regiment under his command. At the opening of the war he was appointed colonel by Congress, and despatched to the northern army, then invading Canada.

He was at this time thirty years of age; handsome, fearless, full of fire and energy, and panting like a young knight for glory. Arriving at the river Sorel, he was selected to take part in the miserably conducted attack on Trois Rivières. The commanding officer, General Thompson, having been taken prisoner, and Colonel St. Clair, next in rank, being injured by running a root through his foot, the direction of the troops devolved on Wayne, who, though wounded infinitely worse than St. Clair, conducted the retreat with skill and success. He fell back with the army to Ticonderoga, and was there when Arnold fought his naval battle on Lake Champlain. When Gates was ordered to the Jerseys to reinforce Washington, then hard pressed, he was left with two thousand five hundred men in command of the fortress. Here he received his appointment of brigadier-general.

The next spring, at his urgent request, he was joined to the main army, and placed over a brigade. He knew that the great struggle was to be about Washington, and he did not wish to be away while it was passing. Young and ardent, his fiery spirit needed more action than the confined walls of a fortress permitted, and he begged to be placed in the open field, where work was to be done and glory gained. Previous to the battle of Brandywine, he, then in Sullivan's command, hung incessantly on the rear

of the British army—now rushing to the attack, and now retreating, exhibiting a daring, and yet prudence, which elicited the highest praise from his commander. At the battle of Brandywine he was stationed at Chad's Ford, to prevent the enemy from crossing at that point. Two miles off, on his right, lay Armstrong's division, and on his left that of Sullivan, while Greene held the reserve. But Howe did not choose to risk the battle by forcing the Americans in front, and so detached Cornwallis, with the main part of the army, to cross several miles farther up the river, and by a circuitous march fall on the flank and rear of the Americans. The maneuver succeeded, and the latter were driven in disorder from the field. When Knyphausen saw the progress of Cornwallis, he put his columns in motion, and began to cross the ford, so as to join in the battle. Ever since morning he had kept up a furious cannonade across the river on purpose to distract the American general from the main point of attack.

Wayne defended his position with great bravery, steadily hurling back the masses of the enemy till sunset, when, seeing some British emerge from a wood on his flank, he ordered a retreat, and pressed after the defeated army.

Washington retired to Chester, and from thence to Philadelphia. Soon after, however, having received reinforcements, he again took the field, and marching rapidly on the Lancaster road, halted within five miles of Goshen, where Lord Howe lay with his forces. The two armies were immediately placed in battle array, the advanced parties opened their fire, and everything indicated a fierce battle. But just then there came on a furious rain-storm, drenching the American troops and spoiling their ammunition, so that they were compelled to retire.

The next day Washington despatched Wayne to Howe's rear, in order to cut off his baggage train. Making a circuitous march, he at length took post three miles from the British camp, and waited for the reinforcements under Smallwood. In the mean time, Howe had been informed by spies of his dangerous proximity, and immediately resolved to make a night attack on his camp and capture it. A rumor of this expedition reached the latter before evening, and though he doubted its truth,

he still, as an act of precaution, doubled his pickets and patrols, and ordered his men to sleep on their arms, with their ammunition under their coats.

It was a dark and rainy night, and all was silent in the camp, when word was brought that a British column was close upon it. Guided by the fires, the dark mass of the enemy was noiselessly approaching, with fixed bayonets, hoping to find the Americans sunk in sleep. But Wayne immediately ordered Colonel Hampton to wheel the line, and move off, while he himself, with the horse and a portion of the infantry, covered the retreat. This officer delayed to execute the orders given him till they had been repeated three times, and thus allowed the British to approach. Rushing furiously to the attack, and relying solely on the bayonet, they for a while made terrible slaughter. The midnight was lighted up with the flash of musketry, as Wayne, endeavoring to arrest the assailants, poured his volleys upon them; but nothing could stop their progress, and they swept the entire camp, capturing all the baggage and stores, and leaving one hundred and fifty Americans on the field. Smallwood was only a mile from the scene of action, and had his troops been firm and marched forward, they might have reversed the victory; but meeting the wreck of Wayne's command driving through the darkness, they turned and fled in affright.*

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

Shortly after this the battle of Germantown was delivered, in which Wayne fought with his accustomed bravery. After the action of Brandywine, the British steadily advanced until they finally took possession of Philadelphia. Cornwallis, however, entered the city with

* There is much difference of opinion respecting this surprise of Wayne. Following my authority, I have here given the best version of the affair, which I candidly confess I do not wholly believe. It is difficult to conceive how Wayne should have lost a hundred and fifty men, and all his camp equipage, when he was prepared for an attack and had a safe retreat open to him. The simple fact that Hampton did not immediately obey orders, does not explain it. Whether to blame or not, he was evidently taken by surprise.

but a small portion of his troops, leaving the main army encamped at Germantown, along the Schuylkill. On this Washington determined to fall suddenly with his entire force, and retrieve the heavy losses he had sustained. Dividing his army into four portions, he designed to enter the town at four different points—the whole, in their advance, tending to a common center, like the spokes of a wheel—and thus distracting the enemy by attacking them in so many opposite directions, capture them at once or drive them into the river.

On the evening of the third of October, at seven o'clock, the columns were put in motion, and marched rapidly towards Germantown. It was a dark night, and a heavy fog enveloped everything. Detachments of cavalry were sent forward to scour the road, and went galloping through the gloom—officers dashed about in the midst to preserve order, while the rumbling of the artillery wagons, and the heavy tread of the advancing thousands, shook the ground; and all betokened a fierce struggle at hand.

Thus they marched all night, and in the morning reached the outskirts of the town, when the separate columns wheeled off to their respective positions. Armstrong was to gain the enemy's left and rear, Greene to move down on the right wing, Smallwood and Freeman to march along the old York road, upon the right flank, while Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington in person, were to fall on the center, and thus together crowd the British army in a confused mass on the Schuylkill.

The day now began to dawn, and the troops, though they had marched fourteen miles during the night, pressed cheerfully forward; and the army, with its wide extended wings, swooped like a descending eagle upon the enemy's camp, threatening to bear it away with one fell stroke. The pickets were driven in, and, firing their guns in alarm, fled back to camp. In a moment drums beat furiously through the mist—"*To arms! to arms!*" rose in muffled accents on the thick air, the artillery blazed through the twilight, horsemen glanced like specters on the sight, and amid the pealing of trumpets, and roar of cannon, and shouts of men, the battle opened. Wayne, at the head of his column, drove everything before him. His steady

troops took the first fire of the enemy without returning a shot, and, pressing rapidly forward, swept the field with the bayonet. The disordered troops, however, rallying again, awaited the onset firmly, when the volleys on both sides opened with terrible effect.

But nothing could resist the impetuous Americans, and again and again they broke the enemy's ranks to pieces. Led on by Wayne, who galloped into the hottest of the fire, they charged with such fury that the firmest grenadiers recoiled from the shock. The fog was so thick that the lines could not see each other till within a few rods, and hence often fired at each other's volleys, and charged where the last blaze was seen. Riding gallantly at the head of his column, cheering on his men, Wayne was struck in the foot by a spent ball—another grazed his hand, a third and fourth smote his horse in the head and flank, and he sunk to the earth.* Springing to his feet, he shouted "Forward!" and, pressing on in his fierce passage, drove the routed enemy before him in utter confusion. Sullivan, with Washington a little to the south, was charging like fire on the center, while the smoke of the musketry and cannon mingling in black volumes with the fog, made the darkness still more impenetrable, and enveloped the armies in a strange and fearful battle-cloud. The white steed of Washington was seen galloping through the gloom, and where the volleys were heaviest, there that lofty form towered on the sight, as the cloud opened for a moment around him. Bearing down all opposition, the victorious troops swept forward with shouts and huzzas, and a glorious victory seemed already won. Oh! then for one hour of broad daylight, for a single burst of sunshine, to reveal to those divided columns their true position.

But in this critical moment a large body of troops emerged through the mist, directly on the left flank of Sullivan's and Wayne's divisions. Terror-struck at the thought of being cut off in the rear, the men turned and fled. Alas! this was but one of the attacking columns

* Two days after the battle, this noble roan, much to the astonishment of Wayne, walked leisurely into camp. His wounds had proved not to be mortal, and he had wandered about till he found the army.

just entering the battle. It was too late, however, to remedy the error; everything got in confusion, and the enemy in the interval rallied and turned in pursuit. A large stone building, called Chew's house, directly on the line of march, into which some British soldiers threw themselves, and maintained their position against every attack, also contributed to secure a defeat. Afraid to leave this strong post in the rear, and stopping to reduce it, retarded the onward movement of the whole army, and hence weakened the force of the first attack. The other columns, after coming into the action gallantly, found they were not sustained, and fell back, and the order to retreat was given.

Wayne commanded the rear-guard, and placing a battery on a low hill, opened such a destructive fire on the heads of the pursuing regiments that they staggered under it, and finally recoiled. A detachment of Americans, exhausted and close pressed, were flying in a broken mass before them, and would have been captured but for this sudden and well-directed fire.

The actual loss on both sides was nearly equal; and through the attack, so well planned, owing to the dense fog, was repulsed, the Americans considered themselves by no means beaten, and were eager for another engagement.

These two battles on a large scale, the first in which Wayne took a part, did not destroy the confidence reposed in him by the commander-in-chief. Cool in the hour of danger, steady in the shock, and headlong in the assault, he showed himself worthy to stand beside his renowned leader.

The next winter, while our army lay at Valley Forge, naked, destitute, and heart-broken, Wayne was busy in New Jersey obtaining provisions and horses, in which service he was compelled to exercise all his dexterity to prevent being surprised by the enemy. One company was taken by the Hessians, and massacred while crying for quarter.

At the battle of Monmouth he commanded under Lafayette, and during that fearful day fought with such desperate valor, and poured his troops to the charge with such impetuosity, that he drew forth expressions of

admiration from Washington. Disputing every inch of ground with a tenacity that nothing seemed able to shake, and pressing every advantage with a vigor that even the burning sun under which he toiled could not lessen, he stood one of the chief props of that glorious battle. In the first place, when the council of war decided against the action, he sternly refused to sign the proceedings; and at Lee's retreat was thrown into a perfect rage. Burning for the conflict, he entered it soul and heart, and his last charge on the enemy's center was terrible. Nothing could resist it—the English thousands recoiled and fled, and those who pressed after "Mad Anthony" that day, never forgot the enthusiasm and fury with which he carried them to the onset.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

But the most brilliant action of his life, and one most illustrative of his character, was the storming of Stony Point. Washington, at Wayne's request, had organized a corps of light infantry, and put him over it, with directions to take this stronghold. This fortress was apparently impregnable to any storming party for, situated on a hill, it was washed by the Hudson on two sides, while on the other lay a marsh which every tide overflowed. Besides these natural defenses, a double row of abatis surrounded the entire hill, and on the top were high ramparts bristling with cannon. Six hundred veteran troops garrisoned this rock; sufficient, one would think, to defend it against five times the number. But it was no common obstacle that could deter Wayne when his mind was once made up, and he determined, formidable as it was, to execute the task assigned him or perish in the attempt. It is said that while conversing with Washington on the proposed expedition, he remarked: "General, if *you* will only plan it, I will storm *H—l*."

He carefully reconnoitered the ground, and having ascertained the exact position of things, formed his plan of attack. On the 15th of July, 1779, he started from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles distant, and at eight in the evening arrived within a mile and a half of the fortress. It was now twilight; and the mild summer evening, with its

cooling breeze, stole over the water—the stars came out one by one on the sky, and the tranquil river flowed by in majestic silence, and all was sweet and peaceful. While nature was thus reposing in beauty around him, Wayne, with his strong soul wrought up to the task before him, stood in the gathering shades of evening, and gazed long and anxiously in the direction of the fort.

Over hills, across morasses, and along the broken shores of the Hudson he had led his little army noiselessly, in Indian file, and now waited for the deepening night to lock his enemies in slumber. Still undiscovered by the garrison, he began to reconnoitre the works more closely, and at half-past eleven put his columns in motion. He divided his army into two portions, one of which was to enter the fortress on the right, and the other on the left. In advance of each went a forlorn hope of twenty men, to remove the piles of rubbish that were stretched in double rows around the rock, and placed just where the batteries could mow down the assailants fastest. Behind these forlorn-hopes marched two companies of a hundred and fifty men each. Wayne knew that every thing must rest on the bayonet, and so he ordered the load of every musket of those two companies to be drawn, while the first man who should take his gun from his shoulder, or utter a word without orders, or attempt to retreat, was to be put to death by the officer nearest him. Silently these devoted bands submitted to the desperate measures, and fixing a piece of white paper in front of their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, gallantly moved forward at the low word of command.

At midnight the two columns, headed by their forlorn-hopes, came in sight of the fortress, along whose dark ramparts the sentinel was lazily treading his accustomed round, while the deep "All's well" fell faintly on the listening ear. Grim and still the huge black rock loomed up against the sky, soon to shake with its own thunder, and stand a blazing volcano in the midnight heavens. Noiseless and swift the fearless patriots kept on their way, when lo! as they came to the marsh, they saw only a smooth sheet of water—the tide was up, flooding the whole ground. The brave fellows paused a moment, as this new and unexpected obstacle crossed their path, but

at the stern "Forward," of their leaders they boldly plunged in, and without a drum or bugle note to cheer their steady courage, moved in dead silence straight on the palisades. The noise had now alarmed the sentinels, and the rapid discharge of their muskets through the gloom, was followed by lights, moving swiftly about upon the ramparts, and hurried shouts of "*To arms! to arms!*" and the fierce roll of drums, rousing up the garrison from its dream of security. The next moment that dark rock was one mass of flame, as the artillery and musketry opened along its sides, shedding a lurid light on the countenances of the men below, and "*Advance! advance!*" rung in startling accents along the ranks.

The ramparts were alive with soldiers, and amid shouts and hurried words of command, the fiery torrents from the summit kept rolling on those devoted men. The water around them was driven into spray by the grape-shot and balls that fell in an incessant shower, while the hissing, bursting shells, traversing the air in every direction, added inconceivable terror to the scene. Yet those forlorn-hopes toiled vigorously on, and heaved away at the abatis to open a gap for the columns, that, without returning a shot, stood and crumbled under the fire, waiting with fixed bayonets to rush to the assault. At the head of one of these was Wayne, chafing like a lion in the toils at the obstacles that arrested his progress. The forlorn-hope in front of him worked steadily on in the very blaze of the batteries, and the rapid blows of their axes were heard in the intervals of the thunder of artillery that shook the midnight air, while one after another dropped dead in his footsteps, till out of the twenty that started only three stood up unharmed.

Yet still their axes fell steady and strong, till an opening was made through which the columns could pass, and then the shout of Wayne was heard, above the din and tumult, summoning his followers on. With fixed bayonets they marched sternly through the portals made at such a noble sacrifice, and pressed furiously forward. Through the morass—over every obstacle—up to the very mouths of the cannon, and up the rocky acclivity, they stormed on, crushing everything in their passage. Towering at the head of his shattered column, pointing still on-

ward and upward with his glittering blade, and sending his thrilling shout back over his followers, Wayne strode steadily up the height till at length, struck in the head by a musket-ball, he fell backward amid the ranks. Instantly rising on one knee, he cried out, "*March on! carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column.*" And those heroes put their brave arms around him and bore him onward.

Not a shot was fired, but taking the rapid volleys on their unshrinking breasts, their bayonets glittering in the flash of the enemy's guns, they kept on over the living and dead, smiting down the veteran ranks that threw themselves in vain valor before them, till they reached the center of the fort, where they met the other column, which, over the same obstacles had achieved the same triumph. At the sight of each other, one loud shout shook the heights and rolled down the bleeding line—was again sent back till the heavens rung with the wild huzzas, and then the flag of freedom went up and flaunted proudly away on the midnight air.

The thick volumes of smoke that lay around that rock slowly lifted and rolled up the Hudson, the stars appeared once more in the sky, and all was over. The lordly river went sweeping by as it had done during the deadly strife that cast such a baleful light on its bosom, and darkness and death-like silence shrouded the shores. Mournfully and slow those forlorn-hopes, and their brave companions who had fallen in the assult, were brought up from their gory beds and conveyed to the grave.*

Wayne's wound proved not to be severe—the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed on his brow. The country rung with his name, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skilfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne, throughout, gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of danger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck, and apparently dying, heroically demanded to be carried forward that he might die in the arms of victory, or be

* Lieutenant Gibbons commanded one of the forlorn-hopes and Knox the other.

left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle. Their humanity was equal to their bravery, for notwithstanding the barbarous massacres perpetrated by the English, they did not kill a single man after he asked for quarter.

Eulogiums came pouring in upon him from every direction. Even Lee, whom he had condemned for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth, wrote to him, saying, "What I am going to say you will not, I hope, consider as paying my court in this your hour of glory; for it is at least my present intention to leave this continent. I can have no interest in paying court to any individual. What I shall say, therefore, is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely declare that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz, by Marshal Laudon, I think inferior to it. I wish you, therefore, most sincerely, joy of all the laurels you have deservedly acquired, and that you may long live to wear them." Lafayette congratulated him, and Benjamin Rush wrote him, saying, "My dear sir, there was but one thing wanting, in your late successful attack upon Stony Point, to complete your happiness, and that is, the wound you received should have affected your *hearing;* for I fear you will be stunned through those organs with your own praises. Our streets, for many days, rang with nothing but the name of General Wayne. You are remembered constantly, next to our good and great Washington, over our claret and Madeira. You have established the national character of our country; you have taught our enemies that bravery, humanity, and magnanimity are the national virtues of the Americans."

Not long after this he was sent to break up a nest of British banditti, who had established themselves between the Hudson and Hackensac, and built a block-house in which to shelter themselves. Only partially succeeding in this expedition, he rejoined the main army in its winter-quarters at Morristown. His corps was stationed at a little distance from the town, in order to act as occa-

sion might require. While stationed here dissatisfaction began to appear among the troops, which, on New Year's day, broke out into an open mutiny. The soldiers renounced all obedience, fired upon and killed the officers and men who withstood them, and declared they would march to Congress and demand, at the point of the bayonet, a redress of their grievances.

Wayne endeavored by every means in his power to allay the discontent, but finding them all ineffectual, he drew his pistol at the ringleaders. The men leveled their guns at him, when he calmly told them to fire if they wished. They replied they had no desire to harm him, but their wrongs should be redressed; and marched away, fifteen hundred of them, for Congress. The second day Wayne followed and overtook them. Regardless of the danger of thus throwing himself among the exasperated mutineers, he rode up to the head of their column, urging the men to exercise more care in their march, and exhorting them not to desert to the enemy. The next day proposals came from the British commander to have them join his army in New York. These disorderly but patriotic men immediately imprisoned the bearers of this proposition, and declared to Wayne that if the enemy should make any hostile movement, they "would immediately march under their old and beloved commander to meet and repel it." The difficulties were finally adjusted, through the efforts of Wayne, and a great calamity escaped.

In 1781, he, with a corps of eleven hundred men, joined Lafayette in Virginia, when the latter stopped retreating, and immediately assumed the offensive. Pushing Cornwallis steadily before him to Jamestown, he was told that the main body of the English had crossed the river, leaving only a rear-guard behind. He immediately ordered Wayne to push on, with seven hundred chosen men, and fall upon it. The latter, advancing rapidly, soon met the enemy's pickets, which he drove before him, and pressed straight for the camp. But on coming up, he found to his surprise instead of a rear-guard, the whole British army drawn up in battle array, and the columns already in motion stretching off to outflank him.

At this critical moment the hero of Stony Point needed

all his presence of mind, for a single false movement would insure his ruin. But with his usual promptness and decision he instantly took his determination. Knowing that a precipitate retreat would cause a great part of his corps to be sacrificed, he resolved on a sudden and bold attack of the whole army. The charge was sounded, and that gallant little corps moved steadily forward in the face of a tremendous cannonade, and pushed on with such vigor, that Cornwallis, thinking the whole American army was upon him, hastily called in his flanking companies, and began to concentrate his forces. Taking advantage of this panic and doubt, Wayne ordered a retreat, which was so rapidly and skilfully executed that no pursuit was attempted. He left a hundred and fifty of his brave troops stretched on the field, showing through what a terrible fire he had carried them; but he probably saved his whole corps by the sacrifice.

Cornwallis soon after retired to Yorktown, where he closed his career. When the French fleet arrived in the Chesapeake, Wayne sought an interview with Lafayette. The latter appointed a time; and Wayne, proceeding to his camp, arrived there about ten o'clock at night. The sentry who challenged him, notwithstanding the proper password was given, was so panic-struck that he discharged his musket at him, shooting him through the thigh. The wound troubled him for some time, but he recovered so as to be present at the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender he joined the army of General Greene, still struggling manfully in the south, and was sent by this officer, with only seven hundred troops, to operate in Georgia. The enemy outnumbered him three to one; yet he boldly took the field, and kept it in spite of every effort made against him.

Fearless, untiring, and indefatigable, he made up in activity and promptness what he lacked in strength; and driving his enemy from one post to another—now hanging on his flanks, and now falling furiously on him in front—he pressed every advantage with such vigor, that in five weeks he had wrested the entire State from his grasp, with the exception of Savannah. But a strange spectacle met his gaze as he advanced. The British, in order to distress him, gathered together, as they fell back,

all the provisions and forage, and set fire to them; so that as he slowly moved down the river, all along its winding course,—as far as the eye could reach,—from the shores and islands, fires were blazing and vast volumes of smoke ascending; rendering the scene at once fearful and picturesque.

During these five weeks of almost constant marching and fighting, Wayne exhibited a patience and fortitude equal to his intrepidity, and imparted a portion of his spirit to his brave troops, who cheerfully marched wherever he led, and never in the whole time once took off their clothes to rest. In speaking of the difficult task assigned him, in a letter to Greene, he says: "The duty we have done in Georgia was more difficult than that imposed upon the children of Israel; they had only to make bricks without straw, but we have had provision, forage, and almost every other apparatus of war, to procure without money; boats, bridges, etc., to build without materials, except those taken from the stump; and, what was more difficult than all, to make Whigs out of Tories. But this we have effected, and have wrested the country out of the hands of the enemy, with the exception only of the town of Savannah. *How to keep it without some additional force is a matter worthy of consideration.*" True enough, worthy of *serious* "consideration," especially how, with a few hundred cavalry and infantry, to blockade this same town of Savannah, containing more than two thousand troops.

Receiving, however, a small reinforcement, he kept the field, and every advantage he had gained. In the mean time, the British commander had induced the Choctaws and Creeks to join him as allies, and they were far on their way before Wayne got word of it. Immediately putting his troops in motion he fell furiously upon the former, just as they were approaching Savannah, and routed them completely. Hearing of this catastrophe, the British commander sent out a strong party of horse and foot to protect the Creeks, now also marching up. Wayne, knowing of a defile across a swamp, over which the detachment must pass, took with him only one company of infantry and a few dragoons, and set out for it with all the speed he was master of. Remembering Stony Point,

he had all the flints knocked out of the muskets, telling his men to rely solely on the bayonet and saber. The gallant little band pushed rapidly and noiselessly forward, and reached the defile at midnight, when, to their surprise, they found the enemy already entering it. It was starlight, and Wayne could see by the glittering of the bayonets and sabers that he was outnumbered two to one; but there was no time for hesitation, and instantly ordering the charge, he poured his enthusiastic troops with such impetuosity upon the astonished column, that it broke and fled.

The Creeks heard of this disaster, but it did not prevent their intrepid chieftain from pressing on. Leaving, however, the open country, he kept to the woods, and marched so warily that Wayne could get no tidings of him. Stealing thus cautiously through the swamps and forests, he at length, one evening, found himself within a short distance of Wayne's camp. Waiting till all were wrapt in slumber, these stealthy warriors crawled up to the sentinels and despatched them so silently that the alarm was not given. They then advanced directly upon the camp, and suddenly screaming out their terrific war-whoop, rushed to the attack. With a single bound they swept over the artillery, driving the guard in affright before them, while that thrilling war-cry brought every sleeper to his feet. The men rushed for their arms, but all was terror and confusion. Wayne, however, whom no terror could unbalance, was himself in a moment, and rallying his men like magic, and ordering them not to fire, neither dragoons nor infantry, but trust to their swords and bayonets, led them fiercely against the shouting savages. A tall chief threw himself before him, whom he, with a single stroke of his sword, cut to the earth; but the undaunted warrior lifted with a dying effort his rifle, and discharged it at him. The gallant steed sunk dead in his footsteps, but Wayne, springing to his feet, pressed forward on foot amid his men. After a short conflict, the savages were routed, and fled, leaving their dead chief and thirty warriors behind them.

In this conflict Wayne exhibited that wonderful presence of mind which distinguished him; for, although the surprise was complete, he was not staggered for a mo-

ment; and in the very midst of the panic his quick mind took in the whole extent of the danger and planned his defence. Being now close on Savannah, it occurred to him that the attack was designed to be a combined one, and that the firing of the Indians would be the signal of a sally from the town. Instantly, while everything was in confusion, and the midnight was blazing with musketry and echoing with the war-whoop, he despatched a company to fall on the English pickets, in order to convey the impression that he had won the battle, and was ready to meet them. A short time after this the British evacuated Savannah, and Wayne rejoined Greene. Peace followed, and broken down in health by his long exposure, he returned to his native State, and was elected member of the legislature. Georgia made him a grant of land, in consideration of his services in this State, but he was compelled to sell it in order to relieve his embarrassed finances. Instead, however, of effecting this object, he lost both the money and the land.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

He continued on his farm till called by Washington, in 1793, to take the field against the Indians, who had for years continued their depredations on the western frontier. Two expeditions had failed—the one under General Harmer, in 1791 and the other of the same year under St. Clair—the latter ending in a perfect rout and slaughter of the American army. In this dilemma, Washington looked around for a fit officer to take charge of a war which had become serious in its aspect. His eye rested on Wayne, who, though nearly fifty years of age, was in the vigor and strength of manhood. Five thousand men were raised and placed under him, and he commenced his march westward. Wintering where Cincinnati now stands, he in the spring took the field, and advancing to the junction of the Au Glaize and Miami, erected a fort, which he called Fort Defiance.

Here, being reinforced by eleven hundred mounted men from Kentucky, he marched forward to attack the enemy in their position. They had chosen a spot between the Miami river and an almost impenetrable thicket, with

huge piles of fallen trees protecting them in front. Here two thousand warriors waited the approach of the Americans. Moving slowly and carefully forward, Wayne at length came in sight of them, when the advance-guard was suddenly fired on from a low thicket of grass and shrubs. He immediately ordered a halt, and forming his troops in order of battle, sent the mounted men to attack the Indians in flank.

While the fearless horsemen were slowly working their way through the thickets and over fallen trees, he ordered the first line of his legion to "rouse the savages from their lair with the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire in their backs." With leveled bayonets the intrepid legion moved rapidly upon the thicket, which started the Indians from their cover. But no sooner did they rise into view, than such a destructive volley was poured upon them, that they were thrown into inextricable confusion—and before the other portions of the army could come to its assistance, that single line had stormed over everything, sweeping with loud shouts into the very encampment of the Indians, and leaving it strewed with the dead.

Only a little over a hundred Americans fell in this fierce encounter, which was so murderous and terrific to the Indians that they could not rally again, and their whole country was laid waste with fire and sword. This brought them to terms and ended the war. Wayne, on his return home, was everywhere hailed as the savior of his country. The hero of Stony Point, who had led his column so gloriously on the enemy at Monmouth, and fought side by side with Washington and Lafayette through the Revolution, was by this victory again brought to remembrance. On his entrance into Philadelphia, all business was suspended, as on some great public occasion —the troops of the city marched out with flying colors and welcoming music to meet him—the artillery thundered forth its stern applause, all the bells were set a-ringing, and one protracted and deafening shout from the assembled people followed him as he rode through the streets.

After this, he was appointed by the government commissioner to treat with the Northwestern Indians.

Having performed the arduous task assigned him, he started to return home, but while coming down Lake Erie from Detroit, was violently attacked with the gout, which in a few days carried him off.

He now lies interred in his native place, and over his remains stands a monument reared by his brave companions in arms. He was fifty-one years of age when he died, and held the rank of Commander-in-chief of the American army.

HIS CHARACTER.

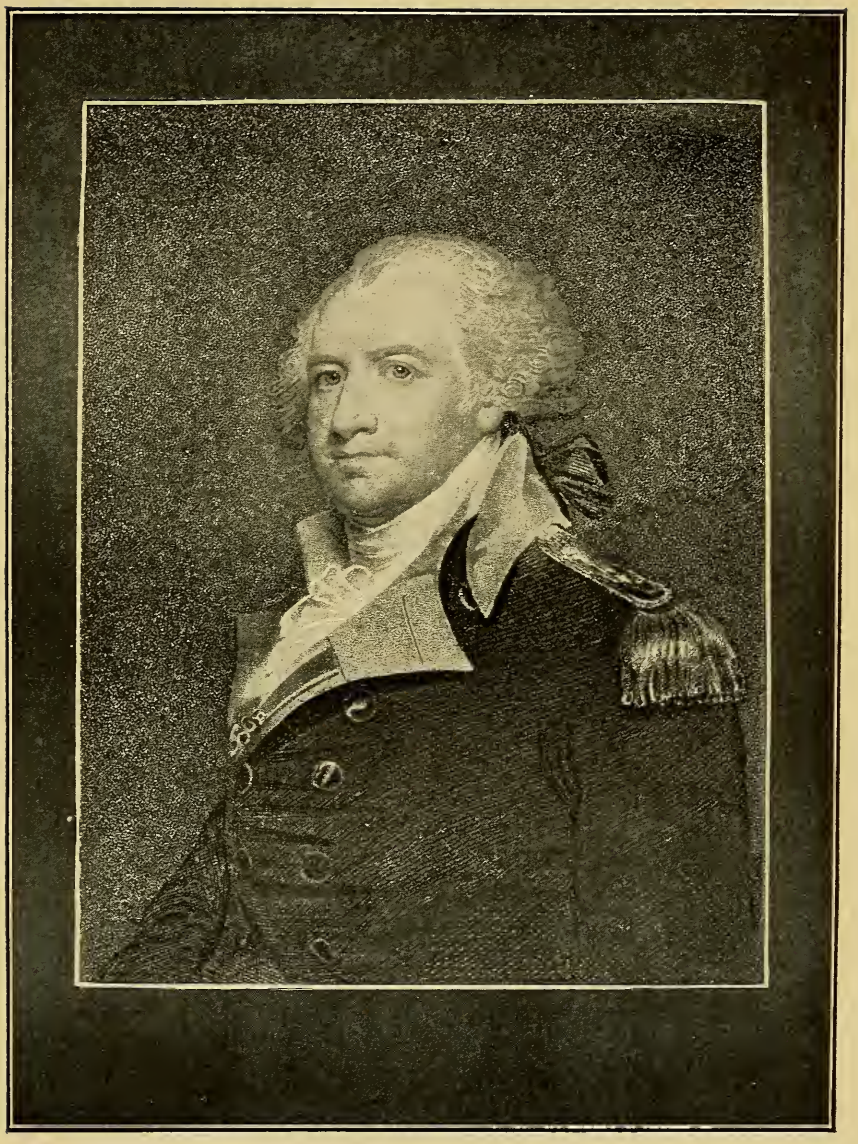
The brilliant qualities of Wayne rendered him one of the most popular men in the army. In person he was a little above the medium height, and finely proportioned. With a forehead high and well formed, nose slightly aquiline, dark hair, and dark, fiery hazel eyes, his countenance was distinguished for manly beauty. His chivalric bearing in battle, his promptness, decision, and headlong courage, and blunt familiarity with the soldiers, endeared him to them, and they would charge beside him like veterans. When men saw his column in motion, they knew there would be wild work before it returned. Perhaps the most striking quality of his character was self-possession.

One cannot point to a single instance in his life where it forsook him. It seemed impossible to surprise him, or come upon him suddenly enough to disturb the clear action of his mind. It is not common for a man of his impetuosity to possess such self-collectedness in every emergency. Always intensely excited in battle, he would tear like a madman through the ranks; yet not his own strong feelings, nor the smoke and carnage and confusion through which he moved, nor even the disorder of an utter overthrow, could unsettle his judgment. His feelings are as steady and his thoughts as clear when struck in the head by a musket-ball at Stony Point, or suddenly finding himself face to face with the whole British army at Green Spring, or roused at midnight by the bayonet of the English, or war-whoop of the Indian, as when commanding a battery on an open field.

This mastery of one's self in the most critical situations is one of the chief elements of a great commander. It

enables him to correct any mistakes of his own army at once, and to take sudden and terrible advantage of those made by the enemy. The most skilful, well-formed plan is often rendered useless by some unexpected turn of the battle, and then the rapid, clear thinker wins. The tremendous physical force of an army is always under the control of a leading mind; and if, while in such terrific action, it becomes unsteady or ill-directed through foolish or contradictory orders, all is lost. Bonaparte was never confused, and Washington never lost his composure in battle, and hence were so hard to beat. The resources of a strong and steady soul are almost endless, and will bring safety out of despair itself.

Wayne had all this self-possession in the midst of the highest excitement—indeed, his excitement never confused; it only gave momentum to his actions. His courage was proverbial, and made his soldiers love him. They knew he would lead wherever he would ask them to follow, and sharing all their dangers, he shared also their affections. His was one of those stormy natures that delight in dangers, and find their appropriate life in scenes of great action and excitement. This perhaps amounted to a fault in him, for, Cæsar-like, he could never refuse an offered battle, whatever the terms might be. He seemed to look upon it as a privilege he might not soon enjoy again, and hence was inclined to take the best avdantage of it he could: still there was nothing ferocious in his character, and none of those sordid qualities which so often dim the luster of a great warrior. Generous, frank, and cordial, he loved two things supremely—*his country and glory.* For these he would undergo any toil, submit to any privation, and risk any death. He fought nobly, maintained his honor untarnished to the last, and stands in the front rank of the defenders of their country.



MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS MIFFLIN.
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.

MAJOR-GENERALS CONWAY AND MIFFLIN.

The Conway Cabal—Duel between Conway and Cadwalader—Letter of the former to Washington—Mifflin's Career and Character.

These names are associated together, because they were the chief conspirators against Washington in that mad attempt to put Gates in his place, as commander-in-chief of the American army. The real cause of this conspiracy originated in selfish, ambitious schemes, which gathered into their vortex all the disaffection, and personal pique, and envy of the land. The hostility of Gates dates back to the commencement of the war. Appointed by Congress adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier, he requested Washington to give him the command of a brigade, which the latter refused to do on grounds which would have been perfectly satisfactory to an honorable mind. His overweening vanity, however, took umbrage at it, or, what is probably nearer the truth, he was offended, at the outset, because he himself had not received a higher grade; and so he asked, immediately after the army left Cambridge, to be employed at a distance from the commander-in-chief. Being stationed at Ticonderoga, he gave vent to his spleen by neglecting to communicate his actions to Washington, or doing it in a manner that bordered on insult. Mifflin was appointed aid to the commander-in-chief, at first with the rank of colonel—and, at the same time that Gates asked for a brigade, petitioned for a regiment. Meeting with the same refusal, he seemed to make common cause with the former, and was his righthand man in his nefarious attempts to disgrace Washington.

Thomas Conway was by birth an Irishman, but went with his parents, when but six years of age, to France, where he was educated to the profession of arms. He had seen a good deal of service, and had a high military rep-

utation, so that when he came to this country in 1777, fortified with the highest recommendations, Congress immediately appointed him brigadier-general. Arrogant, boastful, and selfish he was especially repugnant to Washington. With his deep insight, he penetrated the hollow character at once, and both disliked and distrusted him. He considered him an unsafe man, who would use whatever power he might be intrusted with for the purpose of self-aggrandizement; and when he heard that Congress thought of promoting him, wrote a strong remonstrance against it, giving frankly and boldly his reasons. Conway saw that he was understood, and angry with the virtue he could not endure, commenced plotting against it.

In a short time the plan began to assume a definite form; and he, and Mifflin, and Gates controlled the whole affair. They succeeded in gaining over a part of Congress, and hence a faction was formed in that body as destitute of patriotism as it was of real ability. The victory of Saratoga seemed to ripen matters fast, and the conspirators began to act more boldly. Wilkinson, aide-de-camp of Gates, who evidently had been let into the secret more than he ever confessed, imprudently divulged the scheme to a man whose patriotism was above the plague-spot of selfish ambition. While on his way to Congress with despatches containing an account of the capitulation of Burgoyne, he stopped at the headquarters of Lord Stirling, then at Reading, and mentioned to him, in confidence, a letter he had seen from Conway to Gates, in which Washington was spoken of disparagingly, and stigmatized as a "weak general."

Whether this was done on purpose to sound Stirling, or not, does not appear—at all events, the latter, a firm and devoted friend of the commander-in-chief, immediately communicated to him what Wilkinson had told him. This originated a correspondence between Washington, Gates, and Conway, which blew up the whole affair. Gates, in order to extricate himself from the difficulty, implied that Wilkinson had forged the extract he pretended to give, which induced a challenge from the latter. Gates accepted it, and then withdrew, as stated in the sketch of him. Conway had taken every means, both secretly and openly to injure Washington, and descended even to

anonymous letters, containing aspersions and falsehoods, which showed him lost to all integrity and virtue.

His conduct was so infamous, that at length General Cadwalader, a brave and noble man, and devoted friend of Washington, could bear it no longer, and challenged him. By the terms agreed upon, they were to fire as soon or as late after the word was given as they chose. "Conway fired almost immediately, but with the greatest deliberation, but missed his aim. Cadwalader then raised his pistol, but just as he was in the act to fire, a sudden gust of wind swept by, when he immediately dropped his arm. 'Why do you not fire, General Cadwalader?' exclaimed Conway. 'Because,' he replied, 'we came not here to trifle. Let the gale pass, and I shall act my part.' 'You shall have a fair chance of performing it well,' rejoined Conway, and immediately presented a full front. General Cadwalader fired, and his ball entering the mouth of his antagonist, he fell directly forward on his face. His second running to his assistance, found the blood spouting from behind his neck, and lifting up his hair, he saw the ball drop from it. It had passed through his head, greatly to the derangement of his tongue and teeth, but not inflicting a mortal wound. As soon as the blood was sufficiently washed away to allow him to speak, he turned to his opponent and said good-humoredly, 'You fire, General, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect.'" *

The miserable man, however, thought soon after that he could not recover, and remorse awakening, as the retributions of the next world rose before him, he wrote the following letter to Washington:

"*Philadelphia, Feb.* 23, 1778.

"Sir: I find myself just able to hold my pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, esteem, and

* Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War.

veneration of these States whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.

"I am, with great respect, your excellency's most obedient and humble servant, "THS. CONWAY."

He finally recovered, but this finished his career in this country, and he returned to France. When he was about to depart, Gates, with that effrontery which is characteristic of a weak, vain man, endeavored to prevail on Congress to send him home with honor; declaring that we ought not to let a brave and gallant officer, who had fought our battles, leave us without some public testimony to the value of his services. In the full tide of their success, these two men had been associated together in the Board of War, created on purpose to cripple Washington. Conway had been appointed inspector-general, with the rank of major-general, but he never acted in either capacity in the army. He was a brave man, and a good officer, but utterly selfish and reckless. He came to this country, as an adventurer, ripe for any scheme that would tend to his own aggrandizement, and he sunk into that disgrace he so richly merited.

THOMAS MIFFLIN was born in 1744, of Quaker parents. He took a zealous part with the colonies against the mother country; and when Congress made out the list of officers for the Continental army, he was appointed quartermaster-general. He acted as aid to Washington, as mentioned above, but soon exhibited feelings of hostility to him. With the commencement of his military career ended, of course, his Quaker professions, and he was read out of the society. He entered soul and heart into the contest, and rendered important service in arousing the Pennsylvania militia. He was appointed inspector-general of the army, but performed his duties so slackly that he was superseded by Greene, who soon wrought a change in the department. He was in very little active service, and the part he took in the "Conway Cabal" cast a shadow on his patriotism which no after effort could wholly restore. In 1787 he was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, and in 1788 succeeded Franklin as presi-

dent of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and was elected the first governor of the State. In 1794 he made extraordinary exertions to quell the insurrection in Pennsylvania; and by his harangues and appeals compensated for the defective laws, and performed a noble and patriotic work. He died at Lancaster, January 20, 1800, aged fifty-seven years. Of sanguine temperament, vain, and ambitious, he seemed to prefer the tortuous course of the politician to the lofty and self-sacrificing service of a warrior, or the true dignity of the statesman. He did the country great service, but as one of those who came very near doing it a great wrong, he cannot rank high in our estimation, or command that reverence which is due to his distinguished compatriots.

MAJOR-GENERALS WARD AND HEATH.

Artemas Ward was born in 1727, and graduated at Harvard College in 1748. He saw some service in the French and Indian war, and after its close was elected member of the Massachusetts legislature, and afterwards member of the common council. At the commencement of the Revolution he was judge of the court of common pleas for Worcester county. In the list of major-generals made out by Congress, Ward stood next to Washington, and was placed by him over the right wing of the army at Roxbury, during the siege of Boston; the next spring, however, he resigned his commission, and retired to private life.

After a long decline, he died at Shrewsbury, October 28, 1800, aged seventy-three. He was a man of incorruptible integrity, and a true Christian. His service in the army was of short duration, and hence, as I have to do exclusively with the military history of the Revolution, I only mention him to make the list of major-generals complete.

William Heath was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, 1737, and grew up on the ancestral farm. He early espoused the cause of the colonies, and in 1770 wrote addresses to the public, urging the necessity of military discipline. He at the same time organized companies of militia and minute-men, and when the war opened, in 1775, he was appointed by Congress brigadier-general. He accompanied the army to New York, and commanded in the Highlands while Washington was making his memorable retreat through the Jerseys. During 1777 and 1778, he had charge of the eastern department, with his headquarters at Boston. While here he had to superintend Burgoyne's captured army quartered at Cambridge. This was no easy or pleasant task, and frequent collisions took

place between him and the English officers. Heath, however, would not abate a jot from his duties, and on one occasion revoked the parole of General Phillips on account of improper language used by the latter against Congress. In 1779 he was elected Commissioner of the Board of War, but declined the appointment, preferring to serve in the field. In 1780 he was sent to Rhode Island to make arrangements for the French fleet and army, expected soon to arrive. During the siege of Yorktown he commanded the army posted in the Highlands. After the war he retired to private life, and died at Roxbury, January 24, 1814, seventy-seven years of age.

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